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Collier's

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October 7, 1950

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO

THE NEW BREED

Foxhole Report on the Marines in Korea

WORLD SE...
By E...

Oct. 7, 1950

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"I'm from Milwaukee, I ought to know...

Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

says *Johnny Revolta*
former Professional Golfers' Association Champion
and member of the Ryder Cup Team

● "I learned to play golf in my hometown of Milwaukee," says Johnny Revolta. "And I also learned plenty about fine beer in Milwaukee. There I had my pick of America's best premium beers and, like most Milwaukeeans, I say Blatz is Milwaukee's *finest* beer!"

Yes—*official figures* show Blatz is the *largest-selling* beer in Milwaukee and in all Wisconsin, too.

Try Blatz beer, today!

As head pro at the Tripoli Golf Club in Milwaukee, Johnny brought his great game to its peak. He capped a series of dramatic wins in major competitions with a victory in the gruelling P.G.A.—toughest golf tournament in the world!

Take a tip from Johnny Revolta! Ask for Blatz at the "nineteenth hole"...or at your favorite club, tavern, restaurant, package store or grocer's.

Blatz
BETTER TASTING BEER
FOR THE 99TH YEAR

Blatz is Milwaukee's First Bottled Beer!

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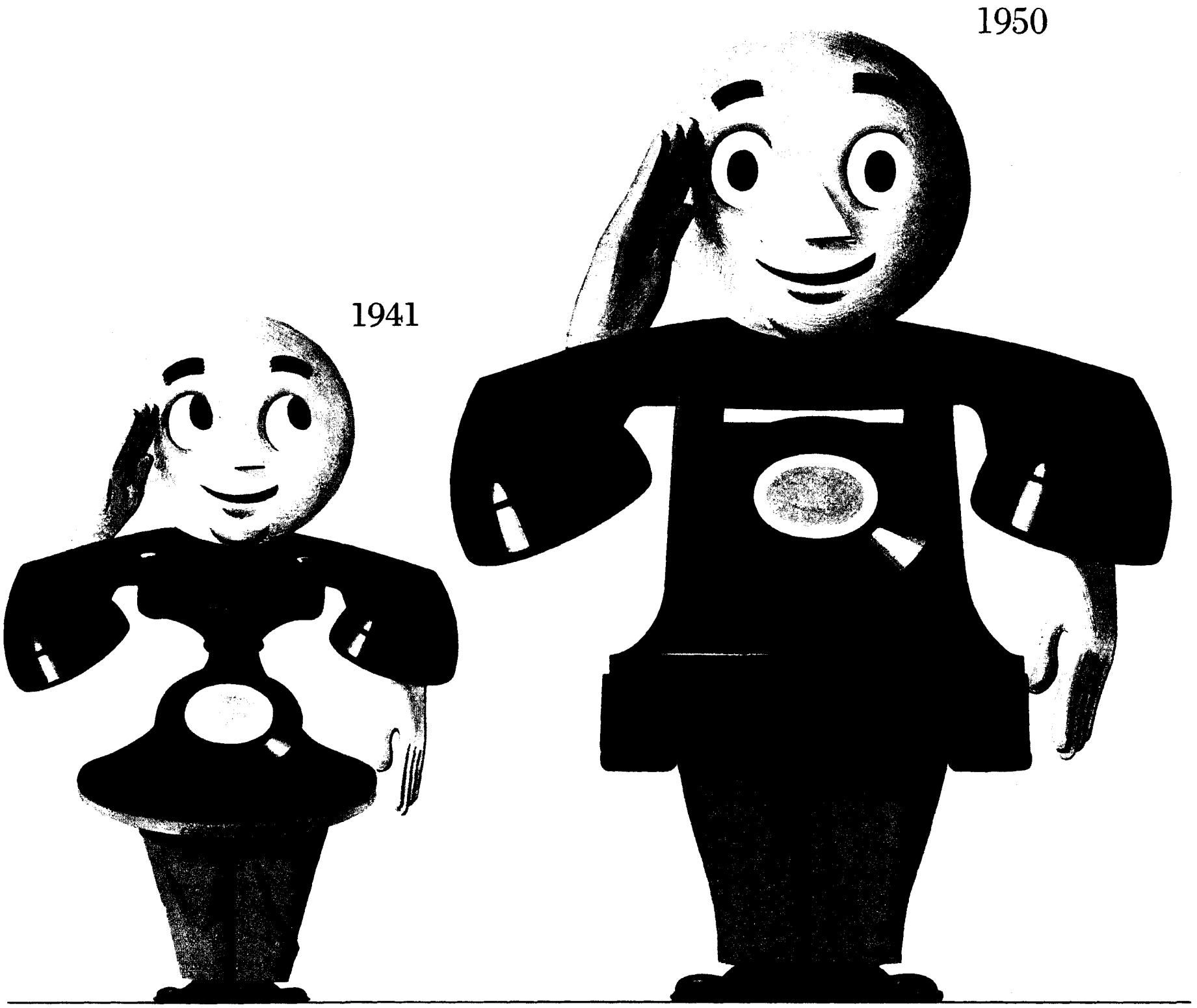

Good thing he's grown

He seemed like a big fellow in the rush days of 1941. But it's a good thing he's bigger today. For the telephone system of nine years ago couldn't possibly do today's job.

Since 1941, the Bell System has increased the number of telephones by more than 16,000,000. There are nearly twice as many now as nine years ago.

Millions of miles of Long Distance circuits have been added. Billions of dollars have been spent for new equipment. The number of Bell Telephone employees has increased to more than 600,000.

Times like these emphasize the benefits of such growth and the value of a strong, healthy telephone company to serve the Nation's needs.

For now, more than ever, the Nation depends on telephone service to get things done and speed the job of defense.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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"LIVE-ACTION"* care
gives you
Handsomer Hair!

FEEL the difference
in your scalp—SEE the difference
in your hair!

What a wonderful wake-up glow—when you use *"Live-Action"* Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb ... and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter or barber shop.

• **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp.

*Vitalis
A Product of Bristol-Myers

and the
"60-Second Workout"

NEW! for cream tonic fans... lighter-bodied
VITALIS HAIR CREAM
gives your hair that
CLEAN-GROOMED LOOK
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NO messy hands!

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October 7, 1950

ARTICLES

The New Breed.....JOHN CONNER 13
World Series, 2000 A.D......BRANCH RICKEY 18
Wingate's Triumph after Death.....LOWELL THOMAS 20
(Concluding a WAR ADVENTURE IN BURMA)
The Actress Nobody Knows.....ELEANOR HARRIS 22
Seen Any Deer, Mac?.....JOHN W. RANDOLPH 28
Every Meal's a Production.....RICHARD B. GEHMAN 32
Big Bridge over Golden Gate..... 34

FICTION

The Nomad Woman.....MAJOR GORDON B. ENDERS 16
Commuter's War.....JOHN H. HOLLAND 24
One Love Have I.....OWEN CAMERON 26
To Live Again.....A. J. CRONIN 30
(PART EIGHT OF NINE PARTS)
The Third Level.....JACK FINNEY 36
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

Keep Up with the World..... 8
48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 10
Football Strategy.....NORMAN R. JAFFRAY 38
Dear Teacher: Nix!.....JOSEPH MORRIS 77
Editorials..... 82
Cover.....THOMAS FRANSIOLI

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

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The Cover

Through the Golden Gate Bridge, the hills of stimulating San Francisco looked like this to Tom Fransioli as he painted his sixth city in a series for Collier's. In the background is the Bay Bridge connecting the city with Oakland. Beyond that rise the mountains back of Berkeley. The birds high up in San Francisco's clean sky are brown pelicans flying in their characteristic V formation.

Week's Mail

That Piece About Ocean Grove

EDITOR: In your amusing and interesting article about Ocean Grove, New Jersey (America's Bluest Blue-Law Town, Aug. 26th), I really think you overdid it a bit. It is one of the few beaches along the Jersey coast that do not have a rowdy crowd in its midst and certainly there's no other resort that offers that for its young people.

E. PIERCE, Ocean Grove, N. J.

... Having lived in Ocean Grove many summers, I read with amazement your false, slanderous and insulting article about the New Jersey town. Thousands of people who come here each summer enjoy the Christian Sabbath on which our nation was built.

Knowing now that no reliance can be placed in your articles, I and many others have read our last Collier's.

ANN WOOD, Ocean Grove, N. J.

... Somehow Hartzell Spence makes us appear so strait-laced that most of us old-timers feel downright conscience-stricken. Can we really be that good? Mr. Spence has failed to make clear to his readers how so many thousands of us—40,000 in less than a square mile during three months of the summer—can continue to be so prosperous and contented and happy under such terrible restrictions as he describes them.

Your newsstand department is selling a copy of Collier's to every one of the 40,000. Congratulations!

HOMER KRESGE, Publisher, Ocean Grove Times, Ocean Grove, N. J.

... Have been a summer resident of Ocean Grove for 40 years, and the town is certainly not anti-Catholic or anti-Jew. It is, however, for good, clean, Christian living. I know Catholics who are living in Ocean Grove. They are there because they like the place and want to come. I know of several Jewish families who have been coming to the Grove for a number of years, because they want to come. I believe your writer has missed entirely the spirit of the Grove and that his article gives an entirely false impression, in spite of the many factual statements it contains.

ROLAND B. CASSELS, Ocean Grove, N. J.

... Several years ago, I who am a Roman Catholic spent a vacation of rest and relaxation at Ocean Grove, and contrary to your article found it neither unfriendly nor downright hostile to me, even though all the guests and the proprietor at the boarding-house knew I attended Holy Mass regularly in Asbury Park.

JOSEPH E. BELLER, New York, N. Y.

... Your article was enjoyed by all of us. We are employees of one of the cafeterias here and we heartily agree with most of what the author says. The part about nickel tippers isn't completely true. Three quarters don't tip at all and the other one quarter just say thank you.

The part about no work on Sundays didn't strike us as funny. Sunday is our busiest day. The devout ones seem to think we're all a bunch of sinners. We're always receiving invitations to attend church meetings,

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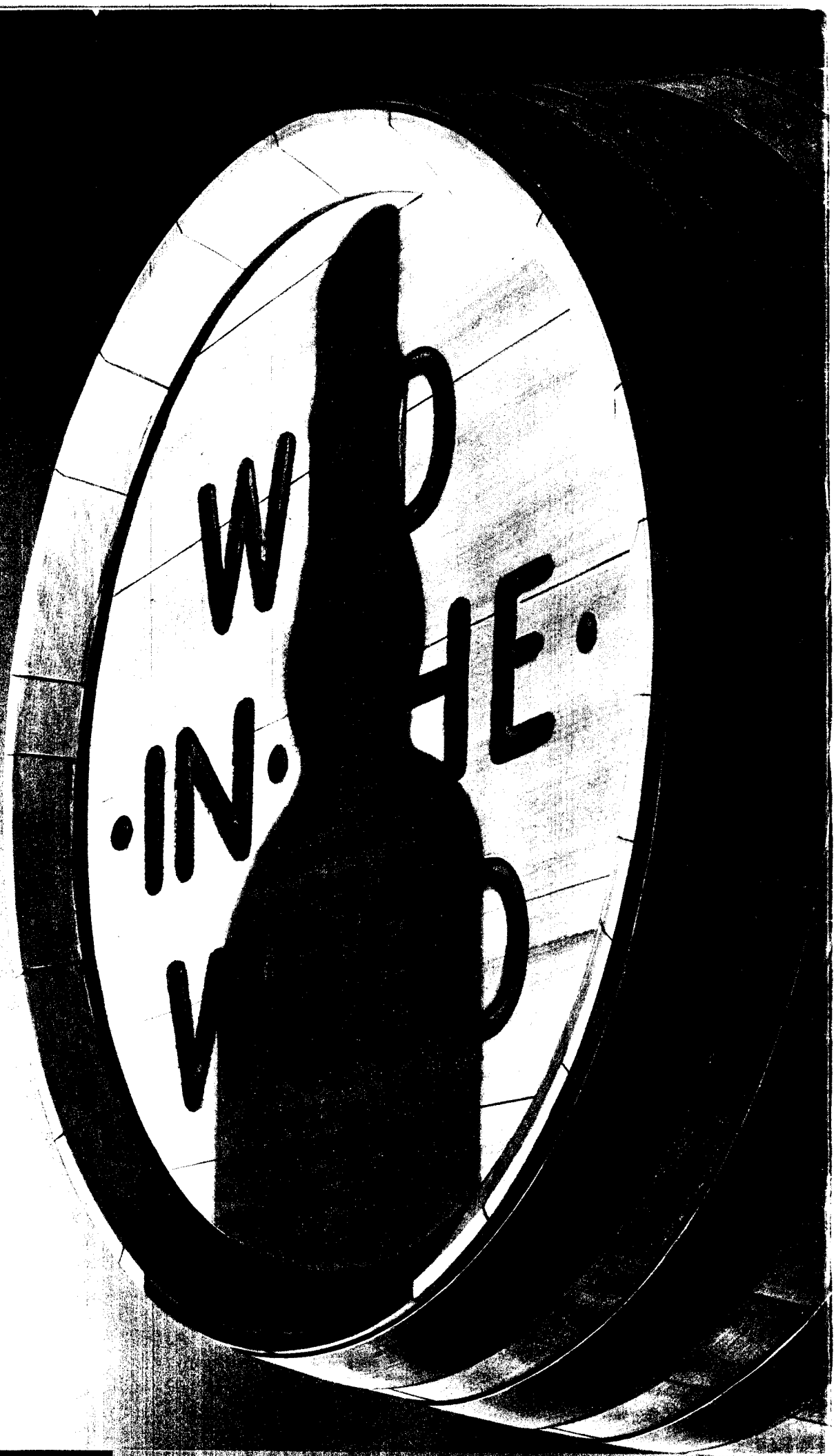

A FINER BLEND FROM OLD KENTUCKY

WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a [illegible] Glenmore method. It means that after blending, [illegible] bottled immediately, Old Thompson is put back into [illegible] oaken barrels to assure uniform high quality. This method costs more, but it's worth it because of the distinctive [illegible] you get in Old Thompson.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. [illegible] in this product are four years or more old. [illegible] grain neutral spirits.

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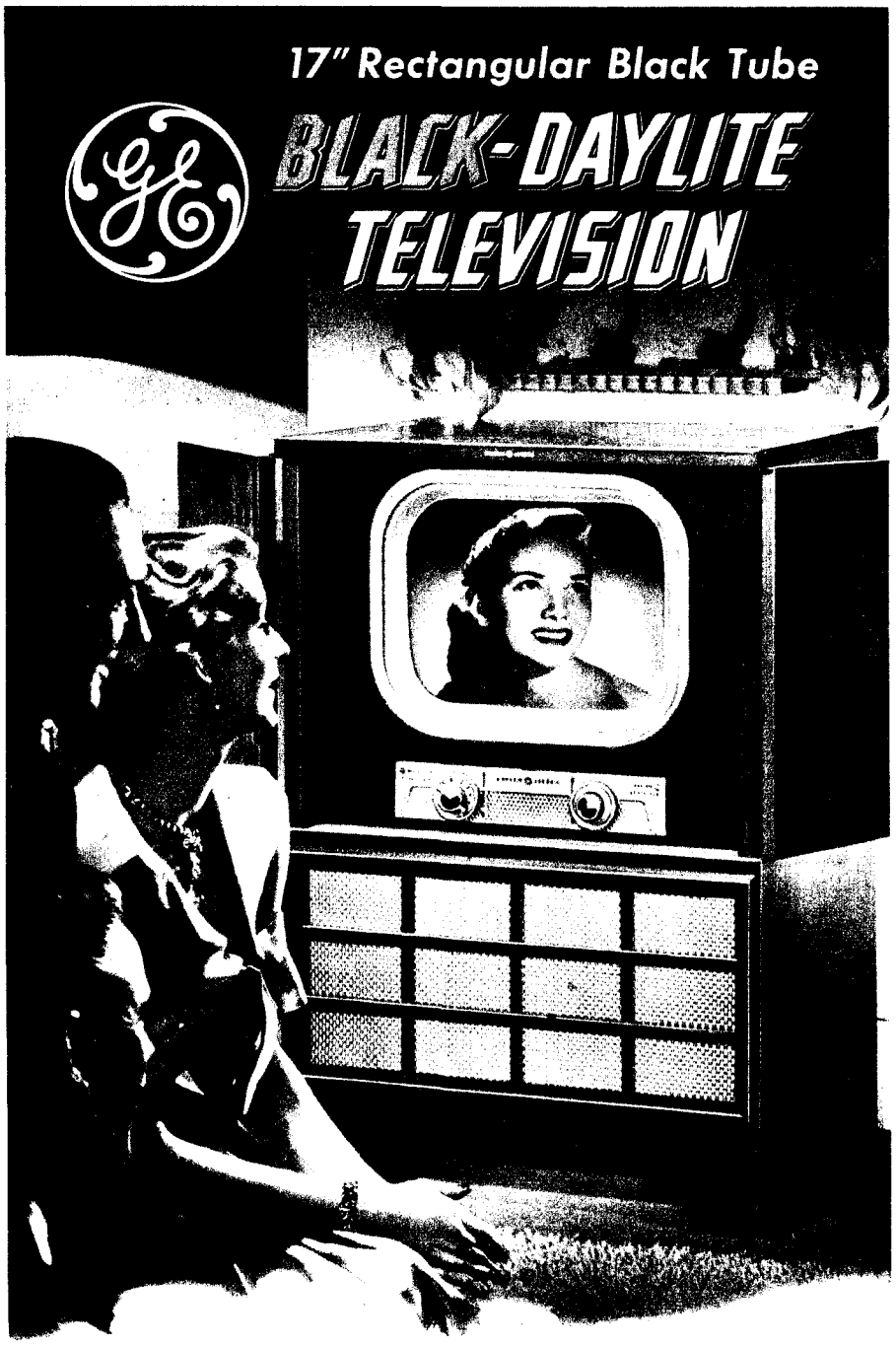

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Here is television built to bring you the finest, backed by a name you can depend on...combining big-as-life pictures and furniture of surpassing loveliness. Everything the TV camera sees, you enjoy with new sharpness, new clarity. Automatic Sound—just tune the picture, sound is right every time. G-E built-in antenna. Superbly styled cabinet in genuine mahogany veneers, hand-rubbed for enduring beauty. Mounted on swivel casters for easy turning. Finely figured doors. Model 17C101.

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You'll always be happy with G.E.'s big-as-life, true-to-life pictures!

See and hear the General Electric Fred Waring show on television — CBS-TV network, Sundays 9 p.m. EST.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

and instead of tips they leave pamphlets exhorting us to new spiritual heights.

In closing, we say to all the town fathers and officials, what they don't know won't hurt them. LARRY, JOE, BETTY, ELLIE, MARILYN, RONNIE, SHERRY, "MURPH," DON,
Ocean Grove, N. J.

A Cronin Fan Speaks Up

EDITOR: I am an avid, constant reader of Collier's and enjoy reading your weekly edition from cover to cover. Your articles and fiction stories are the best and show excellent selection of authorship.

Truly, I want to take this opportunity to pay tribute to A. J. Cronin, and compliment him for the beauty and scope of his installment of To Live Again (Aug. 26th). He is my favorite author, second to none, and no doubt appeals to thousands of your readers too.

To Live Again is well-chosen; it adds another triumph to Collier's long list and brings us closer to A. J. Cronin.

BENJAMIN EISLER, Long Beach, N. Y.

When Readers Disagree

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on printing such a meaningful story as Devil's Hat, by Libbie Block (Aug. 19th). It has a lesson for young, respectable girls and parents alike. I sincerely believe that it will show young people how to take care of their lives, and it should teach parents that if their daughters want to be respected, they will be able to take care of themselves in almost any circumstances.

MISS TERESA GEIGER, Logan, Ohio

. . . I have read your fiction story Devil's Hat, by Libbie Block, and I hope you never print such trash again! I have been an avid Collier's reader for many years and have never had a single complaint heretofore.

I cannot see any moral in this story, nor can I justify its language, plot or theme—it just doesn't belong in Collier's!

MRS. DONALD SELLERS, Vancouver, Wash.

New Use for Coffee

EDITOR: Apropos of your editorial Up and Ugly (Aug. 19th). We do not find the flashing alarm clock a rude, nerve-shocking awakening but a gentle silent way to be awakened early in the morning.

I wonder if you have ever tried setting the automatic outlet on your electric stove and plugging in the electric coffee maker so as to have the rich coffee aroma do the awakening. If you haven't, I suggest you try it some morning!

GEORGE R. VERHAGE, Downs, Kans.

Welcome Words from Pittsburgh

EDITOR: With the times abounding in so much necessary and inevitable attention to violence (and some subtle and needless catering to cruelty) it is refreshing and encouraging to read an article like Treat Them with Kindness, by Oren Arnold (Aug. 12th). I'm a member of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society and of the Pittsburgh Branch of the American Anti-Vivisection Society and a modest contributor to Animal Friends, a local group. I am sure there are others like-minded who are better friends of Collier's because of Mr. Arnold's article.

BREVARD STEPHENSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wisconsin's Happy Convicts

EDITOR: I enjoyed the article Michigan's Happy Convicts (Aug. 19th) immensely, but cannot help take exception to one statement made by the author, Harold Titus. He reports: "Not only is this program a precedent for the numbers involved under lenient custody, but it is also something new in that, for the first time, the charges of a penal system are helping to solve the problems of a state conservation agency."

I would like to call your attention to the Twenty-first Biennial Report of the State Board of Control, State of Wisconsin, in which you will find that in the year 1931 two state forestry camps were opened by the State Board of Control (now State Department of Public Welfare), which has the responsibility of the administration of the State Prison and Reformatory. This report is correct, and we are now in our nineteenth year of operating state forestry camps. The state of Wisconsin has not stopped at this point but has continuously placed prisoners from our maximum security institution on state-owned farms, where the men are engaged in agricultural production, thus providing a very well-balanced diet with a sufficient quantity and quality being assured to the men in confinement the year round.

JOHN W. TRAMBURG, Director, State Department of Public Welfare, Madison, Wis.

Golden Words!

EDITOR: Where else but in America could one find a magazine like Collier's? Where else could you receive an education for only two cents a day?

Collier's really is wonderful—just grand. Thanks over and over again for the work that you have done to it to make it tops—the best that money can buy!

HERMINA RICHARDS, San Francisco, Cal.

Your Aching Back

EDITOR: Your excellent article Your Aching Back (Aug. 26th) should do a lot of good. Mention is made of curare, which is seldom used and is never of much value. No mention is made of physical therapy, diathermy manipulation, etc., which are firsts in the treatment of backache. Spinal arthritis, as a common cause of backache, is often overlooked.

ROBERT W. ROGERS, M.D., Plainfield, N. J.

. . . I have just finished reading Your Aching Back, by Henry La Cossitt. My initial interest turned, paragraph by paragraph, to disgust. I am a chiropractor and my profession has fought for recognition for 50-odd years—with success as attested by the 30,000,000 patients who pass through our offices each year. Most of those patients suffer from backache, and most leave cured.

Why were we not mentioned? Could it be Mr. La Cossitt received two checks for his excellent but incomplete article—Collier's and the A.M.A.'s?

FREDERICK MAY, D.C., Dallas, Texas

Mr. La Cossitt received only one check —that from Collier's.

What Is a Liberal?

EDITOR: After reading a few magazines and hearing a few radio discussions, I am in a quandary, and I wonder whether you could get somebody to write an editorial, from the opposing side, on the subject: "What is a liberal?" or "What is liberalism, and how far will it carry on?"

HARRY M. ROBINSON, M.D., Baltimore, Md.

Teen-Age Morals

EDITOR: I am a high-school student, age seventeen, and a reader of your magazine. Collier's rates high with me and I would like to tell you why. Most magazines are hypocrites. For instance, a magazine will run an article condemning the morals of teen-agers and pointing to some influences, good and bad. But it fails to mention one very important influence: the magazine itself! When teen-agers read a story about teen-age morals in Collier's, I know that when I turn the page, I will not find an indecent story printed there. Keep up the good work. G. B. WISE, Johnstown, Pa.

Fiction Note

EDITOR: In the opinion of at least one person—myself—that story The Chinese Pheasant is perfect (Aug. 19th). Congratulations to Norah Lofts and thanks to Collier's. NANCY DANIEL, Hawthorne, Cal.

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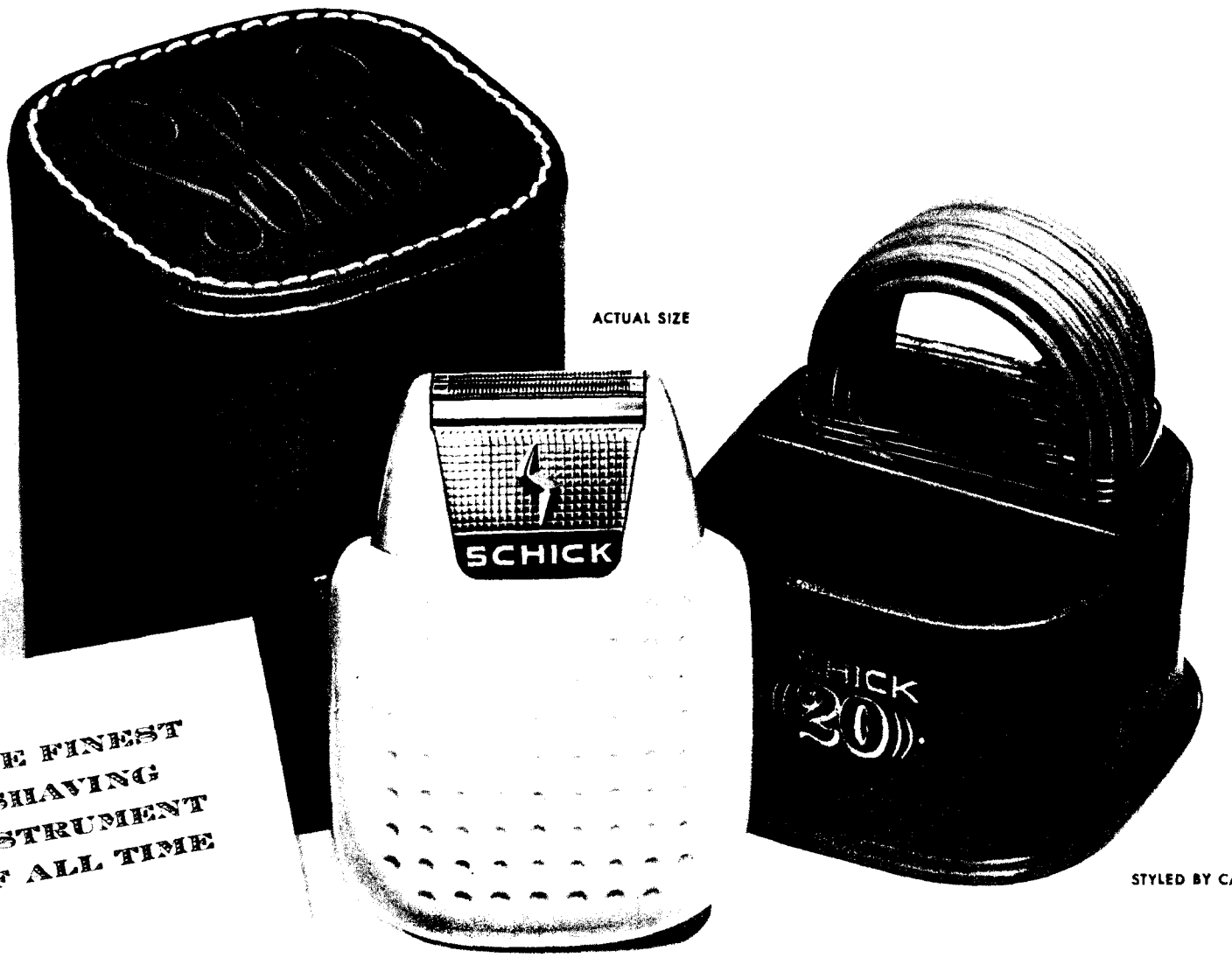

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For Every Man Who Shaves

It's ready now — ready to show you how blessedly easy shaving can be.

It caps 20 years' development by the only specialists in electric shaving.

It's the new Schick "20"—trim, compact anniversary model, freshly designed to sweep away shaving bother — to make each shave swift and pleasant.

You'll like its fresh new looks and its balance — round, molded to fit your fingers, lightest shaver on the market.

And how you'll like a "20" shave. Just press the button — swoop it around your face for a few minutes — and that's it.

You're shaved. There's ***nothing*** on your face but a smooth stretch of skin, and a smile.

For you've used the most powerful motor Schick has ever built... a ***real rotary motor.*** And it purrs those Hi-Velocity Heads through thin and thicket, easily, surely, ***swiftly.***

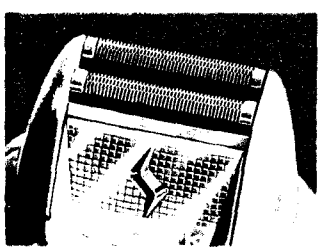
For extra luxury, you get the Schick "20" in its own Caddie Case, as new and smart as the shaver itself, tailor-made for dressing table, bathroom shelf or travel bag.

One look — one shave — and you'll know why men are buying the Schick "20" as fast as they can. It awaits your pleasure at the nearest dealer's, along with the Schick Super and the Schick Colonel.

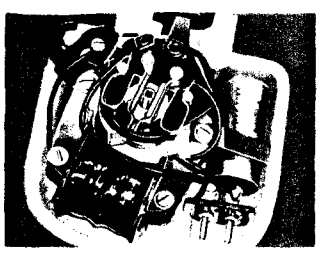
Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

Schick "20"—$24.50
Schick Super—$22.50 • Schick Colonel—$17.50

★ ***P. S.—Gift idea? What better?***



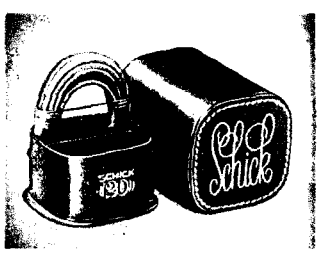
NEW HI-VELOCITY HEADS — Higher speed with longer cutter thrust. Sharpened and honed. Exclusive combing edges guide whiskers. Interceptor bar, in each head, stands up whiskers for close cropping.



NEW TOP-POWER MOTOR — A *real rotary motor.* Precision-built, smooth, a powerhouse — packs more power than any other we ever made. AC or DC. Snaps into action or stops when you press the Stop-Start Button.

NEW EASY-TO-HOLD SHAPE — Lightest shaver on the market, dimpled indentations for non-slip grip, compact form fits fingers. New larger Whisk-Its open to two positions for easy cleaning.

NEW CADDIE CASE — in a rich, leather-like covering, saddle-stitched, lettered in gold. Handily sized for medicine cabinet, wash-basin shelf, dressing room — or for traveling.



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Schick "20" ANNIVERSARY MODEL

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

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"HE MAY THINK he's going places—but he won't get anywhere with his Dry Scalp! Golly, his hair is so dry it goes every which way! And look at that loose dandruff on his coat. He needs some down-to-earth advice about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, and I'll see that he gets it!"

IT'S A CINCH! Check Dry Scalp easily and effectively with just a few drops daily of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It supplements natural scalp oils . . . relieves dryness . . . loose dandruff . . . makes your hair look *naturally* better. Gives double care to scalp and hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . It's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

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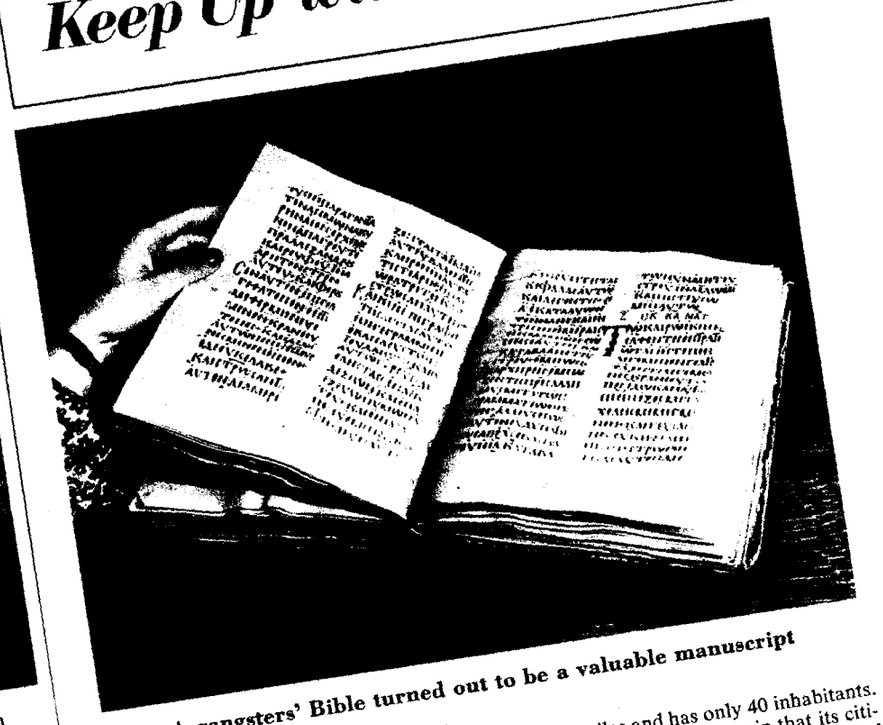
Keep Up with the World



A gangsters' Bible turned out to be a valuable manuscript

In January, 1930, in Chicago, the manager of one of the city's toughest night clubs telephoned the Divinity School of the University of Chicago and offered to sell it an odd Bible that had long been in his family. When a representative of the university called upon him to examine it, his selling point was that the volume had a unique history, having been used by Capone, Colisimo and other notorious gang leaders to swear in members during the time the night club had been their headquarters. The representative promptly bought the book, but for a very different reason. It is a rare lectionary, or parts of the Greek Bible selected for church service, and dates from the ninth or tenth century. Today, it is considered to be "one of the most distinguished Greek manuscripts in the library of the University of Chicago."

* * * * * * * * *

An age-old but still prevalent double fallacy is that (1) the ostrich buries its head in the sand and (2) it does so to hide from an approaching enemy. The first belief probably originated from the fact that the ostrich frequently squats down to rest, stretching out its neck and head flat on the ground. Being light-colored like the sand, these parts of the bird are virtually invisible from a distance and, thus, seem to be buried. The second belief has no basis whatsoever because the ostrich, when in danger, runs away with incredible speed.

* * * * * * * * *

Occurring in the Gulf of Mexico and along the Southern coasts of the United States is a species of devilfish, or gigantic ray, which is known as the Manta birostris and may be 20 feet wide and several feet thick. Not infrequently, one of these flat monsters, without being seen, will frighten the crew of a sizable anchored ship by picking up its heavy anchor and pulling the vessel out to sea at a terrific speed.

* * * * * * * * *

Lundy Island, situated 12 miles off the southwest coast of England, has several unusual features. Being privately owned and ruled, the island is virtually a sovereignty, covers an area of less than two square miles and has only 40 inhabitants. Lundy is probably unique in that its citizens do not outnumber its buildings, of which there are about 40, including two lighthouses, a wireless station, general store, church and tavern. Stranger still, the island does not have a physician. But it issues its own postage stamps.

* * * * * * * * *

In the Netherlands, several small cities, whose approaches and "streets" are mainly waterways, have an unusual type of produce exchange building. A canal, about 20 feet wide, flows through the middle of the board room and is flanked on both sides by tiered seats for the members who make their bids and purchases as each barge filled with produce passes before them. The fruits and vegetables that are brought to town by boat, therefore, do not have to be unloaded before they are sold.

* * * * * * * * *

Most letters received by the Conscience Fund of the United States Treasury Department are unsigned and contain money sent by persons who have cheated the government and wish to make amends without revealing their identity. Occasionally, however, the department receives the opposite kind of letter. Not long ago, for example, a woman read that an unknown party had sent $10,000 to the fund to ease his conscience. Whereupon, she promptly wrote to the Treasury and asked that the money be sent to her at once, claiming that it had been sent by mistake by her husband who was insane and obsessed with the idea that he had defrauded the government.

* * * * * * * * *

Several New York financiers formed a company in 1816 and applied for a charter to establish the city's first savings bank; but their request was refused by the state legislature, owing to its antipathy toward banks in general. After remaining adamant for two and a half years, the legislators gave in and granted the charter, undoubtedly having been influenced by the new name of the financiers' organization—The Society for the Prevention of Pauperism.

Collier's for October 7, 1950

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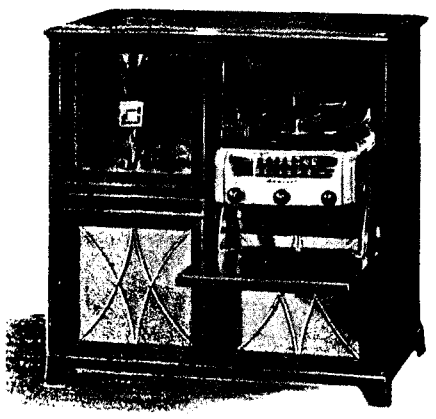
TRIPLE-PLAY PHONOGRAPH



MODEL 36R45 (WALNUT) WITH 16" TV

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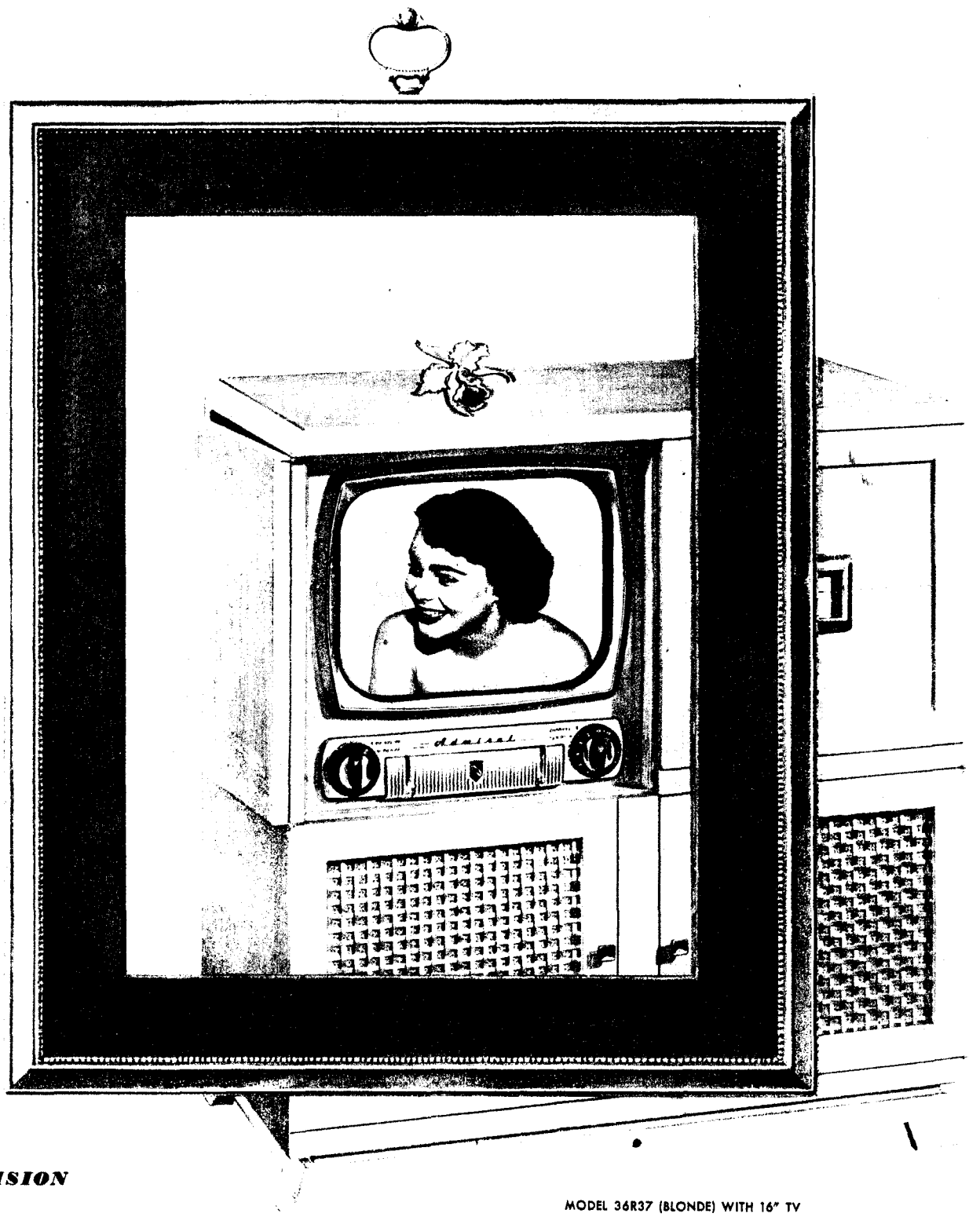

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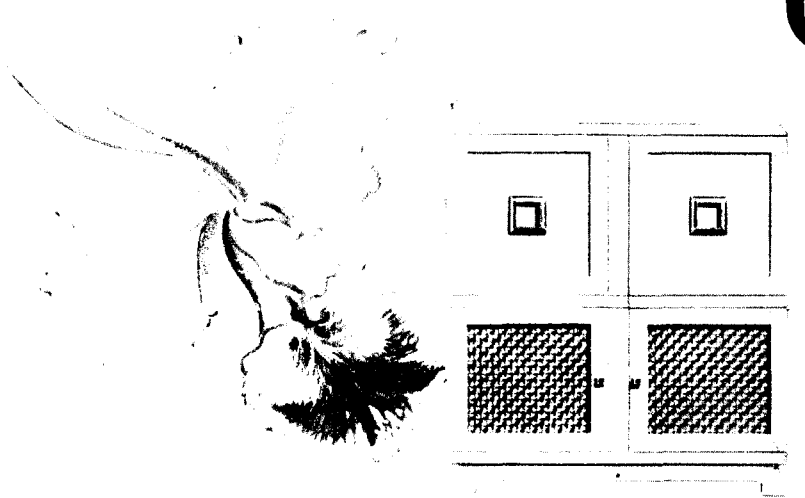

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Admiral

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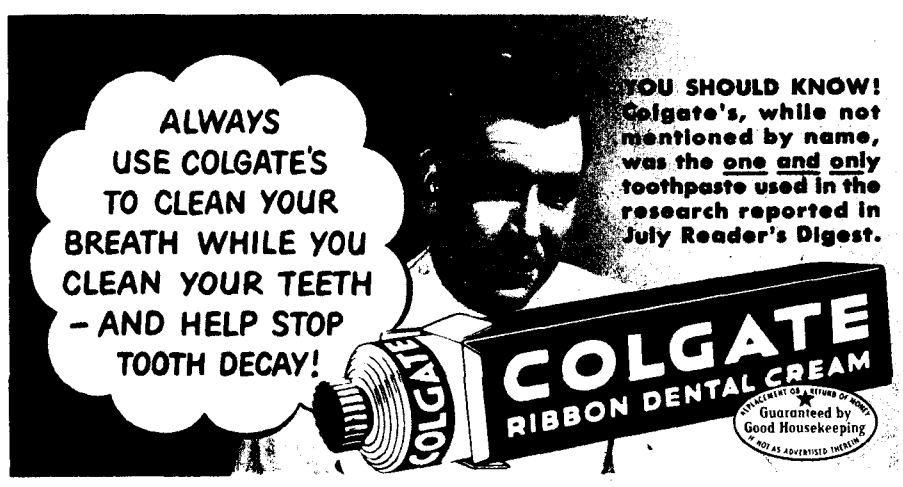
READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way Of Preventing Tooth Decay According To Published Reports!

READER'S DIGEST recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, this scientific research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OR POWDER —AMMONIATED OR NOT—OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! Over a two-year period, leading scientists found no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate's correctly! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay!


ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH – AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

WE HATE to add to the world's current troubles but fearless journalism dictates otherwise. When Texas was admitted to statehood on December 29, 1845, Congress adopted a resolution empowering Texas to split itself into five states if it felt like it. Well, she's beginning to feel like it. We pause to permit any reader who feels that he can't stand the idea of a future with five Texases in it to depart quietly. Lieutenant General Ernest O. Thompson, commanding the Texas National Guard and member of the State Railroad Commission, makes this thinly veiled threat: "We have two powerful senators now and could have eight more. There would be East Texas, West Texas, North Texas and South Texas. And of course there'd always be Texas." What brings the general to this dark mutter is the possibility of statehood for Alaska which is larger than Texas, a situation definitely not to be tolerated by proud Lone-Star Staters. The Honorable Lloyd Millard Bentsen, Jr., *member of the House of Representatives* from McAllen, Texas, is masterminding the Washington end of the campaign to subdivide.

★ ★ ★

We find nothing this week in the Dahlonega, Georgia, Nugget about the state of affairs in French Indo-China, Formosa, Indonesia, Yugoslavia or Pakistan. However, Editor Jack Parks reports a pretty sprightly state of affairs on John Henry Little's farm. We feel that you'll be glad to know that: "One of Mr. Little's sows gave birth to 18 pigs while another had 15. Then when

he looked at his cow, and she had just produced a nice calf, John Henry ran to the house at breakneck speed to see how his wife was feeling."

★ ★ ★

Forty-eight years ago, Mr. Ed Crump, boss of Memphis, Tennessee, won his first political victory there. He has just scored his 112th consecutive local triumph. Our Memphis agent thinks that's a record in any boss's book and so do we. They can lick the Old Red Snapper in the state now and then, but not in Shelby County. Our agent also reports a good sturdy rumor that Mister Crump (they spell it out in Memphis) wants to keep on running the town until 1952, celebrate his golden anniversary with another win, and then retire. The Snapper says he's seventy-two, but his closest friends say he's knocked 10 years off his age and that he's as old as his man, Senator Kenneth (Sluggo) McKellar who, at eighty-one, will fight anyone at the drop of a pork-barrel dollar. The Ole Snapper won this latest local victory without calling the opposition names. And that's another record. Genial as a sunny-side-up fried egg is Mister Crump today, at peace with all the world, hating nobody and forgiving everybody. Just tired of getting mad, we guess. Used to get so mad that it took a couple of big boys to hold his coat.

★ ★ ★

You'll be glad to know, however, that hereafter Mr. Hazen L. Funk, Detroit's Commissioner of Supplies, has been persuaded to abandon the old-time custom of awarding contracts by shaking dice. Nothing shady about it. It was just Mr. Funk's method of selecting one com-

JACK BETTS

pany out of a number that had submitted identical low bids. Mr. Funk was trundling the bones, choosing one of six electrical contractors who had offered to go to work for the same money, when the Honorable Louis C. Mariani, president of the Common Council dropped in. Mr. Mariani was shocked. He asked members of the council to think hard and come up with a less chancy, more dignified manner of solving Mr. Funk's problem. Councilwoman Mary V. Beck came to his rescue. Hereafter Mr. Funk will pick names out of a hat.

★ ★ ★

Seldom have we heard such impassioned oratory. Representative Donald O'Toole, Democrat, of New York, was foaming with eloquence as we sat down in the House gallery in Washington. Immediately, our mind dredged up such comparable names as Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. The applause from Mr. O'Toole's spellbound colleagues was terrific. This could be nothing short of a call to all freemen to die, if need be, in defense of our beloved freedom. Mr. O'Toole sat down amid an ovation, wiping honest and emotional sweat from his fine brow. He had just finished polishing off an attempt of lesser statesmen to kill a bill to boost the free stationery appropriation for each member from $500 to $800.

★ ★ ★

And we wouldn't have known what a Seattle, Washington, lady suffered if it hadn't been for Mr. Bernard LaMunn. He has sent us a brief newspaper item and if we had the lady's address we'd send her a note of condolence. The item: "Miss Ellie Ambrose is off lobster for life. She spent a week in bed with one that didn't agree."

★ ★ ★

When this department's intelligence system is thoroughly organized we shall bring you some pretty hot items—we hope. Anyway, we hope to do better than this. Naturally we're depending on you readers to lend a rather strong hand. Hah! What's *(Continued on page 81)*

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Why *try* to say it with less than a beautiful Gruen Curvex? It's the watch so obviously meant for someone very special. For Gruen Curvex itself is something very special among the world's fine wat

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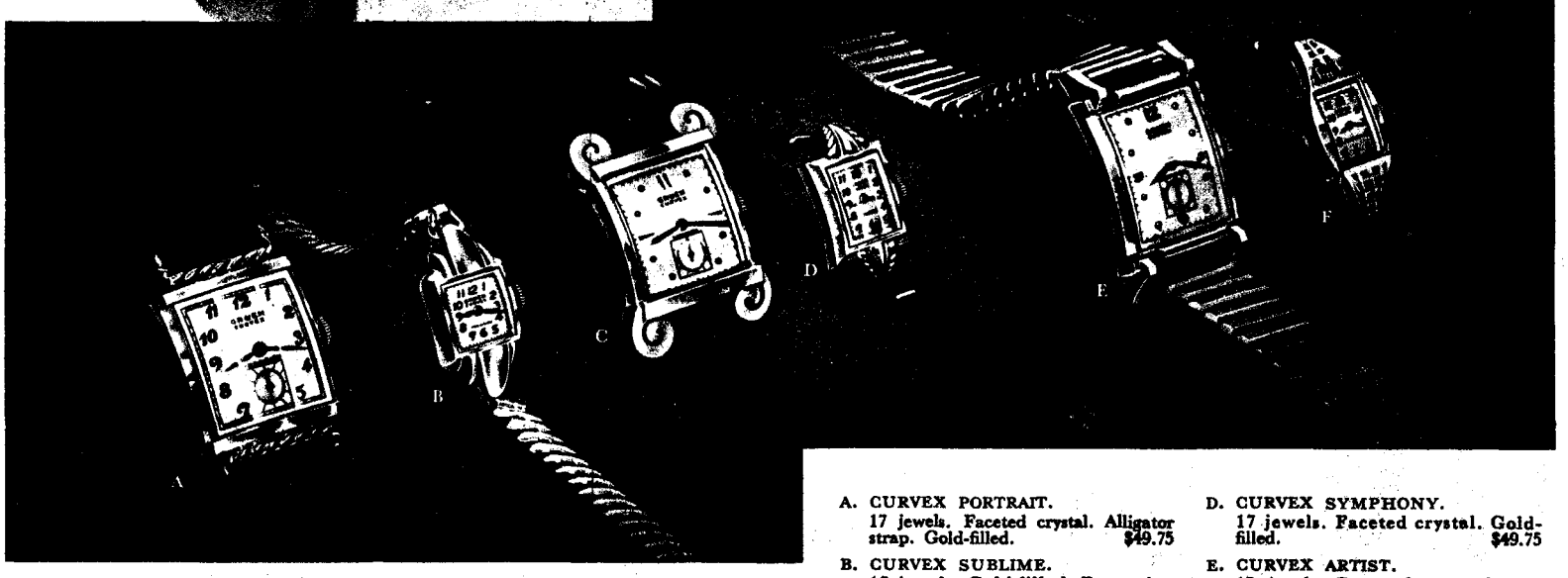
brilliant, new
Other Gruen Watches priced
with precious stones to

THE NEW *Masterpiece* SERIES



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8 OUT OF 10 FATAL ACCIDENTS IN WET WEATHER ARE DUE TO SKIDDING

The New GENERAL Silent-Safety

- Stops 20% faster on wet pavements . . . straight-in-line
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THE EXTRA STOPPING POWER of the new General Silent Safety Tire is the greatest protection you can buy for wet-weather driving. The stopping distance it saves you . . . in a split-second emergency . . . can be the most important thing in your life.

Dual-Traction grips the road the instant your foot touches the brake and brings you to a fast, straight stop.

After all, it's human mileage that counts.

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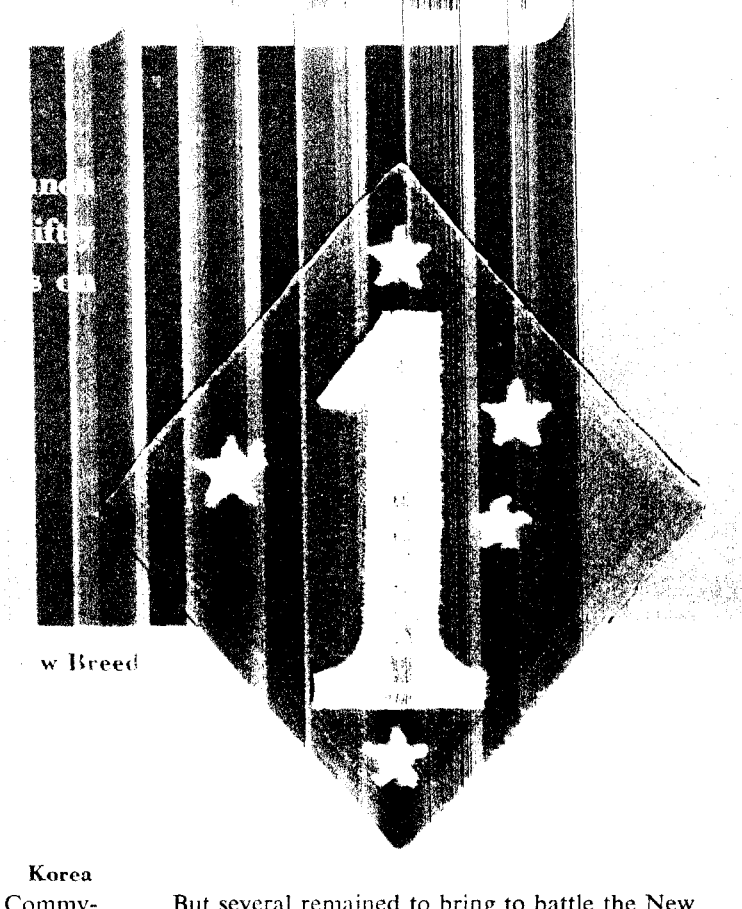
Collier's, October 7, 1950

THE N

In Korea the Marines entrusted a no[illegible] tradition [illegible] unch[illegible] of untried kids. The youngsters of the First Divis[illegible]ifty proved under fire that the spirit of the Old Bree[illegible] is al[illegible]

By JOHN CONNER

Collier's WAR CORRESPONDENT



The famous Division patch—not worn now, but still setting [illegible] standard for [illegible] w Breed

OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Brig. Gen. E. A. Craig. A front-line fighter, he led the Marines to battle in South Korea

"LOOK around you, bud! We've got a Commy-hating bunch of punk kids who never been shot at—and they're gonna raise the same hell here that we did on Guadalcanal when we was just as green."

The belligerent words—growled by Marine Staff Sergeant Abraham Hawarah, of Jacksonville, Florida—brought a resounding cheer from the men clustered about us on the boat deck of the command ship George Clymer.

The Clymer was the first of the Marine transports to dock in the dusty port city of Pusan, and I had come aboard seeking an answer to the question all of American-held South Korea was asking: What were they like in 1950, these Marines from the fabled First Division? How many were combat veterans?

"All right," shouted Hawarah, turning to his growing audience, "show hands, you guys who was in the last war."

Slowly and in sudden silence a few arms were raised. I counted. Just 10. And there must have been a hundred pfcs. pushing me up against a bulkhead in their eagerness to get in on the interview.

These were the Marines of what now constituted the First Provisional Brigade, formed from all the fighting strength that Washington's peacetime measures had left to the famous old First Division—the hard-bitten First Division that had held our badly bent Pacific line in 1942 until the fleet could grow to striking size.

I wondered whether I would find here the spirit of the Old Breed—the Marines who had made the Corps famous in one major war after another, and who had been immortalized in George McMillan's book. Of those in this brigade who had fought in World War II not many remained. Some, of course, had not survived the war itself—like the heroic Sergeant John Basilone who won the Medal of Honor on Guadalcanal only to lose his life on Iwo Jima. Most of the others had long since returned to civilian life, like Brigadier General Merritt A. Edson, leader of the First Raiders.

But several remained to bring to battle the New Breed Sergeant Hawarah had introduced me to. There was Captain Harold G. Schrier, of Independence, Missouri, who led the patrol that raised the flag on Iwo; Major Charles Harris Brush, Jr., of Montclair, New Jersey, whose patrol made the first contact with the Japanese on Guadalcanal; and Captain Arnold Hofstetter, of San Diego, an artillery officer who helped stop with point-blank gunfire the nearly disastrous banzai attack on Saipan, on July 7, 1944. There were others, at least half a dozen, who had won the Navy Cross, like Schrier and Hofstetter, or the Silver Star, like Brush.

Among the officers, the percentage of combat veterans was 85 or more, and among the top three enlisted grades the ratio was 65 per cent. But the sergeants and the ranks below them were 90 per cent green.

The Marines of the First Brigade were late, although it was not their fault. Cranky machinery in some of the convoy's ships had broken down in the steady steaming from the West Coast. The pace-making Clymer itself, long due for an overhauling, could not attain full speed. It took 18 days for the crossing; elements of the Second Army Division, which had docked three days before, had made the trip in 12.

The wait had been a frustrating one for the people of Pusan and for the American soldiers and sailors stationed there. The long-looked-for Marines had sailed under complete radio silence and not even the highest brass—including their waiting commanding officer, Brigadier General E. A. Craig—could know when they were to arrive.

There had been great expectations when I arrived in Pusan four days before. As I joined a gathering group of correspondents from all over the world, the North Koreans were cutting deeply into the western front, which was much closer to the vital supply port than were the battle lines to the north. They swarmed through Chinju and rumors of the fall of still nearer Masan shook

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Rough? One platoon had 48 men when it went into action. Two days later all b

refugee-packed Pusan to its piers. (Masan never was taken.) The tiny Korean navy was alerted to nip in the bud any move to evacuate by sea. When small-boat owners began to collect fees, the Korean navy began to collect the small boats. Everywhere during this critical time the question was asked: "When *are* the Marines coming?"

A veteran Army sergeant picked me up in his jeep one day. Deeply worried by guerrilla incursions into Pusan, he gave me a message at the end of the ride.

"Tell the Marines," he said, "we'll sure be glad to see them. Then I'll sleep nights again."

A couple of sailors stopped me in the street.

"I wish those Marines would get here so we can start thinking of going home," they said.

Then the Marines arrived, and the taut air of Pusan snapped with the yelling and whistling that accompanied the docking of their ships. Confidence mushroomed through the town. A South Korean army band marched along the Clymer's pier, blaring forth The Marine Hymn. The cheering of the new troops drowned it out when a Korean girl walked down the quay.

In the wardroom of the Clymer, Pusan's Mayor Kin Chu Han bowed low and formally welcomed the brigade by presenting General Craig with a bouquet of flowers. "Thank you," said the general. "A lot more of us are coming."

A lot more were needed. The brigade contained 7,000 men and hardly deserved the name. Its fighting element was just a reinforced regiment —the Fifth Marines, whose history goes back to World War I. The brigade was a token force, packed hurriedly aboard ship—without even time to get the hang of a couple of brand-new weapons: the 45-ton M-26 tank and a 3.5-millimeter antitank gun. It could hardly be considered big enough for a landing behind North Korean lines. Nothing less than two full divisions of 40,000 men could conceivably do that. But in August's emergency its highly trained, high-spirited infantrymen would be committed by the Eighth Army to one of the toughest spots in the shrinking American perimeter.

Of the brigade's 7,000 men, more than a third were support troops—supply and shore-party people who would not use their rifles except under the most critical circumstances. But every Marine is basically a rifleman—a fighting man who must regularly qualify with his weapon. Rather than give an inch on beachhead or ridgetop, the last cook would be thrown into the line. General Craig passed the word: There would be no retreat, whatever the odds.

The Marines, although small in number, were cocky and ready for anything. They had come combat-loaded for amphibious assault, well-trained for air-lift landings and, if necessary, reconciled to land operations, Army style. They brought their own air support and based it on a raiding carrier for slashing strikes at enemy positions not otherwise reachable. The general and his staff had flown on ahead to Pusan to prepare the way, and the commander himself was the first to stride up the Clymer's gangway.

Fifty-three-year-old Ed Craig has a reputation for sticking his neck out. An exponent of personal leadership, he won the Navy Cross on Guam practicing what he preaches. He saw action on Bougainville, too, and served at Iwo as operations officer of the Fifth Amphibious Corps. He was assistant division commander of the First at Camp Pendleton, California, when a new war brought the brigade into being and General Craig into its command.

The morning after he had received the bouquet from Pusan's mayor, the general started his Marines toward the western front under Eighth Army orders. All through the night, while I slept alone in the cabin I shared with three Marine officers, leathernecks swarmed over the gangways unload-

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'2 were dead or wounded

ing the ships. The battle lines were still 60 miles away but the jump-off had started.

If Pusan's tenseness had been eased, the Marines' was increasing. I felt it in the stateroom when my roommates returned from their night's work. The Eighth Army had issued rigid directions for the control of fleeing refugees. Guerrillas had been seeping through; henceforth, any natives who did not comply with orders were to be treated as the enemy—shot.

"What are you going to do about civilians when they try to come through the lines?" I heard Captain John Finn, Jr., of San Francisco, ask.

"I guess you just put a shot close to them. If they don't stop then, well . . ." the voice of Major Walter Gall, Jersey City, trailed off uncertainly.

"How can you tell, maybe a lot of them are innocent," Finn came back. "There'll be so many."

The subject was dropped and there was a pause until my third roommate, Captain G. E. Kittredge, Jr., of Boston, came in.

"God, I'm nervous," was all he said, and started packing.

"I haven't been so nervous," chimed in Finn, "since my first college basketball game. I remember I couldn't tie my shoelaces that night."

I was to see Finn again *(Continued on page 71)*

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Members of the First Division shown aboard a troop transport in Pusan just before leaving for the front. At the time the picture was taken, few of these leathernecks had ever seen combat

U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Marine mortarmen fire at Communist targets from a position in the southern part of the U.N. beachhead. Young but well-trained, the Division's troops stood the test of battle like vets

INTERNATIONAL

Grim, bloody fighting marked the Marines' first action of the Korean campaign in the rugged hill country around Chinju. Here a crew of machine gunners draws a bead on the enemy lines

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The NOMAD WOMAN

By MAJOR GORDON B. ENDERS

The second of three prize winners in the Army Short Story Contest

There was no place for the nomad in this crowding, hungry world—no compromise he could make with progress. Then the storm, with its wall of rain and surge of wind, took the problem from the hands of Adam's tribe

THE nomad woman came out of the low dark tent of goat's wool into the flaming sunset. She stooped over the newborn camel colt which sat on the ground nearby. The ten-minute-old youngster was a creamy tan and looked ridiculously like a broody ostrich. He tried to get to his feet before the woman reached him, but his overlong legs only twitched and collapsed. The colt looked pleadingly at his indifferent mother who lay beside him, chewing her cud. A smile spread from the nomad woman's eyes, crinkling her russet cheeks and parting full lips over her white teeth.

Gently, but with the sure touch of a woman with the very young, she ran her hands along the colt's firm back and deep shoulders. Her scarlet veil fell forward over the colt and the woman straightened up to toss her head and throw the cloth back of her. This made the dozens of coins which were sewn to her high-waisted gown jingle and ring.

The sound startled the colt who made a tremendous effort to get up. He struggled to his knees and unfolded his back legs completely. There he stuck, like a tiptilted seesaw. The woman laughed aloud to the mountain sunset. She put her arm under the curve of the colt's neck and lifted him to all four of his wobbly legs.

In the evening sunlight the pair threw animated and fantastic shadows over the bare stony ground. Then the mother camel heaved to her feet with a deep cough and a bleat. The woman stood aside and the colt, urged by an instinct as ancient as the desert, lurched toward its mother. The colt knew what it wanted. But the mare camel moved several times, just when all seemed auspicious. The nomad woman chuckled with glee. The colt staggered on. He finally made it, with legs straddled apart for steadiness, and twelve inches of tail held out straight and stiff for satisfaction. As he gulped, strength—almost visibly—ran through the colt's body and down his long legs.

A second time the nomad woman's laughter pealed out and rolled down the barren slope to echo among the woolen tents of the sprawling tribal bivouac.

My jeep, my tribesman-driver and I were guests of the nomads at their bivouac that evening, and there is nothing more admirable than the nomads' hospitality. The driver was a Pathan—an erect and vain youth from the Khyber Pass country with a veneer of modern polish. He made a big show of servicing the jeep to amaze the nomads. Meanwhile his blue eyes—rare enough among the tribes—constantly met mine as if to say: "These people are fools. Let us show them their ignorance." I sat nearby on a blood-red rug spread over the desert stones and patted a great shepherd dog.

Our host was an alert but single-minded man in his forties, wizened and dried by sun and weather. His spadelike beard was dyed a bright red around its graying edges and he wore a green turban. He was a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed and well versed in the Koran which includes many of the writings of our Old Testament. His name was Adam. He was of the clan of Suleiman, of the tribe of Ismail Khan.

Adam sat on the rug with me, looking like one of the minor prophets of the Bible, except that he puffed at a bubbling hookah and exhaled in long, agitated sighs. Occasionally, he cocked his head to listen to his wife's chortles over the camel colt.

I couldn't see the woman, for we were sitting behind the tent to shade ourselves from the fierce red of the sunset. But when her laughter rang out for the second time, I could see the colt's shadow. He had learned how to get strength and stamina to face the bare, rocky hills and barren valleys of Central Asia.

Red-bearded Adam saw too. He called to his wife to hurry the food for his guests.

The woman, jingling with coins, bracelets and heavy silver anklets, answered from inside the tent that the food was coming. "What a beautiful colt it is," she called to Adam.

ADAM grunted and impatiently emptied the coals from his hookah onto the bare ground. "Beautiful?" he asked the sunset. "All our women and camels are beautiful. From Bokhara to Kandahar there are none finer! But, look you, sahib"—this to me—"where can the camels graze; what will the women eat?"

I had no answer to his question, for Adam's tribe was being dispossessed of their summer grazing. A great dam, built by Americans like myself, was soon to cover their highland pastures with deep water to irrigate the crops of the settled tribes. Construction was well started and the Ismailzai had orders to move. Adam, as a nomad, felt himself justified in feeding the traditional fires of hatred his kind held for the settled farmer.

He and I were unwillingly in opposing camps. In his narrow world I stood *(Continued on page 62)*

Adam's wife came around the tent with a graceful jug, its bronze glinting in the starlight. Adam washed his hands

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

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World Series, 2000 A.D.

By BRANCH RICKEY

Crowds of 200,000, new defensive shifts, gadget-trained players wearing shorts—that's how the "serious" may be

THERE are 200,000 people seated in the triple-decked stadium. Spread before them under day-bright floodlights are two baseball clubs about to meet in a World Series. The location of the stadium—New York or San Francisco, Chicago or Denver, Brooklyn or Baltimore—and the names of the competing teams matter little, for this World Series is somewhat in the future. It is, to be precise about it, the last World Series of the twentieth century, or the first of the twenty-first, depending on the category in which you would place the year 2000 A.D.

Baseball will come a long way in the next half century. If the predictions made here seem fantastic, consider how far the game has come in the last 50 years. There was no World Series at all in 1900. In 1905, in the first formal Series played under standardized rules between representatives of the American and National Leagues, the total attendance was 91,723 and the total receipts were $68,435. In the 1949 classic, which also went five games, the total attendance was 236,710 and the receipts were $1,129,627.82—a figure which does not include the sum of $150,000 for radio rights plus an additional $200,000 for television. And this year TV alone brought a reported $800,000.

Thus, comparing the first World Series with the 1949 set, we find that the event grew almost threefold in attendance and nearly seventeenfold in gate receipts. Consider that radio and television rights, unheard of in 1905, last year brought in more than five times the entire receipts of that first Series; and this year almost 14 times as much.

Lest I be accused of being crass and commercial in ringing in financial comparisons, I must plead that gross receipts are the only positive means of estimating the progress of a sport, precisely as they are used to measure the progress of an industry.

That baseball has made tremendous strides in the last half century, there is no doubt. That it will advance further in the next 50 years, I personally have no doubt. I am speaking now not of the progress of baseball at the box offices and turnstiles but on the field itself. No person who was an adult during the period of World War I and remains a baseball fan today would be so foolish as to deny the great and sweeping changes which have taken place in the technique and tactics of the game itself. The very tools and implements of the game have been changed. And improved, I might add.

Edd Roush, when he played for the Cincinnati Reds, was one of the finest center fielders it ever has been my privilege to watch. Today Edd, still in remarkably fine physical condition for a man in his late fifties, works out in the spring with the Cardinals in St. Petersburg, Florida. He still has the glove which he used as a member of the 1919 World Series winners. Modern ballplayers stare at it in amazement. Its dimensions are so tiny that a teenage boy wouldn't dare show up with its current counterpart for a pickup game at the Brooklyn Parade Grounds. The big-league fielder's glove of today could conceal within its palm the glove which served Roush so well with Cincinnati when he was a ranking outfield star.

Walter Lutzke, an infielder with Cleveland in the early 1920s, designed a glove which had only three "fingers" instead of the usual five. It was somewhat larger, too, than the standard fielder's mitt, possibly because Lutzke had unusually large hands. Contemptuously labeled a "coward's glove" by old-timers, it soon gained universal adoption. The infielder's gloves of today are as big as the first baseman's mitts of the twenties, and the first base-

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A six-man infield will protect against a sacrifice bunt when a weak hitter is at the plate. It's already been tried—in practice

man's mitts of today are as large as the gloves used by catchers of the earlier period. The big modern catcher's mitt has no 1920 counterpart.

As the gloves have become larger, the bats have become lighter. A giant of a man like Johnny Mize of the Yankees swings a 36-ounce bat. Few players use bats heavier than 40 ounces, although Babe Ruth at one time used a bat weighing 46 ounces.

That the baseball has become livelier there no longer is any doubt.

With the equipment changed, it follows that there also has been a change in the game's technique and its strategy. The tactical change from the steal, sacrifice and hit-and-run to the long-ball drive for the big inning is too well known to go into here. Managers no longer play to get runs one at a time. The tactic now is to get them in bunches, like bananas.

It is more than likely that the fans who view the World Series in 2000 A.D., either in person or via video, whose coaxial cables by then quite possibly will carry it to the four corners of the globe, will see the players in costumes vastly different from those in vogue today. The short pants, adopted by the Hollywood club of the Pacific Coast League this season, have proved practical and useful. Like the equipment of the game, baseball's uniforms have been changing steadily. When I was a player, it was the custom for the stockings to be rolled into the bottom of the baseball pants just below the knee. Now the trousers are worn long and loose down around the ankles, a mode started, I believe, by Carl Hubbell, the great left-hander of the Giants.

There will be changes more obvious to the fan of 2000 A.D. than the mere alteration in design of the players' uniforms. During a double-header in Boston in 1946, Lou Boudreau, the astute young manager of the Cleveland Indians, stung by three home runs Ted Williams had hit against his club in the first game, designed what since has become known as the Boudreau Shift. It consisted of swinging virtually his entire ball club around to the right side of the field, to protect against the "alley" favored by Williams, a left-handed pull hitter of extraordinary ability.

Boudreau played his first baseman and right fielder almost dead on the foul line, his second baseman deep on the grass and far closer to the line than he would normally play. Boudreau, the shortstop, moved to the right of second base, and the third baseman played directly behind the bag. The center fielder moved into the usual territory of the right fielder, leaving the left fielder the most lonesome man in all Fenway Park, with as much territory to cover as a Canadian Mountie.

This, of course, was an exaggerated over-shifting, but Boudreau figured on the complexity of Williams' temperament, the fact that it was a challenge to Ted, a gauntlet flung in his face, daring him to continue pulling the ball to right. Lou was correct; Williams accepted the challenge, just as he did in the World Series that year when Eddie Dyer of the Cardinals employed a modification of the Boudreau Shift to check the dynamite in the Red Sox slugger's bat and hold him to a .200 average for the seven-game set.

There have been shifts before in baseball and there will be many more, on more extensive scales, by the time 2000 A.D. dawns. Old-time National League fans remember the shift to right field employed against Cy Williams, the old home-run hitter of the Cubs and Phillies. Somewhat later, Billy Herman, the clever second baseman of the Cubs, used to play on the far side of second against the Braves' Wally Berger, a right-handed pull hitter.

At a sports dinner in New York last January, I made a much-publicized speech suggesting that a six-man infield be employed to protect against a sacrifice bunt when a notoriously weak hitter—a pitcher, of course—is at bat. I declared this was one of the things baseball would come to and was solicitously asked after the banquet if I felt quite all right. We later tried out that idea and I'm here to say it can, and does, work. At the Dodger training camp in Vero Beach, Florida, last spring we experimented with this defense hundreds of times and our tabulations show that it works sufficiently often to remove it from the category of a gamble or freak defense.

This defensive jamming of the infield against a sacrifice bunt is attempted only in late innings, against a proven weak hitter, and when the team in the field possesses a one-run lead or the score is tied. There are men on first and second and none out.

(Continued on page 38)

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20

Wingate's Triumph after

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Death

Concluding a WAR ADVENTURE IN BURMA

By LOWELL THOMAS

Under command of General Orde Charles Wingate, the first completely airborne invasion in history was launched in March, 1944. Planned at the Roosevelt-Churchill conference at Quebec the year before, its objective was to land troops behind Japanese lines in Burma. These troops were to slash at communications of Japanese forces facing the Chinese-American Army, under General Joseph Stilwell in northern Burma. Taking off from Lalaghat, India, Air Commandos landed at Broadway, an air strip secretly built 165 miles inside Jap held territory. Another field, Piccadilly, had been found by the foe and booby-trapped. Troops and supplies were landed at Broadway in gliders, an invasion method proposed by two Americans, Colonels Philip Cochran and John Alison, who organized and commanded the huge glider operation. Young U.S. airmen, flying bombers, fighters and gliders, made the invasion possible. Although many gliders crashed in landing, a stronghold was established before the foe could counterattack in force. But much hard fighting with a wily enemy lay ahead

III

BRIGADIER MICHAEL CALVERT, commander of the Chindits who were landed at Jungle Broadway, 165 miles behind the Japanese lines in central Burma by the Air Commandos, found a strategic hill 27 miles west of the field. It overlooked the enemy's railroad and highway supply line. "Mad Mike" Calvert and Squadron Leader Robert Thompson stormed the slope with hand grenades in a two-man attack that blasted an established Jap defense force.

The Chindits, named after the mythological Chinthey, the Burmese griffin, dug in, turning the hill into a fortress which cut the main life line of Japanese forces facing General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's Chinese-American Army to the north. Troops, supplies, arms—and mules—flown to Broadway streamed through the jungle to this Mawlu-Henu roadblock. Twenty-five hundred men were established in a powerful stronghold, with trenches, entanglements of barbed wire and fields of land mines. This, the major campaign of the first all-airborne invasion in history, was victorious despite bitter counterattacks.

The night after Burma D day, March 5, 1944, Air Commando gliders under Colonel Philip Cochran, struck out to seize a second base behind the Japanese lines. Broadway, the first base, was taken despite a series of landing crashes and 17 gliders lost in the jungle en route to the invasion clearing.

Flushed with the success of Broadway, General Orde Charles Wingate, the brilliant, eccentric Chindit commander, told Cochran, "We must press our luck." They selected as secondary base a clearing 50 miles south of Broadway and named it Chowringhee, after Calcutta's main street, in honor of the Indian troops in Wingate's brigades.

Lieutenant Colonel Clinton B. Gaty, who had not slept the previous night while he directed the glider take-offs in the initial invasion, was told to get a couple of hours' rest, then take command of the Chowringhee operation. Replying, "There's a war on, ain't there?" he washed up, shaved off a beard to look decent enough to command a base and hurried to the task of assembling his force.

The first glider in at Chowringhee was piloted by a husky young fellow, growing bald, who had been a boy idol of Hollywood—Jackie Coogan, "The Kid." He had been married and divorced from Betty Grable before going into the glider troops. He was a first-rate glider pilot and did a fine job, which had a troublesome aftermath. News reports mistakenly had Coogan leading the first, not the second invasion. The pilots were incensed at this diversion of credit from their leader, Major William H. Taylor, Jr. Flight Officer John L. Coogan, through no fault of his own, was transferred out of the Air Commandos as a morale measure.

The 12-glider force for Chowringhee had been too small and Gaty reported by radio he needed more airstrip construction equipment. Four more gliders were sent to him from the invasion base at Lalaghat, in the Imphal Valley of India. Another carried a bulldozer over from Broadway—sky transport from one newly seized base to another.

The Chindit commander at Chowringhee was British Brigadier W. D. A. (Joe) Lentaigne, who always took his false teeth out when he went into battle. From this base Lentaigne led his column to the Irrawaddy, which was crossed in boats brought by glider to a sandbank of the river. With the base in action, gliders were taken out by "snatch" pickup. Four Burma traitors taken prisoner found themselves tied in a glider and whisked off into the air. Lentaigne's Chindits blew up the Irrawaddy Valley railroad line, ambushed parties of Japs, shot up trucks and captured enemy supplies, harrying communications with the enemy's north Burma base at Bhamo.

With Lentaigne's brigade on the march, Chowringhee was completely evacuated. Wingate, Cochran recalls, seemed to have an intuition. "Phil," he said, "you're through with it. Evacuate." They did, that night, and the next *(Continued on page 73)*

U.S.A.F. PHOTO

After Wingate (left) was killed, the Chindit command was given to Brigadier W. D. A. Lentaigne

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The Actress Nobody

They call her "The Mysterious Jean Arthur" and it's not hard to see why. The

IT IS easy to understand how the doorman failed to recognize glamorous movie star Jean Arthur when she arrived at New York's Imperial Theatre one day last spring. Because she was about to rehearse her role as Peter Pan, her long blond bob had become brown hair, cut boy-style; she wore no make-up, and her slim figure was dressed in shirt and slacks. Mistaking her for a stage-struck kid, the doorman curtly ordered her away from the theater.

But it is difficult to understand what happened next: Instead of explaining who she was, Miss Arthur looked frightened and obediently started to hurry off. Only the swift intervention of the play's producer, Peter Lawrence, saved the day. He rushed after her and ushered her protectively into the theater—leaving the astounded doorman to splutter, "Why didn't she speak up? Why didn't she *say* she was the star of the show? I ask you—why?"

He was voicing the mystified confusion of hundreds of people who have come in contact with Jean Arthur over the years. By this time called "the Arthurian legend" because of her unpredictable way of behaving and her insistence on privacy, she has posed for photographers so rarely that she can count the times on her fingers. For 20-odd years she has politely refused to be interviewed by magazine writers, and her newspaper interviews are as rare as six-leaf clovers.

Often compared with Greta Garbo in her desire to keep out of the limelight, in many respects she is even more remote than the secretive Swede; at least Garbo, huddled under a big-brimmed hat, has been photographed repeatedly in smart restaurants. Jean Arthur, however, seems to vanish like a wisp of fog whenever she leaves the stage or screen. Often she has been known to pelt three blocks at a dead run to avoid autograph hounds pounding along behind her.

"To theater people, she is the most fascinating mystery in the entire entertainment world," says playwright-director Garson Kanin. "All of us grant that she is an extraordinarily talented actress. But when she's not acting, who is she, what is she?"

As the New York critics settled down at Peter Pan's opening night last April, to view Jean Arthur's first stage appearance in 16 years, they opened their programs and found a typically puzzling Arthurian touch. Although it is customary for the star of a play to have a lengthy biography, the program contained only four enigmatic sentences about her: "Miss Arthur is one of the best-known actresses on the American screen. Her present contract with Paramount Studios permits her to do plays and pictures independently of this studio. Her favorite picture of all time is Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, and she is glad to have been a part of it. She feels the same way about Peter Pan, the play."

"Well, I see we just drew another blank on the Arthur mystery," one critic told another. But the next day they all gave her rave notices. Peter Pan was established as a solid hit.

Yet in August, four months after that triumphant opening night, she stood Broadway on its ear with an apparently inexplicable Arthurian antic. She suddenly telephoned the producer one Friday afternoon that she wasn't going to act that night. "I'm tired," she said, "and I need a rest. I think I'll go to the beach for a few weeks." Since this decision affected 85 members of the company, as well as audiences who had bought tickets in order to see Miss Arthur in person, Lawrence and his coproducer, R. L. Stevens, rose into the air like Roman candles. They came down in the office of Equity, the actors' union, demanding that her contract be canceled. It was. Instantly the New York drama pages were filled with the astonishing news that Jean Arthur, the star of a smash-hit play, was no longer connected with it.

Her next move was even more unpredictable. Throwing aside her famous mantle of shyness, she began to fight to get back into the play. She sent telegrams protesting the producers' action to Equity and the New York Times; she invited the entire cast to her home to convince them that she actually was in a state of exhaustion—and she dragged her lawyer, Morris Ernst, back from a vacation trip to battle by her side. The entire series of skirmishes took only three days; at the end of that time, she was reestablished as the star of Peter Pan. Also, she had won her right for an immediate two-week vacation.

"Half the trouble is that she's naïve," says a personal friend, I. A. Wyner. "She really *was* worn out, and Dr. William Gardner really *had* ordered her to rest. But she related this in such weak language that nobody in show business believed her. Naturally, they were all infuriated. Now I think everyone sees her badly expressed point."

Her present contract may be canceled by either Jean or the producer on four weeks' notice. But both Lawrence and Jean (who has a $25,000 interest in the show) state emphatically that they don't intend to do any such thing.

Backstage, Jean has baffled the company as much as she has confused Broadwayites. She conducts herself more like a minor player than like the star of the show. Stage manager Mortimer Halpern still recalls with astonishment how, during rehearsals, he found her cowering behind a group of stagehands, helplessly trying to figure out how to get past them to the stage. "You simply tap them on the arm and say, 'Pardon me,' " Halpern explained.

"But I hate to bother them," Jean said tremulously. From then on, Halpern issued orders for all hands to leave a path cleared between her dressing room and the stage.

"When she wanted any changes made in the production, she suggested that the whole cast take a vote," marvels Producer Lawrence. "Imagine a star suggesting a *vote!*" Once she asked Halpern if one of the little boys in the company couldn't say a line differently. "But don't mention it to him if you think it would make him angry," she added. Whenever she came up with ideas that Halpern and Lawrence vetoed, they braced themselves for the usual star-tantrum. Instead, Jean's eyes filled with tears; she told them in gentle sadness, "You just don't understand me." Then she avoided speaking to them for a day or two.

Audience Is Spellbound

However, her tentativeness completely vanishes when she is on stage in the role of Peter Pan. From the moment the great French windows of the Darling nursery whisk open as if by magic and she soars into view as Peter, she is in command. Her slight figure, dressed in baggy green tights and a green leather jacket, capers with the happy abandon of a twelve-year-old boy. She crows out Peter's lines in her husky voice, swoops through the air with gleeful grace, and dominates her make-believe world of flying children, mermaids, pirates, Indians, the tiny fairy Tinkerbell, and the crocodile who swallowed a ticking clock. The famous forty-six-year-old play, now embellished with six songs by Leonard Bernstein, is packed nightly with spellbound children and their equally spellbound parents. To all of them, Jean Arthur is exactly right as the cocky Peter Pan.

Once she lifts the veil of privacy from her personal life, as she did (for the first time) for this reporter, she appears as an intelligent, kindly and essentially simple person who is carrying a heavy burden of self-doubt. "When you consider that she is a world-famous actress, now making at least $3,000 a week in a smash-hit play, it seems impossible that she could underrate herself. But she does," her friends say. She has no reason to doubt her attractiveness: She is a small woman, with an excellent figure, blue eyes, and a gaily raucous, infectious laugh. But she is always asking friends, "Don't I look old and tired today?"

In her struggle to gain belief in herself, she recently underwent a two-and-a-half-year psychoanalysis under Dr. Erich Fromm, and friends feel that she emerged from it with more confidence than ever before. She herself says, "I consider it the finest experience I ever had—the most constructive, in fact the only thing that makes sense. I've learned so much about myself, which means that I've learned about others, too. I believe everyone should be analyzed. It should start when you're a young child, and then be repeated in your teens, and then again when you get over the Santa Claus idea of marriage and just want to die." (Her 17-year marriage to Frank Ross ended in divorce this year.)

Her Manhattan home is a quiet, expensive residential hotel in the East Seventies. Here she lives in a green-tinted suite consisting of a bedroom, bath and sitting room. She wasn't happy until she had taken down all the draperies at the windows and replaced them with $3.98 draperies she bought at a department store. She also rearranged all the furniture—"I always push everything around in a new home," she says—and added to the living room a picture of the poet Keats, some potted plants, a stray alley cat she adopted, and dozens of books. These are a potpourri of works like those of Shelley, Ibsen, Willa Cather, Nehru, Stanislavsky, and such psychology books as Overstreet's The Mature Mind and Dr. Fromm's Escape from Freedom.

With people she knows and trusts, she is full of impish humor. An early riser, she has often awakened house guests in her former country homes by directing a noisy spray of hose water on their windows soon after sunrise. Recently she went to the theater with an embarrassed friend who was temporarily without his upper plate; she spent all evening teasingly enticing him to say words that would reveal his lack of teeth. She often telephones friends late at night to shout cheerfully, "Were you asleep?"

She has always been a steady visitor to art galleries, lectures and bookstores. She looks on knowledge with genuine excitement, and dips into a dictionary the way most people dip into a bowl of salted nuts. Friends are used to seeing her arrive at their homes with her red leather dictionary tucked under her arm; during the evening, she may refer to it several times.

Newspapers constantly print the story that she never goes anywhere without wearing a mysterious veil. She argues, "I wear veils only because I think they're enchanting—doesn't every woman?" All of her clothes, from her shoes to her slacks, are custom-made and exquisite. "She dresses beautifully—but isn't it just like Jean Arthur to own a black cloth coat that is *lined* in mink?" asks one woman friend. "She's the only woman in America who'd wear mink where it doesn't show!"

Of her reputation as a mystery woman, Jean says, "I honestly don't know how that reputation started—it's my frank belief that anything mysterious is downright phony. Maybe people say I'm mysterious because I've never been able to lead the usual fashionable life of going to cocktail parties and dinners. But I just don't enjoy them."

Jean Arthur was born Gladys Georgianna Greene in New York City on October 17, 1908. Her mother, the former Johanna Augusta Neilsen, came from Montana and was of *(Continued on page 78)*

Her shyness suddenly dissolves as she whisks on stage in the Barrie classic. Cocky and assured, she is in command from the very start

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Knows

By ELEANOR HARRIS

brilliant star of Peter Pan is terrified by the world—until the curtain rises

GJON MILI

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The house grew larger, and the gun was on him for an instant and then flashed orange and he knew they were going to hit him

Commuter's War

WHEN MacDonald came out of the bathroom, shaved and wearing clean underwear and socks, he saw that Lila was up and dressed and was making up the bed. She wore her white sleeveless blouse and Japanese sandals and the wide, circular skirt she'd pieced together out of the silk escape charts MacDonald had brought her from the other war. Looking at her, he began to get sore, but for no reason except that today's mission was going to be different and he'd hoped she wouldn't get up to see him off. He jerked his thumb toward the bathroom door.

"Next man," he said.

Lila straightened and smiled at MacDonald from across the bed. "*O-hayo,* Major," she said.

MacDonald grunted and walked across to the closet. He turned his back to her and took a fresh pair of khakis off their hanger and started to pull them on, thinking it was going to be rough, playing her along and feeling the way he was. He ground his teeth together when he heard her start around the bed and when she came up and stood beside him he wouldn't look at her. Watching him dress was part of her procedure on mission mornings but this time he hoped she'd skip her check list. This time it wouldn't be cute.

Not the way it had been at first when they'd played at being brave about it all. MacDonald was through being brave and this morning in particular he didn't want to be reminded by his wife that even a thing like a clean pair of socks would help to keep him alive if it worked out that he didn't get back to see her that night. Tonight he'd be back. Just as surely as if he were Stateside instead of in Japan, and was a civilian on the six-fifteen. MacDonald had thought it all out.

He'd thought it out lying sleepless in the dark and he'd decided that Dutch was crazy, that you couldn't skip-bomb with F-80s any more than you could hit Mach 1 in a Jug straight and level. There was no telling what the bomb would do at six hundred miles an hour. It could bounce all over hell, and besides that, at six hundred miles an hour you closed on your target so fast there was no getting in close. But Dutch didn't know those things. Dutch was old and comfortable behind his glasses.

"Shoes, Major?" Lila asked, beginning her procedure.

"GI," MacDonald answered. "Hightop." It came out almost automatically and he wondered if his voice sounded any different to her. It was important that she not notice anything different in him this morning, because back in the black and awesome hours of the night, MacDonald had decided that this mission he'd abort. He'd abort this one and the next one and the one after that for as long as it took Dutch to get the idea and fatigue him. He was tired of fighting a damn' commuter's war.

"Clean socks? Clean underwear?" Lila asked.

"Check." MacDonald said. That was important to a mission. The medics said it cut down infection if you got hit.

"Pencil?" Lila asked.

MacDonald nodded, wishing she'd never started this.

"Gloves? Gun? Handkerchief?"

"Right on," MacDonald said, and stopped buttoning his pants to make a circle with his thumb and forefinger.

"Number one, clear to taxi out for breakfast," Lila said. "How's about a kiss for your wingman?"

"Close it in tighter," MacDonald said.

He kissed her and held her to him for a minute to hide the relief he felt at having got this far along with it. Then he pushed her away, his hands looking big and brown on her shoulders.

She started to cock her head to one side and shrug her shoulder so as to squeeze his hand against her cheek. It was a thing she often did but this morning MacDonald didn't want it. He slapped her thigh and, turning her, pushed her toward the bathroom.

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turned off the unit. Then she came back and filled both their cups and sat down.

"Look, Major," she said, "this isn't any deal. I don't want you going off into the wild blue yonder with your batteries dead. And you don't have to tell me if you think you shouldn't. But, well—*is* this one kind of special?"

MacDonald looked up at her sharply. She matched his gaze, almost defiantly. Then she looked away from him and took up her spoon and began to stir her coffee.

"I'm sorry I asked," she said, her voice low. "You can have my stripes for that. You can bust me, Major. But you have been kind of different lately and I—"

"Different how?"

Lila shifted in her chair. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "Not really."

"Then just ease it off your mind."

"Now there," Lila said quickly. "That's what I mean. Unless you had something on your mind you wouldn't—"

"Oh, shut up," MacDonald said.

Lila flinched. Then the color drained from her face. There was one of those awful moments when everything hangs still and charged in the air. MacDonald was sorry—instantly sorry. He was suddenly and terribly afraid that he'd pushed it too far, that he'd shoved Lila over the edge. He didn't want that. Not today. Not this close to the end of it all, so he reached across the table and took her hand.

"Look, kid. Look, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean that. It's just that—well, hell, a guy gets jumpy."

Lila looked at him, her face dead white and her mouth tight. MacDonald squeezed her hand and stood up. He went around the table and bent down and put his finger under her chin.

"Come on now, kid. I said I'm sorry. Do I get take-off instructions or are you just going to sit there with your thumb on the button?"

Lila turned her chin away from his finger. "Use runway two seven, Major," she said, her voice dull. "Wind west southwest, five to seven."

"That's better," MacDonald said and kissed her cheek. "See you tonight, kid. Meet the six-fifteen."

"*Sa-yo-na-ra,* Major," Lila said, looking down at the table.

When MacDonald got over to the line, Dutch was already there, sitting in a jeep outside the operations shack, his eyes *(Continued on page 68)*

MacDonald had made up his mind that this was one mission he wasn't going through with. He couldn't tell Lila, and he couldn't tell the Dutchman—and he could scarcely tell the gunner in the North Korean tank

By JOHN H. HOLLAND

"Let's get it in the air, kid," he said. "I don't smell any coffee scorching."

He spanked her bottom and she scooted across to the bathroom door.

She turned and looked at him. "Mac, you make the coffee this time, huh? I'll be a while in here."

"Sure, kid," MacDonald said. "Take your time."

Shrugging into his shirt, he listened to her run water in the bathroom and he thought that this was a hell of a war to be fighting. It wasn't right, having to hide what you were feeling from your wife. It had been better in the other war where hard-bitten old crew chiefs like Mooney did the sweating and all the wives had known was that their guys flew combat somewhere overseas, probably while the wives were asleep.

MacDonald picked up the matched hairbrushes Lila had given him and scrubbed them vigorously through his wirelike, copper-colored hair.

But this is it, he thought. The major's thirty-two now and guys that old get tired. One or two more days like this and they'll fatigue me. Then no more strain. No more cute talk in the mornings. We can be us, kid.

MacDonald clapped his brushes together and took his flying suit and shoulder holster off the hook. He drew on the suit and stuffed the holster into his left shin pocket. He went into the kitchen, the gun banging against his leg.

He put the coffee on, set two places at the table, and poured out two glasses of tomato juice. He'd eaten half a bowl of cereal and the coffee had begun to perk when Lila finally came out of the bathroom. She stood in the door watching him.

"You'd better eat more than that, Major," she said, smiling. "They say a man fights on his stomach."

MacDonald shook his head. "Not this boy. I fight on my fanny. All I do is sit up there and flip switches."

"Still and all, you'd better eat more. Waffles, maybe? There's a trick to it. They come in a box."

"Forget it," MacDonald said.

Lila's smile faded and she stood there, quietly watching him. He knew that she wanted him to eat more because on a normal day there was always the chance he'd need a last good breakfast if he had to bail out. But this wasn't going to be a normal day, and having Lila think that it was got under MacDonald's skin. He looked away from her and went on eating his cereal while she stood there watching him.

The coffee boiled over presently and that broke it. Lila jumped up and across to the stove and

There was one of those awful moments when everything hangs in the air. MacDonald was instantly sorry—afraid he'd pushed her too far

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One Love Have I

By OWEN CAMERON

It was a shock for all of us who knew Cora to learn that she was willing to leave her husband and her children for the sake of a worthless man. And the biggest shock came later—when I finally understood her, for the first time

CORA LONG and Lew Williams were deep into their affair before I or anyone else knew it had begun. Cora was too honest to be furtive for long, though there were reasons for secrecy: she was married, apparently as happily as the average woman, and there were two small daughters. Cora was thirty, to Lew's twenty-six; she was a young matron whose social activities ranged from golf at the country club to chairmanship of the P.T.A.; from supervising a group of Brownies to presiding at formal dinners.

Lew, to put it bluntly, was a bum; an intellectual bum, but still a bum.

Her home was Cora's life—she loved the big house in the hills overlooking the city. She and Don, her husband, had one full-time servant; but Cora liked to do most of the cooking and housework herself. And yet she still found time for golf and card parties, dances and club committees, but never was hurried into losing anything of her serene charm.

I had always thought of Cora as honest and sane, and if I'd been told she was in love with an immature prig like Lew, I'd have laughed. Cora's sincerity was never stuffy, but she wasn't the type to risk home, social position and, above all, her inner integrity, by a casual adventure. But then I saw her smile at Lew, smile in a special way that left no doubt.

I won't try to guess how long it had been going on, but I was the first to know it, the day I brought in the puppy. It was on Sunday, in my house. Cora and Don, her husband, were there, and the two girls, and Cora's mother, down from Seattle, and a loud aimless couple named Moody, the sort that are always callers somewhere on week ends, simply because they can't bear to stay home.

Lew was there, too. He'd just "happened to stop" at the Longs' house, and had come along to my place with them. I knew him, by sight and reputation, and I had seen a couple of his pictures —unbalanced angles colored like a madman's dream. I'd heard that he could draw, but you'd never guess it from the paintings.

He was brash and lazy and inconsiderate, and I ignored him to the point where I hardly knew what he looked like, though I'd met him at Cora's several times.

None of us suspected it, but already things were so far along between him and Cora that they couldn't bear to be apart even on week ends, when Don was home. Lew despised work and workers, and was, as he said, absolutely free: a bum. Since his arrival he had sat in a corner glowering—at me, at Don, even at Cora. Don apologized for him, casually.

The two of us had gone outside to examine a horse I'd bought. My springer bitch had whelped two weeks earlier, and the pups were just beginning to stagger around on four legs instead of crawling like worms. Don wanted Cora to see them.

"Anything like that gets her," he said, smiling. "And if it's lost or hungry, her heart is broken unless she can take it home. Like this misfit, Lew. She thinks he doesn't eat right. She'd adopt him, if she could."

I don't think that Don, as I recall his tone and facial expression, was trying to explain away any suspicions, to himself or to me. He was a contented man, and confident.

I carried two of the pups into the house, setting one on the floor and the other in Cora's lap. He sat up there, sturdy-legged but wobbling a little, and lifted his head to look full at her, in the solemn, incurious, unafraid way of very young animals. He looked and he looked, and she bent over him, so that her dark hair hid her face from me.

She said only, "Oh, you darling," but the warmth, the love in her voice made me feel good, and when she raised her head, her eyes were shining, her face flushed with the love instinct the pup had touched. But then, instead of looking at me to thank me, or at Don to share her emotion, she glanced across the room at Lew, transferring her smile to him from the puppy, focusing it on him so frankly that I was startled.

No one else noticed. They were watching the puppy on the floor. That was all there was to it, and for weeks afterward I saw nothing more, though I watched her jealously. There was no gossip, at the club or among our mutual friends, but I knew; I'd seen that smile. I'll admit I was jealous on Don's behalf. I was contemptuous of her taste, but I was jealous, too.

Lew was tall, rather pale, lean, with a wild mop of blond hair over a high forehead. His parents were decent people, though not well-to-do, and not part of our group on the hill. They had sent him to art school, and now supported him, skimpily.

Lew was dissatisfied with practically everything but Lew Williams. Only stupid young men fail to see that the world is a mess: it always has been. You criticize, but you do your best to hack out a place in it, now working, now fighting, now compromising, and even, sometimes, running away. Not Lew—the whole setup had been without his approval and, possibly, was a deliberate conspiracy to make things difficult for him—and so the hell with it.

YOU know him, or others like him. Eating your food and drinking your liquor—always the best —while sneering at the childishness of politics and business and religion and morals. Or he'd talk about Art, about geniuses no one else had heard of, carefully implying that he didn't expect a chump like you to understand him.

As I said, he would not work: money was bait for the trap of Babbittry. Except for his parents and people like Cora, he would have starved. He was incompetent, he could not think honestly, about himself or others in relation to himself, and when his appetites and comfort were involved he showed the dignity and moral restraint of a baby. I suppose that's why there was no whisper of scandal for a long time—her friends couldn't imagine Cora falling in love with anyone like Lew.

Cora wasn't a beauty, but she had a special, inner quality that pulled harder than any prettiness, and she had a wonderful, shapely, strong body. Whatever she imagined (although I'm only guessing that her affair with Lew began in talk about Art and Soul) she was made for warm, fleshly love. There was nothing ethereal about Cora, but she was more than a female body. She had character—too much of it, perhaps. Our virtues are often more deadly than our weaknesses.

Cora had integrity, and courage, and wit. She dressed well, and not merely expensively. At home in any company, she could talk, or rather, listen, to a gardener or a guru. I'd known her for seven years, without lessening my first opinion that she was one of the best; but I knew, or thought I knew, that her warm affections would never wander from her home. On one side was Cora's successful, good-looking, admiring husband, two daughters she loved, the home she was so proud of, the social activities she so much enjoyed, and on the other side was—Lew.

THERE was bound to be scandal: first the whisper, then the shout. Lovers never realize when they stop being discreet. No one notes the furtive pressure as they ride side by side in a car, or sit at table. No eyebrows go up when hands touch as a book or drink is passed. No one marks the sweet, brief, secretly communicating glances. So they grow bolder, supposing that not love, but all the world outside, is blind.

So the whisper began, but it was a long time before Don would hear it. No man will readily believe his wife is unfaithful. The ego won't accept it, any more than the body will accept death, and the man will deny plain evidence and insist to himself that things are not always what they seem. Even after Cora gave up her Sunday golf with Don, to go riding (in *her* car) through the countryside with Lew, Don wouldn't see the naked truth. He explained that Cora's back was bothering her. She hated giving up the game even temporarily, but . . .

By that time, Lew was practically a boarder at the Longs' home, and even Cora's older daughter knew what was going on. Cora didn't care. She had always been a loving, careful mother, but now she didn't care.

I saw the daughter's reaction one night at an informal party given by Don and Cora. Lew was there, of course. He drank freely of Don's whisky, and made a speech to Bolan, who taught atomic physics at the university, on the stupidity of scientists; he made another speech on the stupidity of businessmen, to me, and then wandered off by himself. That was around midnight.

No one missed Lew, except pleasantly, but later Cora was missed. Cora's parties were all Cora. She was not the aggressive hostess who insists that you dance or drink or play games, but she radiated joyful energy, and afterward everyone would feel that the evening had been a *(Continued on page 58)*

Cora's face was flushed, almost ugly, and she was gripping her bruised leg. "What do you want?" she asked

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Seen Any Deer, Mac?

By JOHN W. RANDOLPH

All you can get from a deer-stalker, if anything, is a piece of venison. But the deer-*talker* is a gift to mankind. His tales of hardship thrill you, and it doesn't matter that they're lies

THIS is the time of year when the deer-talkers appear—at parties, church socials, poolrooms, directors' meetings and other places where people gather to relax and brag. You will know them from the deer-stalkers—people who go vigorously into the woods, slay deer and go home and report baldly, "I got one," without any attempt at decent adornment, or deer-talking.

These deer-stalkers are hardly worth your notice; the only profit you can hope to get from them is a piece of venison. But we deer-talkers are a powerful force in American life. In the fall and early winter we blow upon the cold ashes of the American frontier spirit and make it flame again. We blow hard to do it.

It is a pleasure, for example, to hear a good deer-talker at a musicale. He ignores or manfully overpowers the violins while he tells casually how it wasn't too cold, about ten below, but a strong wind made it a little brisk and there were too many noisy fools in the woods ready to shoot at any movement. This is great stuff at any social gathering. Everybody envies a good deer-talker. Our stories bring a certain expression to the faces about us and I am pretty sure it is envy.

Good deer-talking takes more skill and training and effort than are implied in all of the books on woodcraft. There is nothing to *killing* a deer; anybody can do that. But when you hear the big masculine fellow at the party next Saturday night talking about tracking on hard ground, circling down, belly-crawling, holding on the point of the shoulder because of the angle, and getting the dead buck out to the road—that is a deer-talker and you will know *this* is the way it *did* happen:

Big masculine fellow wandered around in the woods until he was dog-tired, chilled, hungry, discouraged and maybe lost. Built illegal fire with newspaper, pulled lunch from pocket of $90 scarlet hunting jacket, sprawled by fire, ate, lighted pipe bought for hunting and began to get a little sick from it. Fine buck, disturbed from cover by another hunter in scarlet coat half a mile away, trotted up, looked curiously at fire. Big masculine fellow scrambled for gun, dropped it, tried to fire with safety on, finally shot with eyes closed and killed deer.

If he killed a deer at all (which is irrelevant) that is the way it happened. Daniel Boone himself killed more than one that way. But he never said so: Mr. Boone was one of the greatest deer-talkers of all time and an even greater bear-talker. He never told the naked, ugly truth. And he wowed the parties of his day.

At parties and at the office deer-talking is nothing to a trained old deer-talker, like myself. Nobody can check on you, and you can use ordinary English. You don't even need much invention. But in the woods around other hunters and in the country stores and beer joints it is another matter. A man must talk it right.

Catch me in a New England filling station after a day's hunting during which I have not seen a deer. There are four other men present. None of them has seen a deer, either.

"Seen two does and a buck over to the north side of West Mountain just after dinner," I tell these strangers, "and I would of got a shot but a couple boys from over to Boston picked that time to start bellerin' in the woods."

"Yeah," says a disgusted man with a black mustache. "I'm 'bout ready to give it up on account of them city idjits. Man can't git no elbow room in the woods."

This man, easily identifiable as a big-city executive, is a sound deer-talker. He has helped me establish that we are both men of the country, not city palefaces.

"I follered them uphill for about a hour," I resume. "They stopped on a high ledge to bed down, like I knowed they would, and I worked around and up on the ledge and was just goin' to cut down on the buck when them two boobs start hollerin' to locate each other. Them deer took off over the hill and I couldn't shoot for fear of hittin' one of the boobs."

A man with curly hair opens up:

"I think I seen them fellers over to Purple Lane about sundown. They was settin' half froze in their station wagon with a ski rack on top. One rolled his window down quarter of a inch and bellered, 'You seen any deer, Mac?' "

Grins all around. Somebody asks him what he answered.

"Told 'em, well, didn't know for sure whether I'd seen any *deer* or not but I had some kind of an animal with horns onto it hanging in my barn and first time I seen the warden I was going to ask him what it was."

This man is a distinguished brain surgeon from New Haven. The barn he referred to is his three-car garage and the only thing hanging in it that has horns is a light speedboat.

A probate judge from Philadelphia now says he seen them two deer going into the swamp late in the afternoon. A youngish Harvard fellow says he cut them same tracks himself just before dusk and knowed they was a couple hours old.

That is about all there is to the deer-talking art. Nobody has seen anything all day, but everybody is established as a knowing hunter and countryman. None of those present has ever chewed tobacco, but the impression is that everybody has a cud in his mouth.

A good deer-talker must have a change of pace for different locations. For example, in Virginia they drive deer with dogs, so some dog-talking is required. Say a friend is taking me on a hunt there and tells me that the driver, or dog handler, has two fine-looking walker hounds that are fairly good and a scraggly little old black-and-tan mongrel that is the steadiest deerhound in that part of Virginia. That is all I need.

A Little Hound-Talking Too

When we arrive at the gathering place I will immediately become absorbed in the hounds, particularly the black-and-tan. I will walk around her slowly and squat to look closely. The driver is going to notice this and say, "Don't look like much, does she?"

"Looks right good to me, friend," I will say judgmatically. "Don't know but what I'd take her over them walkers, though I ain't throwin' off on them. She looks right steady to me and steady's what counts in the woods."

"You mighty right," the driver will say. "They don't come no steadier'n her. Tell you what, I'm goin' to put you on a good middle stand and I guarantee you going to hear some music. I can tell you're a man who loves to hear some tongue."

"You mighty right," I will agree and I am in like a piston.

This man will put me on the best stand in the woods. He knows a hunter when he sees one. Now I suppose I hear the dogs in a little while and pretty soon a young buck weighing about 140 pounds trots up to within 50 feet and stands looking at me. I get a strong case of buck fever and can't shoot, and pretty soon he trots away.

But if I am a seasoned deer-talker, and I am, I will be ready when the driver comes up with the dogs five minutes later.

"See the deer?" he wants to know.

"Didn't see him. Heard him, though. Just before he come through I seen two hen turkeys in the holler back there. Worked up on them and started waiting for the gobbler to come up. Just caught sight of him when I hear this deer trottin' in the leaves. Passed up the gobbler but by the time I worked back here he was gone. Should of took the gobbler, I reckon."

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I am a little regretful on both scores, but we are both men of the woods and will waste no time over an unfortunate guess. He says he will put the dogs back on the deer.

"Wait a second," I say. "Might's well see was it a buck, and maybe save wastin' time on a doe." I walk over to where I saw the buck, and search the ground until I find at least one track. I study it.

"Yep," I say with finality. "Buck, all right. Weigh about one forty, wouldn't you say?"

"It's a buck, right enough," he says, "but long as I been at it I can't tell nothing about weight from a track."

"Well," I say kindly, "you got to study the spread of the toes, well's the size of the print. Just takes studyin'."

That closes the deal. He will forget now that I didn't get the shot I should have had. Later, when the day is over I will tell him how I heard that little gyp belling down in there and I sure would like to trade him out'n her. He will say he wouldn't trade her for a new barn and tell all hands that I am a hunter from Huntersville.

Of course, that was fairly easy because I had a fact to start with, a good, sound, pertinent fact, all checked and collated. It is harder when you have no fact. It is most difficult to deer-talk when you are lost in the woods. But a man with poise and confidence can do it. Poise and confidence are what counts.

Say my companions have put me down on a dirt road in some brushy California hills and told me to stay close to it because I might get lost in this featureless country. But I have left it, wandered over a couple of ridges, got confused and can't find the road. After two hours I haven't seen sign of a deer and am lost, although I can tell directions approximately by the sun. I think the road might be east and I am walking that way. Suddenly I hear a voice close to my right.

"Seen anything?" it asks ironically.

I do not turn quickly because nobody looks so asinine as a hunter surprised. When I do turn, casually, I see a hunter seated on a rock.

"Well," I drawl, "had one chance a while back but passed it up. Seen you when I come over the ridge back there. Thought I'd drift down and ask what's east of here. My first day in this country."

That is my first move to find out, without asking, where the road is.

"Ain't nothing thataway for twenty mile 'cepting brush," he says, and I know instantly that he is a professor of economics from the University of Chicago. Probably a good deer-talker.

"That sounds pretty good," I say. "Might try her that way tomorrow. I like plenty room; don't cotton to crowds. What about south?" and I wave in the general direction of south.

"Runs down to dry flats."

"Not so good. How does she lie westward?"

"Why, the road's over there about half a mile."

"Yeah, I know *that*," I say a little impatiently, "but I ain't been over west of the road yet. I got a couple more hours and I figure to cover eight-ten miles. Know what's beyond the road?"

Whatever he answers, I say:

"Well, might's well go that way. Got to meet my friends three-four miles north of here on the road anyway. Thanks, friend."

But he won't let me go yet. No deer-talker would. "Say you passed one up?" he asks casually.

"Yeah," I tell him with a little grin. "Seen a young buck on a sidehill couple miles northeast of here. I was cross-wind of him so I taken a little turn to git downwind. Taken me some time because I had to work around a rattler on my belly. But the buck never winded me and I got within eighty yard."

"How come you din't *(Continued on page 80)*

You can beat a guide to a lie, but he will lay for you and get even by making you look like a city man

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To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

Now the day of reckoning was here—for Leon Engel, who had waited fifteen bitter years for revenge; for Matthew Sprott, who waited with dread for exposure; and for Paul, who waited only for justice

The Story: When PAUL ENGEL learned from PASTOR EMMANUEL FLEMING, a family friend whose shallow daughter ELLA wanted to marry Paul, that his father was LEON ENGEL, who had served fifteen years of a life sentence for the murder of MONA SPURLING, he went to Winton, Scotland, the scene of the crime, determined to learn the whole story.

Positive identification by JANET CROMBIE, a maid, and LOUISA BURT, a passer-by, had clinched the circumstantial case built up against Engel by INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE, and prosecuted by SIR MATTHEW SPROTT. The only favorable witness, ALBERT PRUSTY, a neighbor of the victim, told Paul of the presence of another man at the scene, and Swann, on his deathbed, revealed that the evidence was false. Paul next tried Louisa Burt, who was just about to give him information when Urie's men picked him up. Urie warned Paul to keep off the case, but instead Paul persuaded GEORGE BIRLEY, a Member of Parliament, to present an official plea for reinvestigation.

Paul had, meanwhile, become deeply attracted to beautiful LENA ANDERSEN, who seemed to return his love. When, in quick succession, his plea in Parliament was rejected, he heard that Lena had an illegitimate child, and he lost his job, he was in despair. Penniless and ill, he was reduced to going to the canteen run by ENOCH OSWALD, a philanthropist who was Louisa Burt's employer. When Paul learned that Louisa, like Janet Crombie, who had worked for Oswald before her, was marrying and going to Australia, his suspicions were aroused. From Prusty he learned that Oswald was also the landlord of the house where the murder had taken place. Unable to get an official hearing, Paul stated his father's case by making a personal appeal on the streets. To silence him, Sprott ordered Urie to commit Paul to an asylum.

Fortunately, Lena's friend, L. A. DUNN, a newspaperman who had helped Lena care for her nephew (commonly thought to be her son), thwarted Urie by putting up bail for Paul. Dunn and his editor, J. P. MCGOWAN, ran a series of articles exposing the corruptness of the Engel trial. Paul was seriously ill in a hospital when Lena brought him the good news that the newspaper stories had aroused popular interest and forced official action, and that his father had been released from prison.

VIII

THE morning of March 2d dawned clear and soft with a chirping of sparrows among the yellow crocuses which dotted the strip of lawn outside St. Elizabeth's Home. It was perfect spring weather—the sun held its first real warmth, and the moist earth was bursting with life. It was the day of Paul's discharge from the hospital.

Long before noon, the hour when Dunn had promised to call for him, he was ready—sitting in the parlor, his round of good-bys made. He had been acutely ill, but now, rested and strong, he was completely cured.

As Dunn and he drove toward the city, with the balmy air streaming in through the open windows, Paul experienced a wave of happy anticipation. This, after all, was what he had worked and suffered for, all these weary months.

"I've taken rooms for you at the Windsor," Dunn said, breaking the silence. "It's not much of a hotel, but it's quiet. Not a bad place to get your bearings."

With a grateful glance, Paul indicated his readiness to fall in with all the arrangements which Dunn might make for him.

"In fact," Dunn went on, "when your mother arrives you might all stay there, till the inquiry is over. The Chronicle will take care of the expenses." As Paul began to express his gratitude Dunn cut him short. "No, don't thank me. It's our show. And here's thirty pounds. You take charge of it. You'll have to buy your father some clothes and things. You can settle up if you want to when the indemnity is paid."

"What indemnity?"

Dunn gave him a sidelong look.

"It looks as if your father will have a claim against the government. About five thousand pounds, I should think."

Paul received this wholly unexpected news in silence. Although to him, in his present mood, the prospect of such compensation seemed relatively unimportant, it did enable him to accept with less compunction the bundle of pound notes extended to him by his companion. Dunn had been so considerate. Paul was especially grateful that he would have this whole day alone with his father before his mother arrived from Belfast next morning.

"You've seen him?" he asked, after a silence.

Dunn nodded. "He's at the hotel. Cairns, one of our staff, is with him."

"You think of everything."

"I wish I did," Dunn said shortly. Then, after a pause: "Have you seen Lena lately?"

"No." Paul's face altered. "Not since the night she brought me the good news. It seems she's gone away to her sister, who's been ill. Do you know if she's better?"

"Suppose you ask Lena—when she comes back." Dunn's reticence closed the subject.

The taxi had detoured the business center of Winton and was now threading the southern suburbs. Many of the streets which they passed through had been tramped by Paul during the period of his misery, and as he compared his present state with his previous hopelessness his heart soared within him.

Presently they drew up at the Windsor. As they went through the revolving door, ascended the green-carpeted staircase and paused momentarily outside the entrance to a first-rate floor suite, Paul felt Dunn looking at him as though he were about to speak. But now he could not wait. Tense and eager, he pushed forward through the doorway.

In the sitting room, at the window table, watched from a distant seat by McGowan's secretary, an elderly man was eating a meal of ham and eggs. He was about sixty, of heavy and ungainly build, with a thickset torso and muscular arms. His head, partly bald, partly covered by cropped dirty gray hair, was

Engel's voice was bitter. "I'm going to make them pay for what they done to me"

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set deeply into the bowed and thickened shoulders. The skin of his neck was parchment yellow, seamed with scarlike wrinkles, pitted with tiny bluish stains. Dressed in a shiny brown suit bursting at the seams, old-fashioned in cut and grotesquely small for him, he looked like a broken-down navvy out for the day.

As Paul stood there, his heart beating, this total stranger raised his cropped head and, still chewing with his discolored teeth, wrinkled up his brows and stared back at him with stony, hostile eyes. For an agonizing moment Paul could not speak. A thousand times, and in a thousand different ways, he had foreseen the meeting—the quick recognition, the warm embrace, the pardonable tears. Prepared though he had been for changes wrought by the years, he had never, in all his imaginings, pictured any change as devastating as this one. With an effort he took control of himself, came forward, and held out his hand. The hand that met his own after a moment's hesitation was broad and calloused, hard as horn, with split and yellowish nails.

"Well, sir," Dunn exclaimed, with a note of unnatural heartiness, "I hope they're looking after you all right."

The man at the table switched his eyes toward Dunn. He did not answer but went on chewing, as though bent, grimly, on extracting the full flavor from the food.

Dunn saved the situation by turning to Cairns. "You've seen to everything, Jed?"

"Yes, I have, Mr. Dunn," Cairns answered in a low voice.

There was a pause. The secretary picked up his hat.

"Well!" Dunn exclaimed, shifting his feet. "You two haven't seen each other for some time. Cairns and I don't want to intrude. Call me if you want anything."

A wave of actual fright went over Paul. He would have given anything to detain the two others, but he could not.

WHEN the door closed behind them he stood silent for a moment; then he took a chair and sat down at the table. The stranger, this Leon Engel who was his father, was still eating, bent close over his plate, helping the food into his mouth with quick thrusts of his thumb, and from time to time sending out that glance of blank inquiry. Paul could bear it no longer; he began to speak in slow, jerky phrases.

"I can't tell you how glad I am—to see you again, Father. It means a lot to me. Of course, after all these years—it's difficult for us both. I dare say you feel as awkward as I do. There's so much to say, I hardly know where to begin. And so much to do, for that matter. The first thing is to get you some decent clothes. When you finish your lunch—we ought to drive around and visit the shops . . ."

His remarks, which sounded so inadequate in his ears, gradually trailed off into silence. He was both startled and relieved when his father spoke.

"Have you any money?"

Although chilled, slightly, by the crudeness of the question, Paul responded, "Enough to go on with."

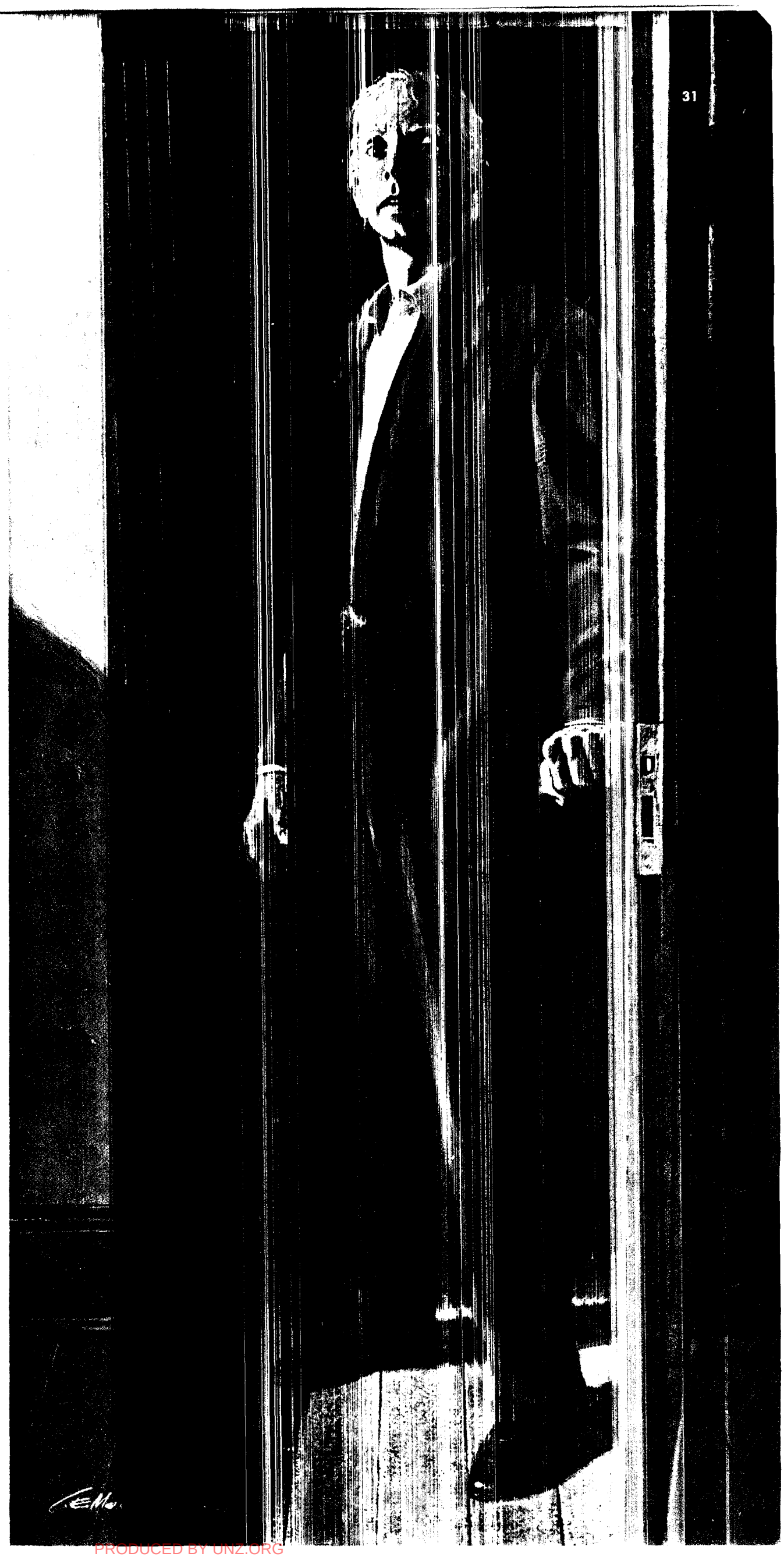
"I couldn't get a brass out of that Dunn." Then, as though thinking aloud: "I'm going to get money. I'll make them pay for what they done to me."

The voice itself was rough and hoarse, like an instrument seldom used, but worse than that tonal coarseness was the frightful bitterness, the dark and brooding rancor.

"Have you a cigarette?"

"I'm sorry," Paul shook his head. "I've been off smoking for a bit."

Engel studied him, beneath those frowning brows, as though to discover if he were telling the truth. Then, reluctantly, he produced a packet of cigarettes which Paul recognized as the brand used by Dunn. Selecting one, he cowered suddenly, as though to escape observation, and lighted it. With the cigarette concealed in the cup of his hand he smoked rapidly, secretly, inhaling the smoke deeply. As Paul watched the intent brooding face he saw, almost with horror, *(Continued on page 41)*



Enoch Oswald stood there, his face pallid, his eyes heavy and hollow. Like an apparition he came toward Paul, staring deeply into his face

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Manager Gabriel Ingenito (standing) welcomes a group from station WELI. Clockwise they are Mrs. Richard W. Davis, Bud Finch, variety show MC, Mrs. Finch, Robert L. Lewis, Jeanne Porter, who has a woman's program, R. W. Davis, station manager

Head chef Matteo Conca (right), who used to cook *pasta* for Caruso, works with Herman Liopole, Escoffier pupil

A Matteo Conca production: Lobster Sauté à la Collier's. A box on page 60 tells how to make it. Wilson's serves it with a green salad and a bottle of light white wine

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Every Meal's a PRODUCTION

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

At Wilson's in New Haven, lovers of good food find a dapper headwaiter, waitresses bouncy as chorines, a chef who runs his kitchen like an orchestra conductor—and superb cooking

THE instant a hungry stranger enters Wilson's Sea Grill, a middle-sized, modest-looking restaurant in New Haven, Connecticut, he gets the feeling that he has wandered into the set of a play staged for his own, exclusive benefit. The theatrical atmosphere of the place is as tangible as the rich, overwhelming aromas that waft occasionally from the kitchen.

Gabriel Ingenito, headwaiter and manager, commonly called Gabe, dapper as Cesar Romero, moves about like a nervously suave actor-producer. The waitresses behave like vivacious chorus girls. Comedy relief is supplied by tiny Charlie Rothfus, the raw-oyster-bar man, who looks as though he might at any moment produce a rolled-up newspaper and begin belaboring James Ellis, the bartender.

But in the kitchen—ah! In the kitchen is the star of the show, Matteo Conca, first chef, who cooks like a man conducting an uproarious Italian opera.

Next to food, Matteo loves opera best, and he even resembles a maestro. He is a big, broad-chested man of sixty-four with a partially bald head and, behind, an impressive, curly white mane that hangs nearly to his shoulders. He speaks English that isn't quite broken but is a little bent. However, he doesn't rely on the mere spoken word for communication; he gestures with his chef's knife, nods and bobs his head, and twists his face into expressions reminiscent of classic masques. His performance is something to see.

The cue is given when Monya, a waitress, bursts through the swinging doors, crying, "Baked Oysters à la Zita, for three!"

Matteo waves his knife, seizes two mushrooms and begins dicing them furiously. "Herman! John! Baked oysters!" he shouts. "Charlie! Get me 18 nice ones!"

"Adeen oystuss!" echoes Charlie, flying up like a Keystone cop and sprinting for the raw-bar in the dining room.

"Baked oysters!" yells John Markizi, the salad man, who snatches up a slab of bacon, slices several pieces, and chops them fine.

"Oysters, oysters!" says Herman Liopole, second chef, who once worked for the great Escoffier. He puts a small pan of water on to boil and tosses a quarter-pound of butter into a sauté pan.

Their entrance lines delivered, the performers fall quickly into a frenzied routine. Matteo seizes John's bacon and tosses it into the boiling water; then, after a few impatient seconds while he waits for it to blanch, he strains it and throws it, with his chopped mushrooms, into Herman's sizzling butter. Charlie rushes in with the opened oysters; Matteo puts a piece of butter into a second sauté pan and tosses them in. With a flourish, he adds a glass of red wine to the mushrooms and bacon; and, almost in the same motion, takes a chopped shallot from Jerry Chihico, the broiler. He puts this on the oysters, salts and peppers them, and shakes the pan indignantly.

John, meanwhile, is washing the oyster shells; Herman is crumbling dry toast and fixing three copper pans on beds of rock salt. Matteo nods at John, who arranges six shells in each pan. Now he takes the oysters from the stove, puts one in each shell, and pours the mushroom-bacon-wine sauce over them. Herman sprinkles them with the crumbs and puts them in the oven, where they sputter and give off outrageously inviting smells.

For about five minutes, Matteo stands impatiently, like a basso in the wings awaiting his cue. Finally he glances into the oven, bellows, "Baked oysters!" pulls them out and, scorning the expectant waitress, bustles them out to the customers, who swoon.

The whole act takes about 10 minutes. It is accomplished with such verve, such élan, that the spectators—there are always a couple of open-mouthed onlookers standing around the kitchen—half expect Matteo, upon returning triumphantly from the dining room, to link arms with Herman, John, Vito the pan washer and two waitresses, and the six of them to launch into a rousing version of the Sextette from Lucia.

Not every dish at Wilson's is prepared in this way. The chowder, for example—delicately flavored clams crowding one another in a creamy sauce—is simply ladled from hot-table pots. But its creation, each morning, is attended by similar commotion.

Inevitably, productions by Matteo and Co. have attracted real stars of the stage and screen. New Haven, a city of about 170,000 just 90 minutes from New York, is the place where many plays try out before braving Broadway, and therefore boasts a sizable, if temporary, quota of celebrities. Actors, actresses and other stage people visit Wilson's so frequently that most of the regular New Haven customers no longer even bother to crane their necks.

Theater folk do a good deal of eating around the country, and therefore usually are connoisseurs. "How unique," said Lawrence Langer, of the Theatre Guild, "to discover a truly wonderful restaurant, with a magnificent chef, in the heart of a New England city!"

(Continued on page 60)

Owner James Wilson leaves business end to Gabriel, cooking to Matteo. Here he is in the office of his fish market next door

Harold Lackey, Frigidaire Sales Corporation executive, dining with his wife Zita, for whom Wilson's named Oysters à la Zita

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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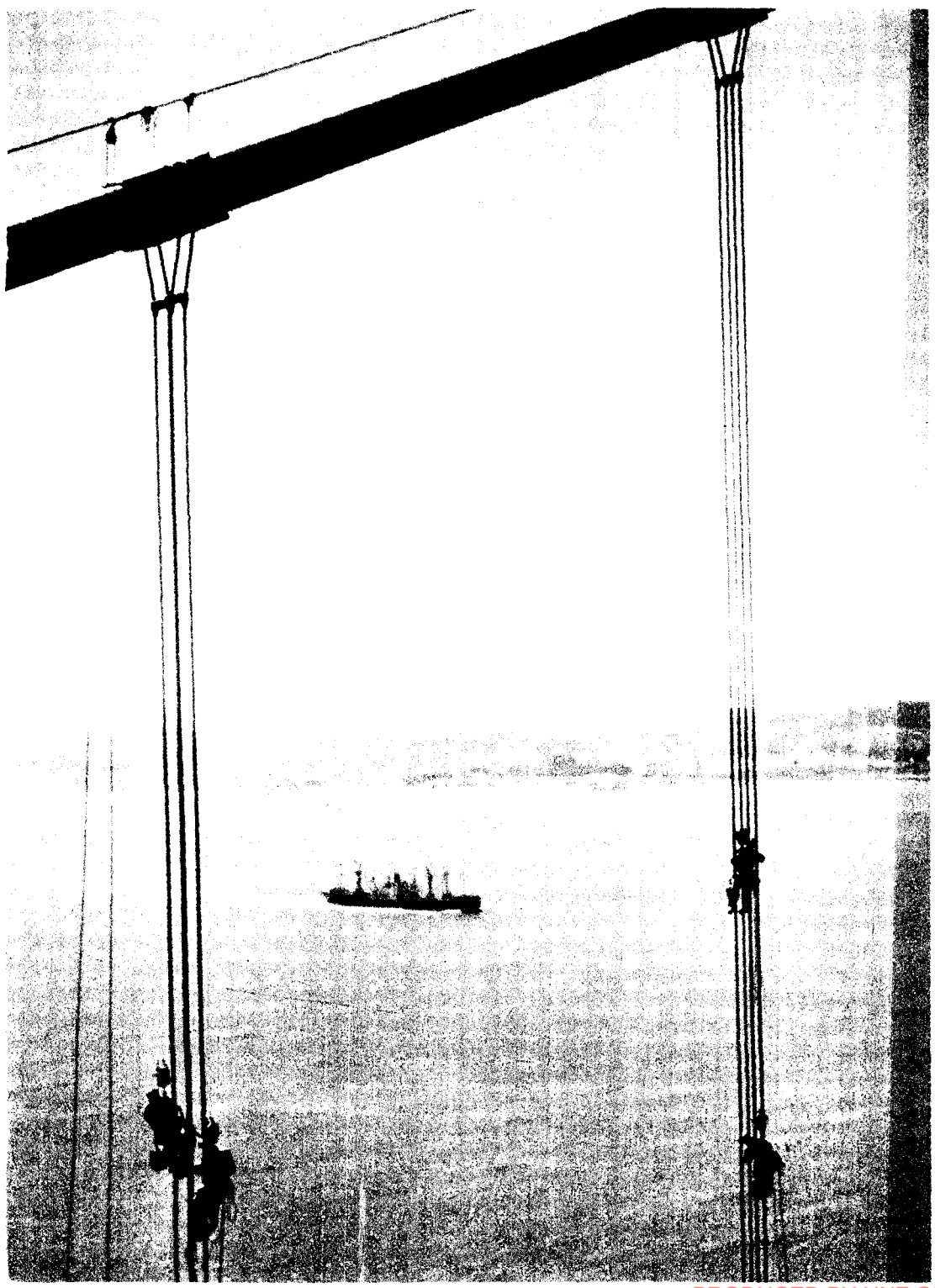
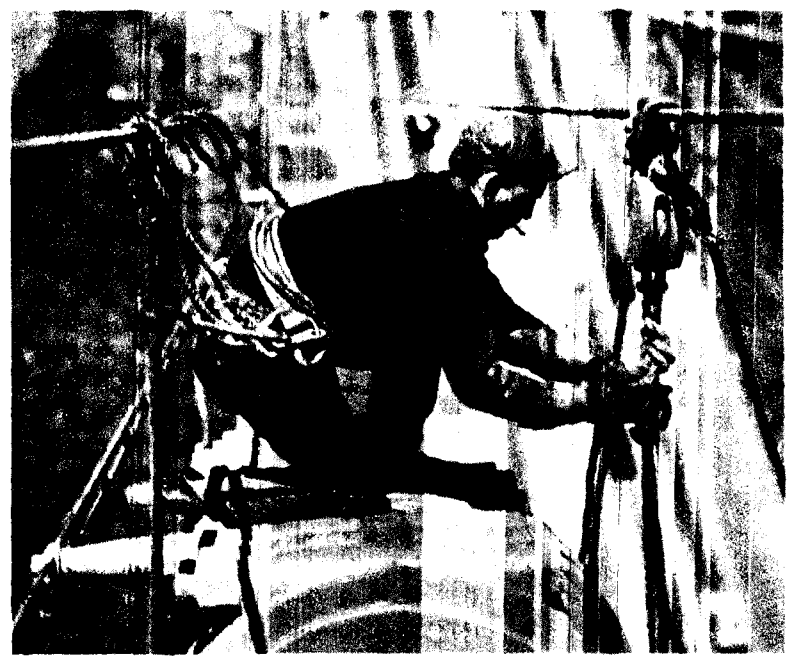
Of some 10,000 gallons of paint used on the bridge every year, quite a bit collects on the painters. Here Al Schaeffer does his best to take it off

It's a dizzy drop, but safety belts protect the workmen who go aloft. The bay is 700 feet away—straight down

A painter's-eye view of the Golden Gate. With the city of San Francisco in the background, a freighter steams out of the bay bound for Pacific ports



Because it's a long walk to the bridge floor, the men use block and tackle to hoist up their heavy equipment



Keeper of the Golden Gate. Millard Johnson, a tolltaker (left), checks in with Sgt. Ed Moore

JOHN FLOREA

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Big Bridge over Golden Gate

It's in need of paint and always will be. The job is never finished

SOON after San Francisco's famed Golden Gate Bridge was completed in 1937, a crew of workmen tramped onto the span, broke out paint cans and brushes, hoisted themselves into the superstructure and began applying orange paint to the massive steel girders and cables. They were no strangers to the 4,200-foot structure—it had already been painted once. What's more, it's still being painted (the fifth coat of "international orange" is being applied as you read this) and the end isn't in sight.

For the task of painting the world's highest and longest single-span bridge is never completed. A twenty-five-man team works at it five days a week, all year long, transferring two tons of paint from can to steel by the time each week end rolls around. They are engaged in a constant battle with the elements: As soon as a coat of paint dries, salt, wind, fog and rain begin eating away at it. When the painters have passed their brushes over the span's 239 acres of painted surface, they go back and put on another coat. It takes them about three years to make the round trip.

It's a tricky business. The bridge is slung between two main cables which run across San Francisco Bay. Wire suspender ropes connect the cables to the bridge floor.

Along with other structural parts, the cables and the steel ropes must be painted; the men working on this job may be as much as 746 feet above the bay—as high as a 70-story building.

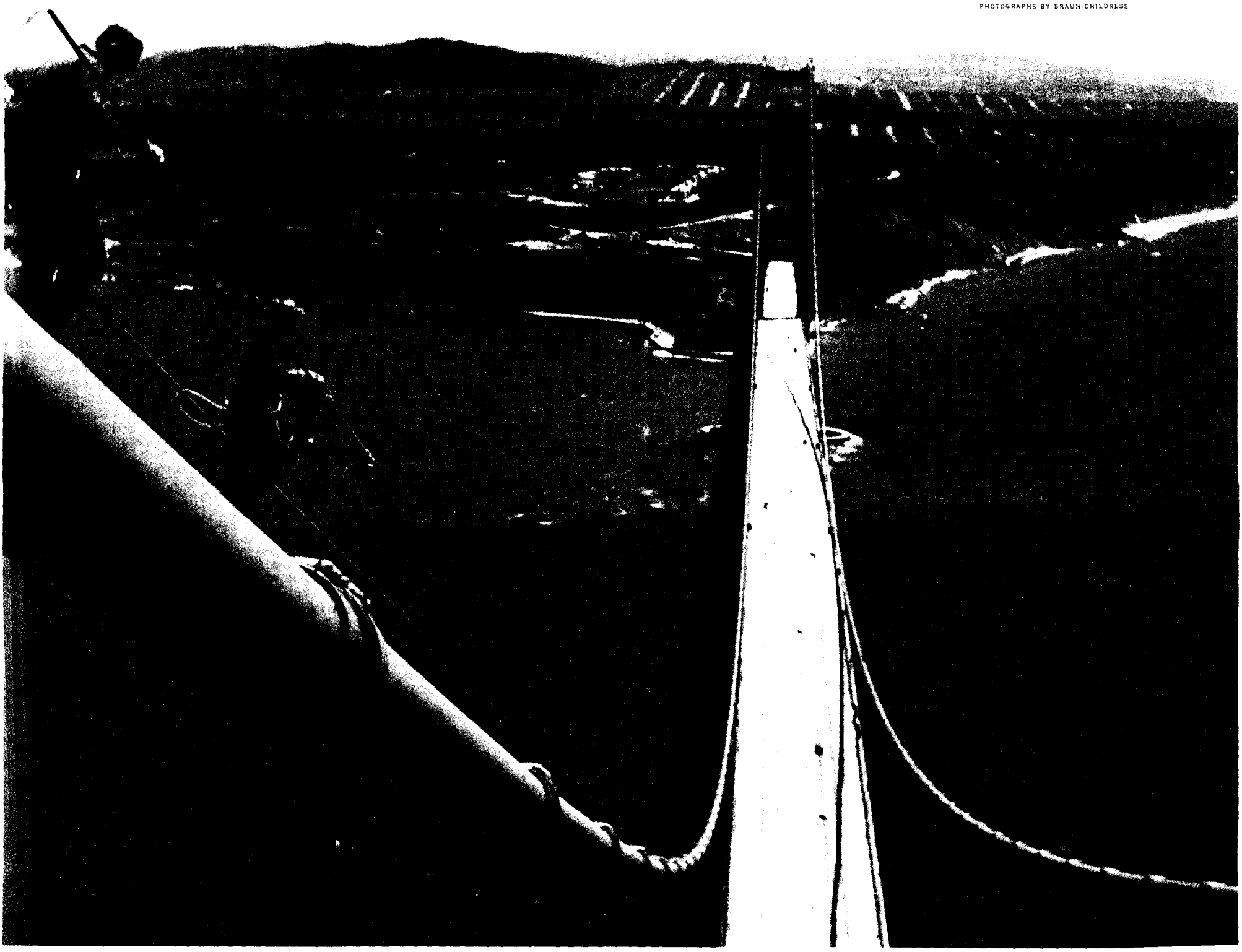
Even those working under the span are about 16 stories off the water. The suspenders closest to the bridge's lofty towers are about 500 feet long. Yet in the 13 years since the bridge was built—during which it has been entirely repainted four times—no painter ever has lost his life on the job and none has been seriously hurt, although a few have been scared pretty badly. This good safety record may be one reason why the only premium wage the workmen get above union scale is a dollar a day "high pay" for working aloft.

It takes $2,200 a day to maintain the bridge, with painting—at $480—a major item. To help defray these expenses, and to pay off the $35,000,000 it cost to erect the span, the State of California charges a basic toll of 40 cents per car. Even the toll-collectors face occupational hazards—not only Sunday drivers, but such things as the occasional rattlesnakes which are said to crawl down from nearby Mount Tamalpais to sun themselves on the warm metal. Here, too, the safety record is good: No toll collectors lost to rattlesnakes thus far.

THE END

Painters Frank Anderson and Johnny King head for the deck after a day's work. The San Francisco side of the bridge is in the background

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAUN-CHILDRESS



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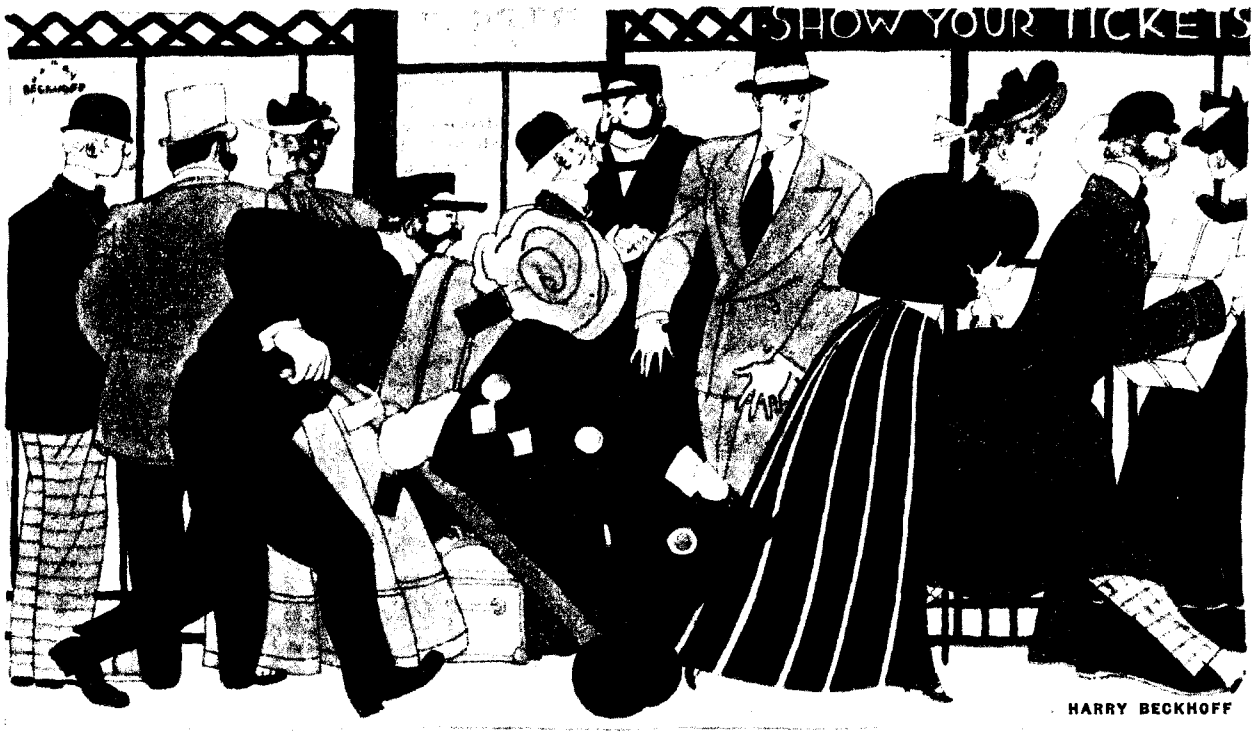

Then I saw that everyone there was dressed like eighteen-ninety-something

The Third Level

By JACK FINNEY

THE presidents of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads will swear on a stack of timetables that there are only two. But I say there are three, because I've *been* on the third level at Grand Central Station. Yes, I've taken the obvious step: I talked to a psychiatrist friend of mine, among others. I told him about the third level at Grand Central Station, and he said it was a waking-dream wish fulfillment. He said I was unhappy. That made my wife kind of mad, but he explained that he meant the modern world is full of insecurity, fear, war, worry and all the rest of it, and that I just want to escape. Well, hell, who doesn't? Everybody I know wants to escape, but they don't wander down into any third level at Grand Central Station.

But that's the reason, he said, and my friends all agreed. Everything points to it, they claimed. My stamp collecting, for example; that's a "temporary refuge from reality." Well, maybe, but my grandfather didn't need any refuge from reality; things were pretty nice and peaceful in his day, from all I hear, and he started my collection. It's a nice collection, too, blocks of four of practically every U.S. issue, first-day covers, and so on. President Roosevelt collected stamps, too, you know.

Anyway, here's what happened at Grand Central. One night last summer I worked late at the office. I was in a hurry to get uptown to my apartment so I decided to take the subway from Grand Central because it's faster than the bus.

Now, I don't know why this should have happened to me. I'm just an ordinary guy named Charley, thirty-one years old, and I was wearing a tan gabardine suit and a straw hat with a fancy band; I passed a dozen men who looked just like me. And I wasn't trying to escape from anything; I just wanted to get home to Louisa, my wife.

I turned into Grand Central from Vanderbilt Avenue, and went down the steps to the first level, where you take trains like the Twentieth Century. Then I walked down another flight to the second level, where the suburban trains leave from, ducked into an arched doorway heading for the subway—and got lost. That's easy to do. I've been in and out of Grand Central hundreds of times, but I'm always bumping into new doorways and stairs and corridors. Once I got into a tunnel about a mile long and came out in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel. Another time I came up in an office building on Forty-sixth Street, three blocks away.

Sometimes I think Grand Central is growing like a tree, pushing out new corridors and staircases like roots. There's probably a long tunnel that nobody knows about feeling its way under the city right now, on its way to Times Square, and maybe another to Central Park. And maybe—because for so many people through the years Grand Central *has* been an exit, a way of escape—maybe that's how the tunnel I got into . . . But I never told my psychiatrist friend about that idea.

The corridor I was in began angling left and slanting downward and I thought that was wrong, but I kept on walking. All I could hear was the empty sound of my own footsteps and I didn't pass a soul. Then I heard that sort of hollow roar ahead that means open space and people talking. The tunnel turned sharp left; I went down a short flight of stairs and come out on the third level at Grand Central Station. For just a moment I thought I was back on the second level, but I saw the room was smaller, there were fewer ticket windows and train gates, and the information booth in the center was wood and old-looking. And the man in the booth wore a green eyeshade and long black sleeve protectors. The lights were dim and sort of flickering. Then I saw why; they were open-flame gaslights.

There were brass spittoons on the floor, and across the station a glint of light caught my eye; a man was pulling a gold watch from his vest pocket. He snapped open the cover, glanced at his watch, and frowned. He wore a dirty hat, a black four-button suit with tiny lapels, and he had a big, black, handle-bar mustache. Then I looked around and saw that everyone in the station was dressed like eighteen-ninety-something; I never saw so many beards, sideburns and fancy mustaches in my life. A woman walked in through the train gate; she wore a dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves and skirts to the top of her high-buttoned shoes. Back of her, out on the tracks, I caught a glimpse of a locomotive, a very small Currier & Ives locomotive with a funnel-shaped stack. And then I knew.

To make sure, I walked over to a newsboy and glanced at the stack of papers at his feet. It was The World; and The World hasn't been published for years. The lead story said something about President Cleveland. I've found that front page since, in the Public Library files, and it was printed June 11, 1894.

I turned toward the ticket windows knowing that here—on the third level at Grand Central—I could buy tickets that would take Louisa and me anywhere in the United States we wanted to go. In the year 1894. And I wanted two tickets to Galesburg, Illinois.

Have you ever been there? It's a wonderful town still, with big old frame houses, huge lawns, and tremendous trees whose branches meet overhead and roof the streets. And in 1894, summer evenings were twice as long, and people sat out on their lawns, the men smoking cigars and talking quietly, the women waving palm-leaf fans, with the fireflies all around, in a peaceful world. To be back there with the first World War still twenty years off, and World War II over forty years in the future . . . I wanted two tickets for that.

The clerk figured the fare—he glanced at my fancy hatband, but he figured the fare—and I had enough for two coach tickets, one way. But when I counted out the money and looked up, the clerk was staring at me. He nodded at the bills. "That ain't money, mister," he said, "and if you're trying to skin me you won't get very far," and he glanced at the cash drawer beside him. Of course the money was old-style bills, half again as big as the money we use nowadays, and different-looking. I turned away and got out fast. There's nothing nice about jail, even in 1894.

And that was that. I left the same way I came, I suppose. Next day, during lunch hour, I drew three hundred dollars out of the bank, nearly all we had, and bought old-style currency (that *really* worried my psychiatrist friend). You can buy old money at almost any coin dealer's, but you have to pay a premium. My three hundred dollars bought less than two hundred in old-style bills, but I didn't care; eggs were thirteen cents a dozen in 1894.

But I've never again found the corridor that leads to the third level at Grand Central Station, although I've tried often enough.

Louisa was pretty worried when I told her all this, and didn't want me to look for the third level any more, and after a while I stopped; I went back to my stamps. But now we're *both* looking, every week end, because now we have proof that the third level is still there. My friend Sam Weiner disappeared! Nobody knew where, but I sort of suspected because Sam's a city boy, and I used to tell him about Galesburg—I went to school there—and he always said he liked the sound of the place. And that's where he is, all right. In 1894.

Because one night, fussing with my stamp collection, I found— Well, do you know what a first-day cover is? When a new stamp is issued, stamp collectors buy some and use them to mail envelopes to themselves on the very first day of sale; and the postmark proves the date. The envelope is called a first-day cover. They're never opened; you just put blank paper in the envelope.

That night, among my oldest first-day covers, I found one that shouldn't have been there. But there it was. It was there because someone had mailed it to my grandfather at his home in Galesburg; that's what the address on the envelope said. And it had been there since July 18, 1894—the postmark showed that—yet I didn't remember it at all. The stamp was a six-cent, dull brown, with a picture of President Garfield. Naturally, when the envelope came to Granddad in the mail, it went right into his collection and stayed there—till I took it out and opened it.

The paper inside wasn't blank. It read:

941 Willard Street
Galesburg, Illinois
July 18, 1894

Charley:

I got to wishing that you were right. Then I got to believing *you were right. And, Charley, it's* true; *I found the third level! I've been here two weeks, and right now, down the street at the Dalys', someone is playing a piano, and they're all out on the front porch singing Seeing Nelly Home. And I'm invited over for lemonade. Come on back, Charley and Louisa. Keep looking till you find the third level! It's worth it, believe me!*

The note is signed *Sam*.

At the stamp and coin store I go to, I found out that Sam bought eight hundred dollars' worth of old-style currency. That ought to set him up in a nice little hay, feed and grain business; he always said that's what he really wished he could do, and he certainly can't go back to his old business. Not in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1894. His old business? Why, Sam was my psychiatrist. THE END

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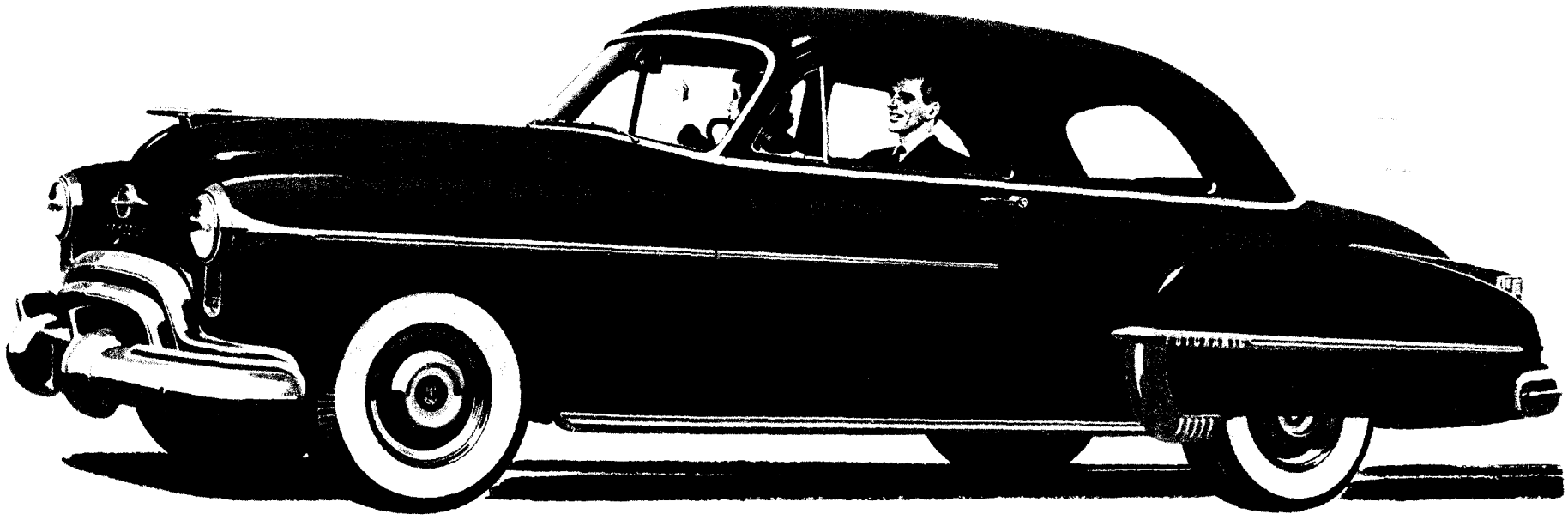
Sm-o-o-o-th!

"ROCKET" ENGINE AND OLDSMOBILE HYDRA-MATIC



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World Series, 2000 A.D.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

The first move in the shift is to put the first baseman at third base, since he should be best able to shift his feet when taking a thrown ball. The shortstop plays directly on second base to hold the runner close to the bag—and thus increase the chances for a force-out at third. The second baseman plays in his normal position and the right fielder comes in, close to the foul line, about halfway between first base and the plate. The third baseman is in a similar position on the opposite side of the infield. The left and center fielders fan out as best they can to protect against the unlooked-for fly to the outfield, an achievement which the record should show is rarely within the scope of the particular batter. (If he has any hitting talent at all, such a shift should not be employed against him.)

Almost any bunted ball will result in a force-out at third. (Remember, the runner can't get a lead from second unless he wishes to risk being picked off.) And a ball bunted directly at any one of the three close-up infielders, at the pitcher, right fielder or third baseman, should result in a double play. As I have said, our tabulations at Vero Beach and actual employment of this shift by teams of our minor-league system in game competition show it to be feasible.

There are other possibilities. With two strikes on a right-handed hitter, why shouldn't a third baseman drop back 20 feet or so, thus gaining greater mobility to either side? He knows that under such conditions the batter will not bunt.

And one of the greatest absurdities in the game today is for the pitcher to take his full windup merely because the bases are filled. This enables all three base runners to get a 20-foot "jump" should the ball be batted safely. Why?

A common practice in baseball today is for a visiting team to bring its outfielders closer to the plate in a tie game in which the home team has the potential winning run at third with less than two out in the ninth or in extra innings. This is merely common sense, since a long fly ball would win the game anyway. Why shouldn't common sense be employed in other situations, when a realignment of the fielders will improve the chances of the defensive team in preventing a score?

Few Rule Changes Predicted

On the subject of rule changing, I have doubts that there will be very many in the next 50 years. One most likely will deal with the intentional pass. While I have no criticism of the intentional pass, per se, as a strategic maneuver, the fans do not like it. This is attested to by the fact that the fans invariably greet an intentional pass with booing, regardless of whether it is employed by the home club or the visitors.

Baseball should exist for the fans. The intentional pass first came into public disfavor when Babe Ruth was skyrocketing to his magnificent home-run records. The clients, many of whom had traveled many miles to see the fabulous Ruth hit a home run, felt that they were being cheated. Moreover, they felt that Ruth was being cheated, being deprived of an opportunity to pit his God-given gifts against those of the pitcher. They felt that it was, to employ a phrase which has unfortunately lost much of its potency through overuse, an un-American procedure.

There was, at the time, some talk of repressing the intentional pass, but only toothless restrictions were imposed, such as forbidding the catcher to leave his defensive position to catch balls deliberately thrown wide of the plate. This was a meaningless gesture and soon was discarded. One suggestion, considered entirely too radical at the time, was that when an intentional pass is issued, each of the runners on base should be permitted to advance a base, even though the pass is customarily employed with men on second and third and first base open.

I regard the intentional pass as a sound piece of strategy, since it sets up a double-play possibility and gives the pitcher, most often, a chance at a batter with whom he is better able to cope. On the other hand, I have sympathy for the fans who feel that the pitcher is being let off the hook too easily, that some penalty should accrue. It might be that the batter who follows the recipient of the intentional walk should come to the plate with one ball or even two declared in his favor, putting the pitcher in the hole at the outset.

Whatever the nature of the change on the intentional pass, I am sure there will be one. Again, in line with public demand, I think there are likely to be other changes in favor of the pitcher. The public has shown, in recent years, several definite indications of how it likes its baseball served. It favors home runs and the long drive, but it doesn't approve of the three-hour contest, a direct result of the free-hitting style of play.

The greatest time consumer in baseball today and the dominant factor in driving managers gray before their time and leaving them prey to ulcers and hypertension is the *un*intentional base on balls. Pitchers' control has been deteriorating steadily because they know that almost any batter can hit a home run off a ball delivered to a certain spot. In their well-founded anxiety to avoid the danger zone, they frequently miss the plate entirely. And, as the count goes against them and in favor of the hitter, their caution increases and their control and confidence decreases.

Were the pitcher afforded some of the protection which his predecessors had, I believe we would see an improvement in control. I long have believed that it would be judicious to lift the ban on trick deliveries, such as the spitball. A pitcher who had more faith in his delivery, and more variety to it, would have more faith in his control. Longer foul lines would also help.

The Stadium of the Future

The World Series of 2000 A.D. will be played in a baseball park the like of which none of us has ever seen or, perhaps, even dreamed about. I assume it will be a triple-decker, merely because the demand will justify it and the attendance at such man-sized parks as Yankee Stadium and Cleveland's Municipal Stadium is an indication of what club owners may expect when they have stadiums big enough to accommodate all who wish to see their clubs play.

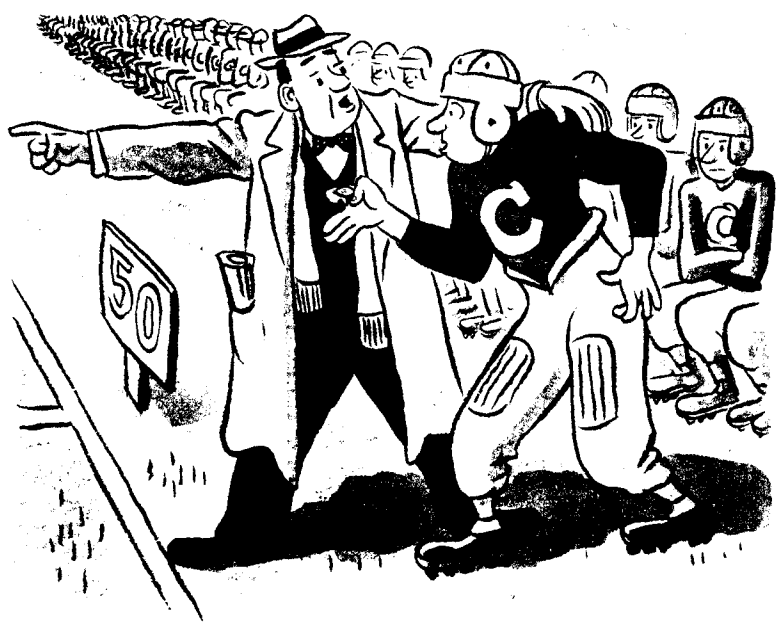
Ball parks, like our office buildings in large cities, must go vertical to increase their attendance. A huge, sprawling, one-tier stadium is valueless for baseball because the fan is too far away from the playing field to achieve the sense of intimacy with the players which is one of the attractions of attending baseball games. This is particularly important because of television, through which medium the fan at home gains close-ups of the contestants.

I have been asked, and seriously, if I don't think that baseball of the future might be played almost in private, with only the press and baseball officials viewing the games and the public following the sport by television, with, of course, the game being supported through television subsidies. The answer is a flat and emphatic "No!"

I have no doubt that television will continue adding refinements until it will be possible to show the entire panorama of a baseball field on the screen, instead of segment by segment as now. And even now this newest entertainment medium has been projected on movie-house screens. Yet, television recruits fans for the events it sends flashing through the air. The man who saw the contest on television still has to take a back seat to the man who can say, "I was there." That television will be

Football Strategy

By NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



ROBERT DAY

Lucky had been groomed all season to call the toss correctly

THE big game between Colton and Fairfax last Saturday brought together for the first time two outstanding gridiron generals: Coach Hannibal Bonaparte of Colton College and Fairfax U.'s famous mentor, Marlborough Wellington.

With two such masterminds in conflict, it was obvious that the contest would be rife with strategy. In man power Colton was at a disadvantage, having a squad of only 658 as against Fairfax's 779. Many of Colton's players could not make the trip to the Cereal Bowl because train accommodations were limited.

Coach Bonaparte, however, achieved tactical surprise by sending out his best coin tosser, Majweklowski, to match wits with the Fairfax captain. Coach Wellington retaliated by pulling out the captain and substituting a dark horse named Lucky Flanagan, who had been groomed all season to call the toss correctly.

Bonaparte quickly changed the coin to a 50-cent piece, after gauging the wind, and when Majweklowski tossed it up, Flanagan, taken aback by the rapid shift, shouted, "Heads!" It fell tails.

Flanagan then left the game and returned to Aurora, Illinois, his duties finished for the afternoon.

Colton elected to receive and ran the kickoff back to the 20-yard marker on the east side line. Coach Wellington instantly put in his east side-line eleven, which played for three and a half minutes until the ball reverted to mid-field. Team B then took over.

The ball remained on the 50-yard stripe for the rest of the first half while the coaches maneuvered their squads desperately to counter each other's tactics. One play was made, but everybody was off side and it was called back. Score: 0-0.

Between the halves, each mentor employed his psychological skill to whip the pigskin warriors into the proper frame of mind. Wellington first hypnotized his charges and then administered electric shock treatment. Bonaparte broke down and wept all over the dressing room, telling his men that he could not go back and face his sick little boy if Colton failed to win.

Both teams, consequently, were somewhat dazed and maladjusted when they took the field again. In fact, Pellegrino of Fairfax, who had been sent back to punt, froze in his tracks, held the ball helplessly in his hands and was smeared for a 15-yard loss.

"I thought I told you to punt!" screamed the quarterback.

"I don't know how," explained Pellegrino. "I'm a Statue of Liberty man."

"Sorry, I guess I got you mixed up with somebody else," the captain apologized. "It's Burke, isn't it, who punts?"

"No. Burke drop-kicks."

"Then who the hell punts?" the captain demanded.

"Smitheram, I think. Hey, Smitheram!"

"Yah?"

"You punt?"

"I dunno. Ask the coach."

Things were not righted until Coach Wellington sent out a team of messengers to tell the quarterback that Smitheram did, indeed, punt; but Wellington himself was so rattled by this time that he forgot to withdraw the 11 messengers before the next play, with the result that Colton returned the kick 65 yards for a touchdown.

"Mastermind! Mastermind!" jeered the Colton cheering section, and they hoisted a lot of colored cards which spelled out: "Wellington has a hole in each head."

Wellington, stung by this insult, threw in his famous "Iron Men," the stalwart eleven which had gained deathless fame by playing one whole quarter of the Bodger game without relief.

By this time it was quite dark, and Bonaparte inserted Team F, fed specially on carrots for just such a contingency. The game seesawed back and forth for the next two hours and a half, and the whistle blew just as both squads had been completely exhausted of substitutes, with Colton winning, 6-0.

With a wild huzzah, a trained group of Colton demolition experts leaped from the stands and tore down the goal posts.

It will be a long time before we see such an exhibition of masterful strategy again. At least, I *hope* so. THE END

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(ON THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE)
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WINE

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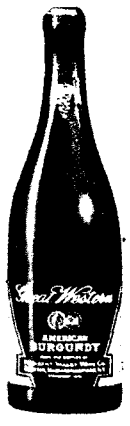

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MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE AND FINE WINES FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS
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a continued source of revenue to baseball, I agree. The 1947 World Series, the first to be telecast, received $65,000 for the rights, a fee which was jumped to $90,000 the following year, $200,000 last year, and to $800,000 for the 1950 World Series, as already indicated.

There will be more night games in future years than before and eventually baseball in the majors will be played entirely at night, with the exception of Sundays. This is the almost universal practice in the minors today and it soon will be followed in the majors. The public is dictating the change-over. In all entertainment fields, the trend is toward after-dark entertainment. And the lighting systems are improving by leaps and bounds. Each new one which has been installed in a major-league ball park has resulted in a noteworthy advance over its predecessors.

Night ball can in no sense be considered an exploitation of the players, even though it may shorten their careers. The World Series contenders of 2000 A.D. will present a younger age average than those of 1950, but the ball player of the future who leaves the majors after a 10-year stay will take more money with him than the 15-year man of today because increased night schedules will enable the clubs to meet higher payrolls.

At Mr. Rickey's request, the fee which he received from Collier's for writing this article has been paid to the Brooklyn Amateur Baseball Foundation, an organization devoted to the furtherance of sand-lot ball in the home of the Dodgers

I envision the World Series of 2000 A.D. —and those considerably before that—being played after dark, with the exception of the Sunday game. Night ball games no longer bid for the patronage of the fan on the strength of being a novelty or a side show. Instead, they offer a convenience to the customer, the event being staged during his leisure hours, rather than during his working day. Those fans who saw the last few innings of the final game of the 1949 World Series being played under lights at Ebbets Field were afforded a peep into the future.

Remember, too, that the major-leaguer of the future will be more at home under lights than playing in daylight. When night baseball came into the majors only 15 years ago, fewer than 10 per cent of the 400 major-leaguers active at the time had any experience to speak of playing night ball. Now there isn't an active major-leaguer who didn't spend his entire preparatory career in the minors under lights, and one third of his big-league career as well.

Baseball, and baseball men, of the future will be far more scientific than today. I have seen our training camp at Vero Beach referred to as a "baseball assembly line" and a "horsehide laboratory," but it is my firm belief that we haven't even scratched the surface. Why shouldn't baseball take advantage of all the marvelous scientific devices at its disposal? The mechanical pitcher, for instance, has demonstrated its value in a training camp, as has the stationary batting tee.

During World War II, the aptitude tests employed by the services were of incalculable assistance in determining which of our young men had the quick reflexes to fit them for the Air Force. These tests well could be adopted by baseball. And what would be wrong with using electric timing devices to learn whether an infielder would increase his efficiency throwing underhanded instead of overhanded? Also, there will be more use of motion pictures to correct batting, pitching, fielding and baserunning flaws. Football already has made tremendous strides through the camera, but baseball so far has used it but sparingly.

Science also will aid the ballplayer of the future in his diet. A physiological study of the individual can determine precisely what sort of food will assist him to attain his maximum physical capacity, what type of diet he needs for the quick energy necessary for his profession. For example, since carrots improved the vision of night fliers during the war, they might profitably be used by ballplayers who will do the major share of their playing at night.

I don't look for the ballplayer of the future to be a robot or an automaton, a chess piece to be moved about at will by his manager, any more than the ballplayer of today is. Or the ballplayer of 40 years ago was, for that matter. The average businessman of today is able to pursue his profession more diligently by judicious employment of scientific medical advice. Why not the professional athlete?

Franchises May Be Switched

At the outset, I mentioned that the World Series representatives in 2000 A.D. might be from San Francisco, Denver or Baltimore, as well as from the cities already holding franchises in the National and American Leagues. This I regard as inevitable, with improved transportation bringing our coasts closer together in measure of time. Baseball hasn't transferred a major-league franchise since 1903 when the American League switched the Baltimore charter to New York. That doesn't mean that 47 years will elapse before there is another transfer.

Whether baseball will embrace three major leagues, or even four, in 2000 A.D., I couldn't prophesy. There even could be two major leagues of 12 clubs each.

There will be expansion, however. Of that I am sure. There is no reason why cities populous enough to support a major-league franchise should not have one. But these things cannot be done overnight. To put one major-league franchise in what is now an important minor-league circuit would mean that tremendous adjustments would be necessary all along the line—a reorganization of Organized Baseball.

For 2000 A.D., I see a World Series between two leagues which are truly national in scope, before crowds of 100,000 played by superbly conditioned, scientifically trained and selected athletes, drawing salaries exceeding those paid the stars of today.

If all that I have predicted sounds incredible, please remember that I am not the first Dodger president to peer into the crystal ball. More than 30 years ago, the late Charles H. Ebbets, for whom the Brooklyn ball park was named, made the ringing declaration, "Baseball is still in its infancy."

The statement was made at a time when crowds of 30,000 at baseball games, even World Series games, were considered temporary phenomena. Mr. Ebbets was laughed at almost universally. Where, oh, where are his scoffers today?

Baseball may be in its infancy no longer, but it hasn't yet attained its maturity.

THE END

PAT ROONEY

Warning!

A girl who's too intelligent will oftentimes repel a gent.

—RICHARD WHEELER

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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

its stony quality. The mouth, especially, was hard as flint, and the chapped lips shut like a trap beneath the long, raw, badly shaven upper lip. Suddenly, almost slyly, Engel killed the glowing end of his cigarette and put the butt in his pocket.

"What time is it?"

As Paul consulted his silver watch he felt his father watching him with a strange covetousness. Indeed, almost at once, Engel said, "I haven't got a watch."

There was a pause. Paul slowly unfastened the catch from his buttonhole, and handed over both watch and chain.

"You can use mine."

Engel gave him no word of thanks. He weighed the watch and chain, up and down, in his hand; then, again with that swift movement of concealment, he slipped them in his inside pocket.

At this point there was a knock at the door and a maid entered to clear the table.

Paul stood up. He knew there were excuses for his father, yet he felt sick at heart. In a scarcely audible tone he said, "We'd better go do your shopping."

"Yes," said Engel. "I want good duds."

THEY went out, into the bland spring sunshine, going by taxi to one of the largest outfitters in the city. If Paul had hoped for some relief in this distraction he was disappointed. The afternoon, as it progressed, became for him a torturing nightmare. His father's uncouth appearance caused people to stare after them. His rough manner on one occasion brought the young woman who served them to the verge of tears. But worse than that was the truculent perversity with which he selected the most unsuitable clothes. The suit he insisted on having was of checked material, made for a much younger man; the shirt was of vivid artificial silk, the tie a loud yellow, the shoes pointed and brown.

When they got back to the Windsor at six o'clock, Paul, tired and dejected, sank into a chair in the sitting room. Engel took his parcels, which he had carried jealously, into his bedroom. He came back fully arrayed in his new garments.

"You see," he exclaimed, with an air of dogged vanity, "I'm not finished yet—in spite of them. I wish some of these swine could see me now. We ought to go out to dinner and the theater."

"We've only just come in," Paul said quickly. "We'll have dinner up here tonight."

Engel looked at him, wrinkling the parchment brow.

"We'll have something to drink."

"Yes, of course," Paul said.

Engel stretched himself on the couch and opened the evening paper.

"I ought to be in there. They took photographs. I'm going to make them pay me for everything they print."

Paul pressed the bell and in a few moments a maid appeared, the same who had cleared the table earlier that afternoon. As Paul gave the order for dinner and a bottle of whisky, Engel, on the couch, in his new clothes, kept glancing at her over the top of the newspaper. She was a tall, foolish-looking girl with hollow cheeks, and this attention from one so prominent in the public eye made her blush and simper.

"She knows who I am," Engel boasted as she went out.

When dinner came, Paul could scarcely touch it. His father, on the other hand, ate voraciously, and without speaking a single word. When he had finished he drew the cork from the bottle of whisky and poured himself a stiff drink. He carried this and the bottle across the room and took his place in a high-backed chair which stood against the wall. He sat there, erect, in absolute silence, staring straight ahead at nothing, drinking. From time to time he replenished his glass. Occasionally his lips moved, as though he were talking to himself. He seemed utterly oblivious of Paul's presence, and when the maid came back, he took no notice of her whatsoever, to her manifest disappointment.

As the silence continued, Paul gazed almost with panic at the grotesque and brooding figure of his father. How could this be the man who had taken him by the hand to sail paper boats on Jesmond Dene, who never failed on the week end to bring him some little toy, whose every action had bespoken love and consideration? What frightful process of brutalization had brought him to this state?

As Paul strove to envisage all the grinding miseries of these fifteen years, a faint spark of pity kindled itself within his breast. But it was stifled instantly by the awful reality of the physical presence, erect and staring, in the hard chair across the room.

Suddenly, almost caressingly, Engel took out his watch. He looked at it a long time. Then he began to speak.

"Nine o'clock. They're all in the dark now—on their nice plank beds. They've been in the quarry, sweating their guts out in the rain. There was watery soup for supper—lucky if they got a bit of gristle in it—and spuds—spuds that taste like soap. Always those spuds, gray lumpy spuds that turn your insides sour. It's all dark—but they can hear *him* outside in the gallery—up and down, looking in at them through the spy holes. Maybe it's Hicks on duty—they'll know all right if it's him. They all watch out for Warder Hicks.

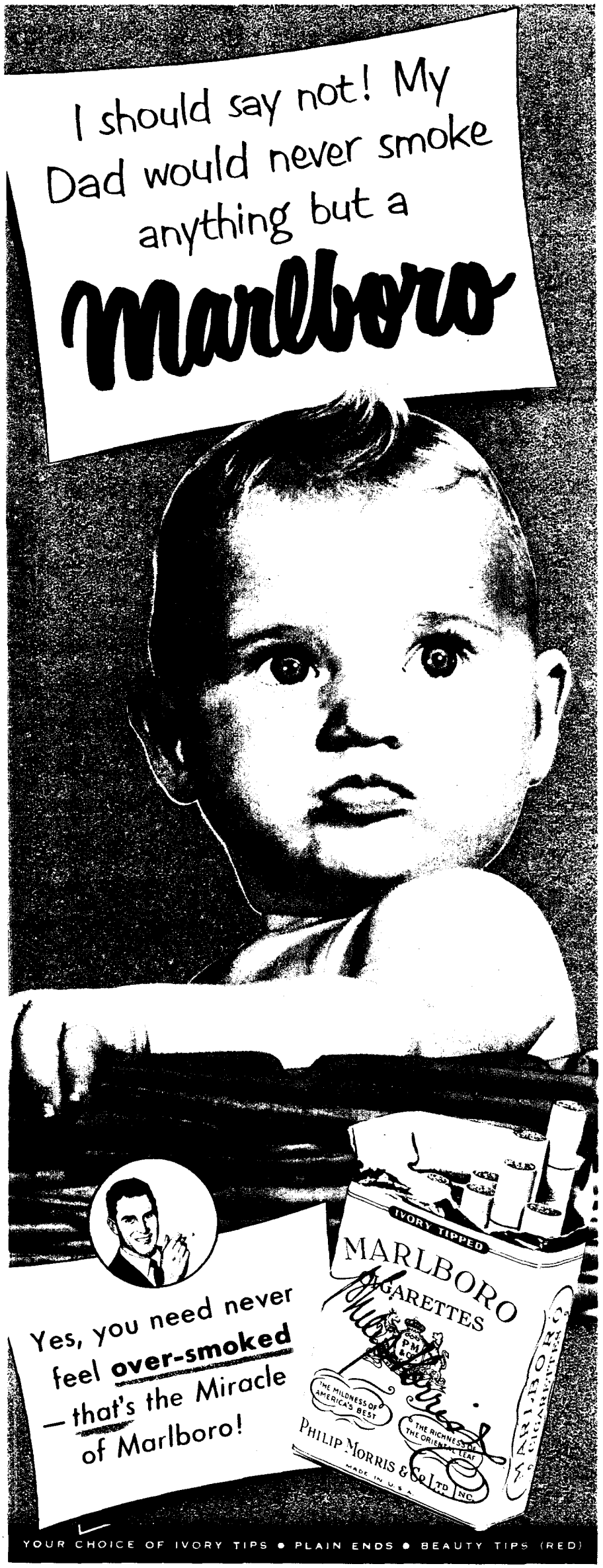
"Some of them have smashed their fingers in the quarry, some have blisters and backache—they all have the rheumatism that goes with the infernal mist. But that don't matter beside what they're thinking. They're all thinking about the outside—lying on their planks trying to remember what it was like over the high walls, thinking about the good times they had, and a soft bed, and other things.

"But maybe they're not so cozy, maybe they're not in their nice little cell. Suppose they made a mistake, did something wrong. Then they're in solitary, eight by six, down below, in the basement. It's black as pitch down there. And not even lumpy spuds. Bread and water—dry bread and water. Not even room to turn round—just two steps and they bang their skull against the concrete. That's where they really start to think—to wonder who they are—and where they are—and what the hell they've done to get them there. That's where they tell themselves that if the walls split open, they'll get their own back—make somebody pay for what they've suffered—hate the whole cursed world—grab everything for themselves—if only the walls split open. Well, by God, they split open for me."

HE STOOD up and, without saying good night, not even looking at Paul, went out of the room. His heavy tread was audible as he tramped along the corridor to his bedroom. There was a short silence. Then Paul heard the faint sound of a bell followed by the sound of footsteps traversing the corridor. Although he tried to break his rigid attitude, he could not do so; he listened, listened with straining ears. The footsteps did not return.

A groan broke from Paul's lips. He dared not venture to the other door to confirm his suspicions but, by some unwilled process of association, his mind flashed back to a moment that afternoon when his father had knocked against him in the crowd. Instinctively his hand flew to his inside pocket. All that remained of his money, some fifteen pounds, was gone.

Next day, the same brilliant weather prevailed and in the clear morning light the outlook seemed less somber. Paul had slept well, though he hadn't expected to, and when he awoke he felt more hopeful than he had yesterday. His mother was due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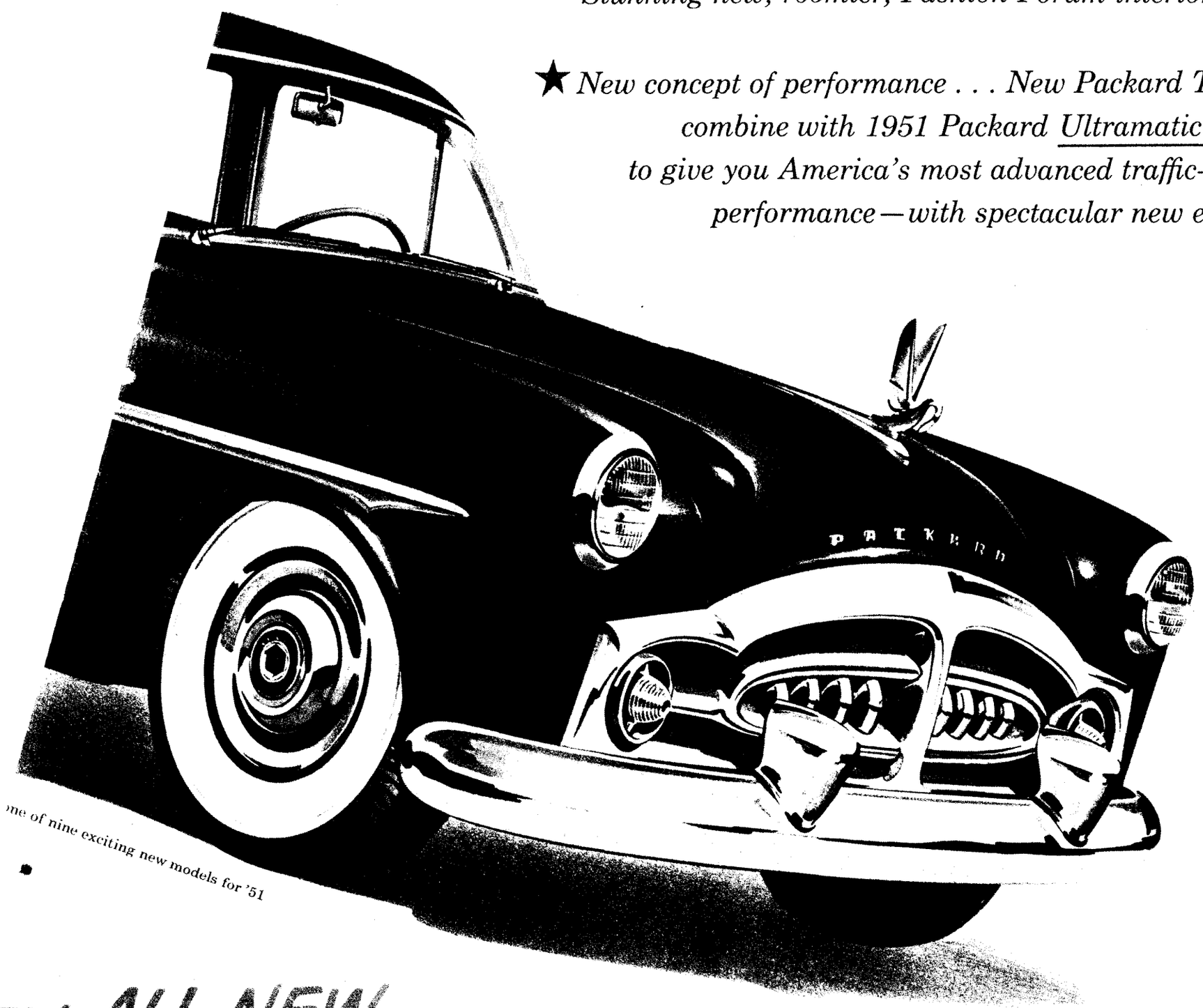

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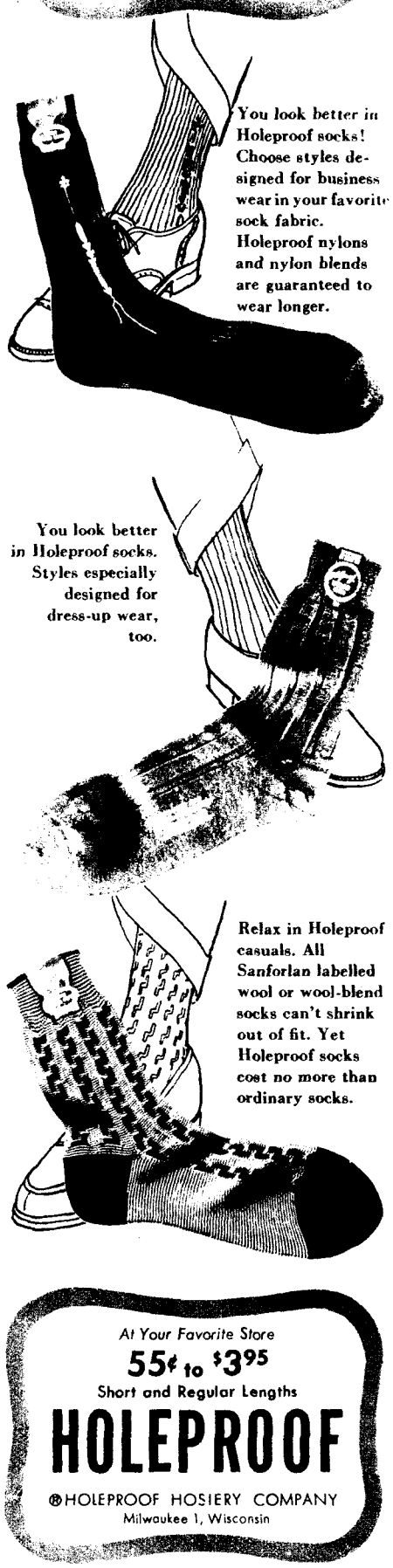

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to arrive from Belfast at eleven o'clock, and as he shaved and dressed he thought that her arrival might have some good effect on the situation. After all, it was inevitable that prison should have changed his father, but time and kindness and family affection must soften and regenerate the hardest heart.

He took breakfast downstairs in the restaurant, alone, then went up and along the corridor to the other bedroom. With some recurrence of his misgiving, he tried the door. It opened easily and, relieved, he entered boldly. Engel was still asleep, lying as though dead, his dirty gray head buried in his arm, the sheets rumpled and disordered. With a fresh stab of pity, Paul gazed at the huddled figure of his father, so defenseless in this oblivion. He decided not to rouse him. Taking a sheet of the hotel notepaper from the bureau in the corner, he wrote out a message: *I've gone to meet Mother's boat. Hope you will be ready when we get back.* He placed this conspicuously upon the chair on which the new clothes were draped. Then he went out.

The cross-channel boat came steaming round the bend in the river as Paul came onto the dock. On the upper deck, at the rail, he discerned a little group—his mother, Ella and Pastor Fleming.

Paul had not expected to see the pastor and his daughter, and a wave of discomfort passed over him. But he had no time to think. They had already seen him; Fleming had his arm upraised and Ella was fluttering her handkerchief at him. In a few moments the gangway was run out and they were on the dock, pressing close to him, greeting him with enthusiasm, all speaking at once, in a confusion of disjointed phrases. His mother's eyes were moist, Ella seemed unwilling to remove her gloved hand from his, while the minister, standing somewhat in the background, smiled at him with understanding and approval.

AS THEY set off along the quay, Fleming and Paul's mother led the way, while, as seemed expected of him, Paul followed behind with Ella. Her short glossy hair had obviously been curled for the occasion. She wore a new dove-gray costume, and her eyes shone. She began to talk at once, in a confident tone, "Well, I must say, Paul, we owe you an apology. And we'll give it to you too, if you like. At least, I will." She gave him a bright, intimate glance.

"Of course we had no idea, or it would naturally have been quite different. We thought you were just ruining your career and blighting your life all for nothing. And to those of us who love you that was the worst thing possible. We felt that if we helped or encouraged you it would only make things worse. As I say, we never dreamed. And then, look what happened, yes, just look what you did, you wonderful person." She smiled up at him coquettishly. "When the news came out I nearly fainted with joy. I was in the kitchen, making some cocoa, when Father came in from the district and told me. I had to lie down. Oh, Paul dear, I must tell you I haven't been at all well myself. I nearly had a breakdown through worrying about you, and the disgrace, and everything.

"But I don't want to talk about me, though I suffered too. It's you, Paul; you're the great wonderful person. You've read the papers—you know what people think of you. I expected there would be photographers at the dock, but of course I'm glad there weren't." Nevertheless, she looked round rather expectantly. "Do you like my new outfit, dear?" she went on. "I think it's springlike, but subdued and appropriate, don't you?

"As I was saying, it's your triumph, Paul, and I want you to enjoy it to the full. Naturally prayer must have been responsible, too—we both know that—and never a night passed but I prayed for you." As always happened when she spoke of religion, she threw her glance upward.

"It's so wonderful, Paul, that we're together again, with all our future before us. Of course, in all the joy of our reunion we mustn't forget your father. The poor, poor man. It's hard for us to understand how such a thing should be permitted to happen. But I suppose certain things are sent from on high to test and try us, to refine and purify our spirit. I can hardly wait to meet your father to express my sympathy and sorrow."

She broke off, with another upturned glance, as they joined the others at the trolley. Paul felt troubled. Was he really as deeply committed to her as she made out? Why, he had hardly thought of her all these months. He thought of Lena and his heart sank. He felt he must at least inform them of the change which had taken place in Engel. The pastor was more reserved than usual, as though he were debating some question in his mind.

Frowning slightly as Ella resumed her flow of gossip, he alone seemed to harbor any misgivings. But the two women were, as Paul himself had been, obviously unprepared. It was his duty to warn them. Yet, though every minute was bringing them nearer to the hotel, he remained stiffly silent. There was in Ella's facile enthusiasm, even in the primly nervous anticipation that he discerned in his mother, who was also dressed in her best, with even a touch of matronly coquetry, a quality which in some way antagonized him and aligned him not on their side, but with his father. Yes, they must find out for themselves.

He led the way into the hotel without a word. Upstairs, he threw open the door of the sitting room and ushered them in.

Engel had finished his breakfast and was smoking a cigarette. Clad in trousers and braces, his shirt unfastened at the neck, his new brown shoes, unlaced for comfort, gaping wide on his feet, he sat at the table, which was still covered with dirty dishes. His expression, as he turned slowly to face the newcomers, was more inscrutable than ever. Watching them, he raised his coffee cup. His wrinkled throat worked up and down as he swallowed. Then, setting down the cup, he turned to Paul as the one person he recognized and tolerated.

"What do they want?"

Paul sought for an answer which would not provoke an outburst. "You know, Father—they want to be with you."

"I don't want to be with them. You at least did something. They did nothing. They left me to rot for years. And now I'm out, they want to crawl back to lick my boots and see what they can get."

The pastor took a step forward. He was pale, yet he seemed less discomposed than the others by this reception—perhaps, as Paul had surmised, he had anticipated it. In a low, persuasive voice he said, "You have every reason to reproach us. We can only ask you to forgive us."

Engel bent his forbidding gaze on Fleming. "You haven't changed—I remember you quite well. I want none of your mealy-mouthed slush. I put up with so much of it in the old days. Forgiveness!" His chapped lips drew back in a kind of snarl. "There was a warder in there by the name of Hicks. One day we were at the quarries. It was my first month, I was green at the work, and it was half killing me. But Hicks was there, right beside me, driving me on. The sweat was running into my

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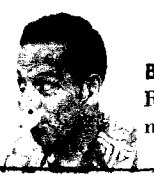

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eyes, I could scarcely see. As I swung my pick, it shot off the granite and went into his boot. I never even scratched him, it only cut the uppers of his boot. Did he forgive me? He swore I'd tried to kill him. He had me before the governor. Even then he wasn't satisfied. He kicked and bullied me, got me solitary, watched me at every turn —for fifteen years he made my life a hell. And you talk to me about forgiveness."

"I know you've suffered," Fleming said. He was pale. "You've suffered horribly. All the more reason why we should help you to re-establish yourself, to find peace with your own family."

"I have other ideas." Engel's face assumed the same dogged insistence which had stamped it when he was selecting his new clothes. "I'm not done yet. I'm going to enjoy my life."

"How?"

"You just wait and see. They've had their fun with me. Now it's my turn."

Drawn up short, Fleming gazed almost helplessly at Paul's mother, who, with parted lips, and an indescribably hurt expression, was staring at Engel. So far she had not said a word. But now, compelled perhaps by some prompting from the distant past, she gave a quivering cry and held out her hands.

"Leon—let us try to start over again."

His look repulsed her even before she advanced.

"None of that." He struck the table with his fist. "It's all finished between us. I want somebody younger, with some blood in them." His eyes roved toward Ella, who blushed at his look; then he returned his gaze to his wife. "In any case you were always sniveling, whining after me to go to meeting when all I wanted was to have my pals in for a glass of beer. I wouldn't come near you now if you were the last woman in the world."

She sank down on the edge of a chair, bowed her head, and wept. Ella ran to her, knelt beside her and began to whimper in sympathy. Mr. Fleming still stood silent, with compressed lips, his eyes lowered.

AT THE table, Engel remained for some moments immobile, with wrinkled brow and drooping lids, as though he had retreated into himself. But now he got heavily to his feet and moved to the door.

"Thirty strokes of the cat," he muttered. "That would make you blubber. That's what they served out to me."

The door slammed behind him, leaving nothing but the sound of sobs. Fleming moved to the window and looked out grimly.

"Ah, God," Paul's mother moaned. "I wish I were dead."

Ella was crying; she sounded frightened. "I don't understand. I don't understand. I thought it would be nice. I want to go home."

Paul's mother uttered a sob of assent. "We should never have come. We must leave at once."

Pastor Fleming, at the window, swung around slowly.

"No," he said, in a forbearing voice. "We must remain for the inquiry. We failed him once. We cannot do so again. It may not be too late. If we hope and pray, we may save him yet."

AT TEN o'clock on Monday the 25th of March, a warm and humid morning, the High Court was filled to suffocation, had overflowed to the pavements of the street outside. In the public gallery the spectators were wedged together on the benches and packed on the steps of the passageways. The well of the court was equally congested. On the left an army of reporters was already busy making notes. On the right there was grouped a privileged audience of legal luminaries, of Winton notables and national personalities.

COLLIER'S — **"No, I didn't get a tan . . . The desk I sat at while writing out checks was back in the shady part of the lobby"** — DICK CAVALLI

In the center sat the Lord Advocate, with the instructing crown agent, Sir Matthew Sprott, Lord Oman, and other high officials of the crown. Immediately behind were counsel for the appellant, Mr. Nigel Grahame, K.C., his junior, and the instructing solicitor. Then came Paul and his mother, Ella and Pastor Fleming, Dunn, McGowan and a number of their friends. On the front bench, where, against the wishes of his counsel, he had chosen to sit, in full view of everyone, biting at his lip as he broodingly surveyed the scene, was the former prisoner, the fifteen-year convict from Stoneheath, Leon Engel.

Suddenly the expectant buzz of conversation was stilled and, when perfect silence had been attained, a door swung open. Everyone stood up as the five Lords of Appeal, led by Lord Wallace, the Lord Justice General, filed into court, solemn and imposing in their flowing robes. Until they had taken their places upon the bench, the hush deepened. Then, with a rustle, the court reseated itself. A moment later a voice was heard:

"Call the appeal of Leon Engel against His Majesty's Crown."

Cramped and tense in his place, Paul drew a sharp, painful breath. Day by day, living upon his nerves, he had followed the painstaking preparation of the case by Nigel Grahame. He could scarcely believe that now, at last, the inquiry had begun. He felt his eyes cloud as Grahame rose quietly. Tall, erect, and perfectly composed, the young advocate addressed himself to the bench. His tone, like his manner, was dignified, yet easy.

"My lords, on December 15, 1921, and subsequent days, Leon Engel, your petitioner, was tried in the High Court at Winton on an indictment at the instance of Mr. Matthew Sprott, His Majesty's Advocate, the charge being that he did assault one Mona Spurling and did beat her with a hammer and did murder her. Your petitioner having pleaded not guilty, the trial proceeded before a jury presided over by the Honorable Lord Oman, who, on December 23, 1921, sentenced him to be executed in Winton jail. Subsequently, the sentence of death passed upon your petitioner was commuted to penal servitude for life, whereupon the petitioner was removed to His Majesty's Prison at Stoneheath where he was detained for fifteen years.

"The petitioner desires now to avail himself of the statutory provisions of the Criminal Appeal Act with a view to proving that he is innocent of the charge contained in the said indictment, that his conviction thereof was most erroneous and unjust, and constituted a grave miscarriage of justice."

Again Paul experienced a deep and agitated constriction of his chest. These last days had been so painful, filled with family difficulties at the Windsor Hotel, with the muddled and outrageous behavior of his father, with a growing friction between Ella and himself, that all his hopes had become fixed upon a successful outcome to the appeal. If only he could secure this justification, all would not have been in vain.

Surreptitiously, he glanced at the three agents of the law who sat so near to him that he could have leaned sideways and touched each upon the shoulder. Urie's profile was stolidly impassive; Oman wore a haughty and absent air; Sprott, slightly sprawling in his seat, was flushed, but his look was dogged, determinedly indifferent.

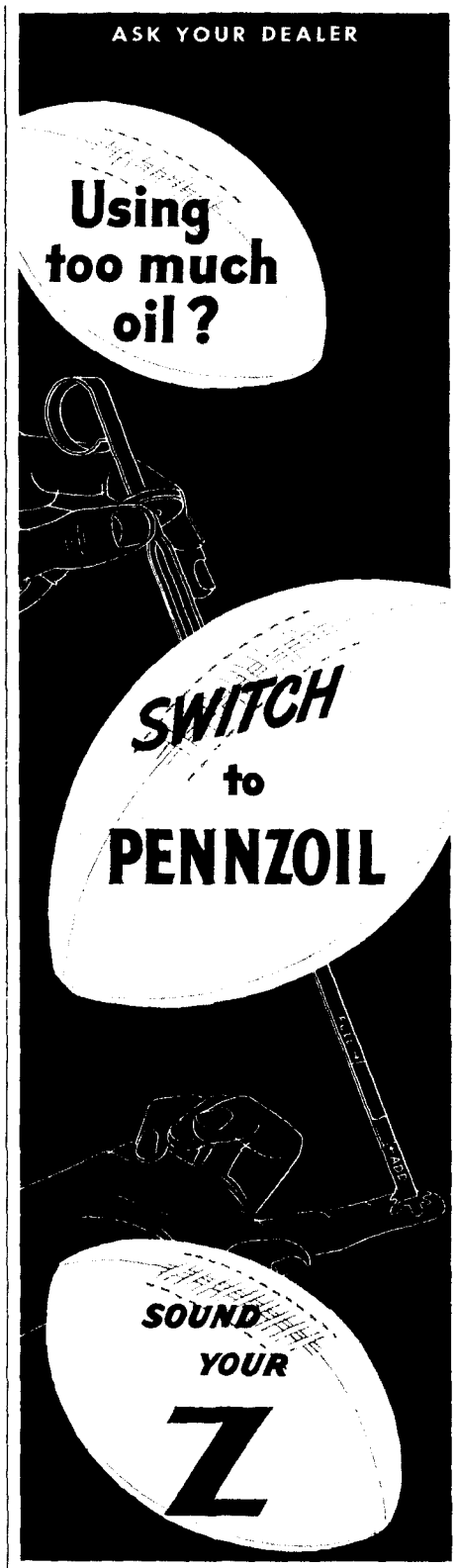
GRAHAME, having completed his reading of the petition, had paused for a moment, permitting his gaze to rest, gravely, upon the bench. Now, in that same quiet manner, he began his opening address.

"My lords, twelve months ago, the case of Leon Engel was buried in the dusty archives of the Department of State. For fifteen years it had been forgotten, the convicted murderer was serving his life—or should I say his *death* sentence in His Majesty's Prison, and all was well with the world.

"Then, by the merest chance, the son of that convicted murderer, from whom all knowledge of the crime had been concealed, discovered, suddenly, the odium, the frightful stain of guilt, which lay upon his father. Overcome, he nevertheless trusted the forces of the law, and in trembling horror, accepted the shameful fact that his parent was a murderer. Yet, out of his remembered affection, he was constrained, almost against his will, to seek out the awful circumstances which had led his father to do this deed. He set forth and, through months of suffering and the cruelest opposition, he uncovered, step by step, the full facts of the forgotten case. My lords, it is because of these efforts, and the results which have attended them, that we are gathered here, in this court, today."

Grahame's opening words and the solemnity with which he uttered them produced a profound sensation. His face pale, his clenched hands thrust deep in his pockets, Paul kept his eyes fixed upon the floor. He felt himself trembling inside as, after a due pause, Grahame resumed his address and, from time to time consulting the papers before him, proceeded to define and analyze the facts of the apprehension, the trial, and the conviction of Leon Engel in December of 1921. Familiar though he was with these events, Paul could not restrain his excitement as Grahame calmly took up the details of the circumstantial evidence which had enmeshed his father.

The brilliant and masterly speech lasted, with an interval for lunch, for nearly four hours. And at the end of it, before its manifest effect could subside, Grahame



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tranquilly pushed on. Artless as ever, showing no signs of fatigue, he bowed to the bench, and indicated that he desired to call his witnesses.

"My lords," he declared. "I propose in the first instance to call the appellant himself. At the trial, because of the vicious and unparalleled attack upon his character made by the counsel for the crown, Leon Engel was not afforded full opportunity. But he will now give evidence denying all knowledge of the crime, and answering any questions relative to the charge."

Immediately, the Lord Advocate rose in protest. All through Grahame's address he had remained chafing and helpless in his seat. Now he exclaimed:

"My lords, I am anxious—nay, eager—to assist legitimate inquiry in this appeal. But there must be no attempt to retry the case. I strenuously oppose the motion that the accused be allowed to give evidence."

A stir of excitement went around the court. Paul saw his father sit up, and turn his gray face toward Grahame. Their Lordships, upon the bench, had bent their heads in consultation. And presently the Lord Justice General announced their decision.

"With reference to the appellant, this court is of the opinion that his evidence would amount to no more than a repetition of his plea of Not Guilty. In these circumstances it would be quite unreasonable to spend time over his examination now. The court therefore is not prepared to allow his evidence to be received."

Leaning forward, Engel had followed His Lordship's words with increasing agitation. And now, amid the buzz which arose, he jumped suddenly to his feet, his heavy figure, ludicrously garbed, trembling all over. To Paul's horror he shook his fist at the bench and shouted, in hoarse tones:

"It's not right. I ought to have my say. I have everything to tell. I want you all to hear it. How I was done down. How they treated me in stir for fifteen years." His voice rose to breaking point. "You can't shut me up now—like they did before. I want to be heard. I want justice—justice."

PALE, and gesticulating wildly, Engel was at last forced back into his seat by Grahame and several attendants of the court who had hastened to restrain him. For some minutes there was a great commotion, followed by absolute silence. Shrunk into himself, Paul became aware that Ella and his mother, beside him, were in tears. Farther along, Dunn and McGowan exchanged an anxious look. Sprott and Urie seemed grimly pleased.

Then, with great severity, the Lord Chief Justice bent his brows upon Engel.

"We are prepared to make great allowances. But I must advise the appellant that such conduct is not calculated to improve this court's opinion of his case. Furthermore, if it is repeated, I must warn him that he will be held in the most serious charge of contempt of court."

Grahame, back in his place, interposed:

"My lords, on behalf of the petitioner, I offer sincere apologies to the court for this regrettable, but perhaps understandable outburst. And now, with Your Lordships' permission I will call my first witness, the eminent Home Office expert, Sir Malcolm Garrison."

Again the Lord Advocate got quickly to his feet.

"My lords, once more I object. Further expert opinion is not admissible unless it arises out of fresh facts."

The Lord Chief Justice, by an inclination of his head, indicated assent.

"On what grounds, Mr. Grahame, do you desire to introduce the evidence of Sir Malcolm Garrison?"

"My lords," Grahame replied. "Sir Malcolm, as you know, is our foremost criminologist. He has had a description of the injuries sustained by the murdered woman. He has seen photographs of the head taken at the time, also the hammer presumed by the crown to have been the murder weapon, and he is definitely of the opinion that this lightweight instrument had nothing whatsoever to do with the crime."

The Lord Justice General frowned and took consultation with his colleagues. A few moments later he returned his beetling gaze to Grahame.

"The court must support the contention of the Lord Advocate. Sir Malcolm Garrison did not view the body. Therefore, his evidence cannot be received."

Paul grew hot with indignation. Were they to be obstructed at every turn? But Nigel Grahame merely bowed, accepting the court's decision with equanimity.

"My lords, I perceive it is your intention to limit as far as possible the number of witnesses and for that reason I shall call only three, to whom you cannot possibly take exception. Touching the question you have raised of those who saw the body, you will recollect, my lords, from your reading of the case, that Dr. Tuke, the physician who viewed the murdered woman immediately she had expired, was not summoned to give evidence at the trial. My lords, in all your experience, you cannot name one case in which the doctor who first examined the body was not asked to testify. Why, then, in this instance was this crucial witness ignored? Dr. Tuke is now dead, but his widow is here today to answer that very pertinent question."

A ripple went through the court as Mrs. Tuke's name was called, and a moment later she went into the witness box, a staid, elderly woman in black. She took the oath gravely, then turned toward Grahame, who began his interrogation in an easy tone.

"You are the widow of Dr. Tuke, who died in 1933 and for a number of years prior to his death carried on practice in the Delgarno district of Winton?"

"That is correct, sir."

"You know that your husband was called to Miss Spurling's house on the night of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Did he say anything to you about it?"

"Oh, yes, we talked it over together on many occasions."

"Did your husband at any time express surprise to you that he had not been called as a witness at the trial?"

"Indeed he did. He said it was most remarkable. He said the public prosecutor did not permit him to testify."

Again a wave of interest went through the court. Although Paul knew the facts so well, he felt himself carried away by the current of excitement in the air.

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"Tell us, Mrs. Tuke," Grahame resumed, "in your own words, the views which your husband expressed to you in the many conversations which you had with him upon the subject."

There was a pause. The witness sipped from the glass of water before her.

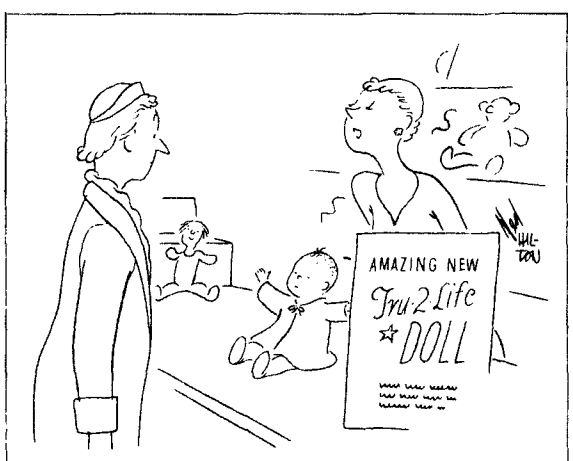
"Well, sir," she began. "Dr. Tuke always believed that the murder could not have been committed by a light hammer. In his opinion the instrument was a heavy chair which stood near the body and was all splashed with blood. He believed that the assault was committed by a few heavy blows with this chair. Moreover, from the disposition of the wounds, he believed that the chair had been wielded by a left-handed man."

"A left-handed man," repeated Grahame with peculiar emphasis. "Your recollection of that is quite clear and distinct?"

"Perfectly clear and distinct."

"Thank you, Mrs. Tuke." Grahame turned slightly. "Has the Lord Advocate any questions?"

The Lord Advocate answered testily, "I am anxious to know the purpose for which this witness was examined. But in the meantime I have no questions."



"It coos, opens its mouth, cries real tears, and pours a bowl of strained spinach on its head"

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At a sign from Mr. Grahame, the old lady stepped down and the name of Professor Valentine was called out in court.

The witness who now stepped forward was dressed in a frock coat with satin lapels, high white collar and black tie. From his high forehead there arose a bush of black hair which hung long at the back, giving him the look of a second-rate impresario. When he had taken the oath he struck an attitude, one hand on his hip and the other on the ledge of the box before him, head thrown back.

"Mr. Valentine," Grahame began, mildly, "you have, I understand, some knowledge of handwriting?"

"I think I may say," Valentine stated, with dignity, "that my reputation is well known."

"I believe you testified that the note found in the murdered woman's flat had been written by Leon Engel?"

"I did, sir. I was called in specially by the prosecutor."

"You realized at that time, I am sure, the gravity and importance of your opinion and you were perfectly convinced, I presume, that it was correct?"

"Perfectly correct, sir. I have had great experience in attesting the validity of private and public documents in cases of the most vital importance."

"Then would you tell us, Mr.—I beg your pardon—Professor, how you arrived at such a positive conclusion?"

"By the use of the magnifying glass, sir, upon the document in question and by enlarged photographs of the calligraphy, which I compared with specimens of the prisoner's handwriting, I was able, owing to my expert knowledge, to reach the definite conclusion that the note was written left-handed and in a disguised manner by Engel."

Grahame smiled agreeably.

"Such conviction is very reassuring. I am ill-qualified, Professor, to plumb the mysteries of your art. Nevertheless, it would appear, from the highest authorities upon the subject, that evidence of this kind, based on opinion and theory, cannot always be implicitly relied upon. You have heard, perhaps, of the case of Adolf Beck?"

The professor did not answer, but his air became loftier.

"In that case, Professor, a handwriting expert of acknowledged reputation swore under oath that certain letters had been written by a man named Adolf Beck who, on the strength of this evidence, was sentenced to prison. At the end of his sentence it was proved beyond all shadow of doubt that he had not written the letters, that he was completely innocent, and that the handwriting expert had made a ghastly mistake."

"I had nothing to do with the Beck case."

"Of course not, Professor. Your case was the Engel case and that is what concerns us now. Now, in your opinion there were three distinct points. First, that the writing was left-handed; secondly, that it was disguised; thirdly, that it was by Engel. Would you tell us which of these findings you base upon fact and which upon personal deduction?"

The professor now looked thoroughly put out. He answered somewhat heatedly.

"The merest novice, sir, could tell from the slope and configuration of the letters that the note in question was written disguised and left-handed. The third point, however, involves skilled technical knowledge of a high order—one might even use the word intuition—a sort of sixth sense which enables the expert to recognize a specific calligraphy among a host of others."

"Thank you, Professor," Grahame said quietly. "That is precisely what I wished to know. In point of fact, with all your senses you affirm that the note was written disguised and left-handed. With your sixth sense, your intuition, you opine that it was written by Engel. That is all."

The professor, more ruffled than ever, opened his mouth as though about to speak. But he seemed to judge it wiser to say nothing. As he stepped down, Mr. Grahame turned to the bench.

"My Lords, my next witness is Louisa Burt."

SHE came in jauntily enough, with only a glint of uneasiness in her eye, and having taken her place on the stand, she preened herself, then gazed around the court with that affected simper which Paul knew so well. She had not seen him, nor did she once glance in the direction of Engel, who, from the instant she entered, glared at her with blazing hatred.

"You are Louisa Burt?" When she had taken the oath Grahame addressed her in his most courteous manner.

"Yes, sir. At least I was." She blushed consciously. "As you probly know, I just recently got married."

"May we congratulate you." Grahame bowed politely. "And apologize for troubling you again, especially at such a time."

"I must say it was a surprise when we was detained at the boat. But I'm only too willing to oblige, sir."

"Thank you. I can assure you that you have not been summoned without due cause. You realize, I am sure, that the evidence which you gave at the trial fifteen years ago was of vital importance and was, indeed, probably instrumental in securing the conviction of the prisoner."

"I done my best, sir," Louisa answered.

"Now, the night of the murder was, I

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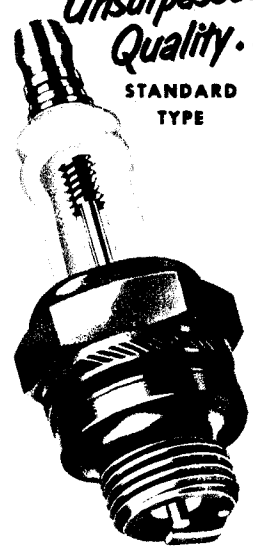

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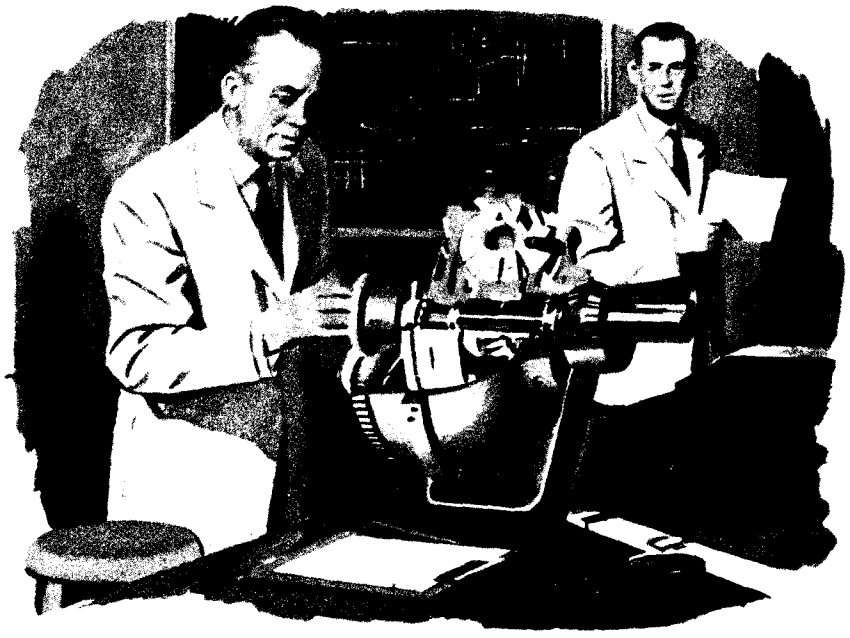

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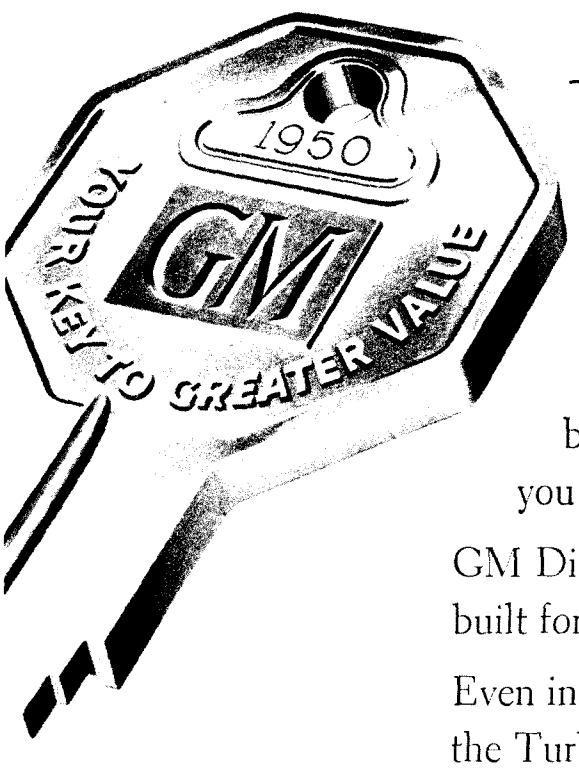

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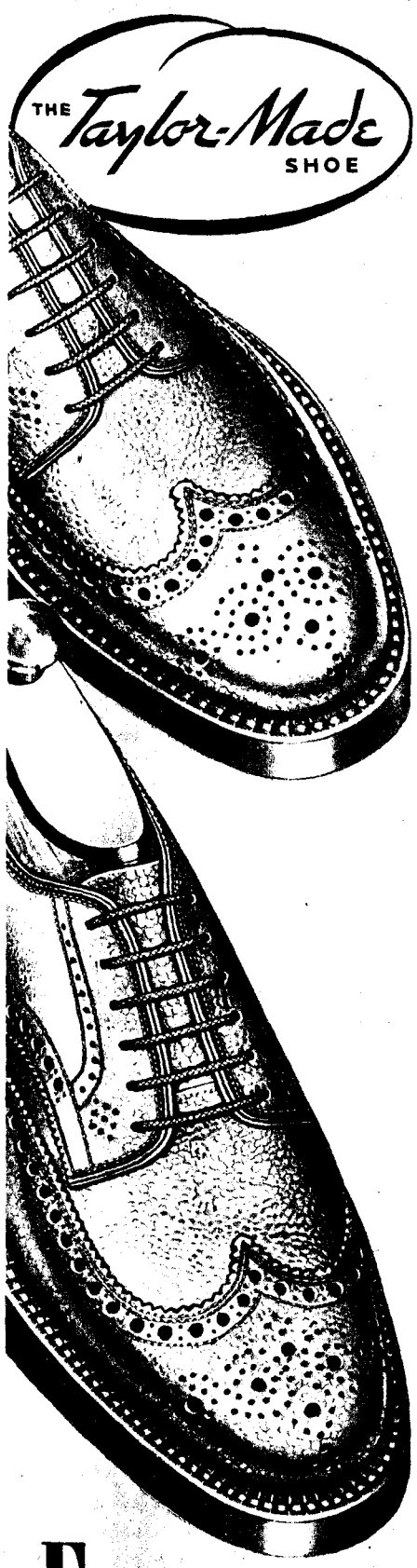

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believe, dark and rainy," Grahame went on.

"Yes, sir. I remember it like it was yesterday."

"And the fugitive who came from 52 Glenhill Terrace was running very fast."

"He was indeed, sir."

"So fast, indeed, that he flashed past you in a second."

"I suppose he did, sir."

"Yet you obtained a very clear and complete picture of this man. He wore, you said, a fawn waterproof, a checked cap and brown shoes. Tell us now: How, in an instant, and in the darkness, did you secure so comprehensive a description?"

For the first time she hesitated and, in a furtive way, her eyes sought out Urie, who sat in the well of the court, deliberately averting his gaze from the witness box.

"I took it all in very quick, sir," she asserted, at last. "It just burned itself into my brain."

"Then why does this burned-in description differ materially from the final deposition which you signed after repeated questionings at the police station?"

Louisa hung her head sulkily, and was completely silent.

"Could it be that you received certain promptings from the voice of authority?"

"I object, my lords." The Lord Advocate started up violently.

"Let us leave that, then," Grahame agreed, reasonably. "If I am right, you said the running man was clean-shaven."

"Yes," Louisa replied after some delay.

"You made that outright statement, it was published in the press and, unless you were to be completely discredited, it could not be retracted." Grahame paused. "Yet Engel, the man whom you identified at Liverpool as being the fugitive, had a mustache which, in fact, he had worn for the previous six years."

"I can't help that," Louisa retorted sullenly. "I told you I done my best."

"Of course," replied Grahame soothingly. "That is becoming increasingly evident. Well, we will leave these trifles of the mustache and the altered description of the clothing. But tell the court this—before you were sent into the Liverpool jail to identify Engel, were you shown photographs?"

THERE was a longer pause. This time Louisa's eyes stealthily reached toward Sprott, who, with pale face and dilated nostrils, was breathing rapidly as though under heavy stress.

"Yes," Louisa admitted at last, with great uneasiness, "I seen some photographs."

"And the photographs shown you by the authorities were the same as the man you identified?"

"Yes."

"So, in great measure, you identified the man from the photographs."

"I—I suppose they helped."

"Nevertheless," Nigel Grahame went on quickly, "in spite of your vivid recollection of the man, and of his attire; in spite of these photographs which were shown you, when you were confronted with Engel at Liverpool you said only"—Grahame referred to some papers in front of him—" 'Is that the man they mean?' "

There was no answer from the witness, who now seemed seriously discomfited.

"The very nature of those words indicates that you were dubious and reluctant to commit yourself. Yet by the time the trial came round, this uncertainty seems to have been removed, for there, with the prisoner's life at stake, you said emphatically, under oath, and I quote: 'That is the very man I saw on the night of the murder.' "

There was a strained silence. Louisa's simper had gone. She kept searching for some encouragement from the public prosecutor, then from the chief constable, and when both grimly refused to look at her, her gaze circled the court in desperation. Suddenly she saw Paul. She started. Her eyes widened and a livid color spread over her plump cheeks.

"Now," Grahame murmured, "we pass to the singular question of your association with Janet Crombie. Were you very friendly with Janet?"

Louisa burst into tears. She clutched at the ledge of the box in front of her.

"I feel bad," she whimpered. "I can't go on. I need to lie down. I'm just recently a bride."

The Lord Chief Justice frowned, suppressing the faint titter which expressed the tension of the court.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, yes, my lord, I must have a rest."

"My lords," Grahame said reasonably, "with your permission, I am quite agreeable that the witness should be accorded some respite. But I must recall her thereafter, with reference to another matter of the utmost importance, upon which I wish to lead proof."

After consultation, the judges consented. As Louisa was assisted from the witness stand, it being then four o'clock, the Lord Chief Justice adjourned the inquiry until the following morning.

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The Fifty-Mission Cap

By WALT GROVE

In Next Week's Collier's

Immediately Their Lordships rose, Sprott, who had been on edge, made his way swiftly out of court by the private side entrance. He was determined not to be harried by reporters or detained in idle conversation, and had ordered his car for four o'clock. As he hurried across the pavement toward it his mood was lightened by a throb of pleasure when he saw his wife in the back seat. He flung himself into the shelter of the car, lay back on the soft gray upholstery, and took her hand.

The day had been torture to his domineering spirit. Grahame's address had put him on the rack. Moreover, his professional instinct warned him there was worse to come. He winced at the thought of Louisa Burt, and what Grahame might draw from her tomorrow. Closing his eyes, for a moment he was content to rest in silence. Then he said, "It was like you to come, Catharine. I knew I could depend on you."

She made no answer.

Half raising his lids, he noticed that she seemed unusually pale. Presently, she withdrew her hand. He sat up.

"It went not badly, considering." He spoke to reassure himself, as well as her. "Of course, Grahame was sensational—as we expected. He dug into the muck and slung it at us all—the cheap hound."

"Don't, Matt."

He bent toward her in surprised inquiry. "What's the matter?"

She averted her white face and gazed out the window. At last, she said, "I don't think Mr. Grahame is cheap. I think he's honest and sincere."

His florid face grew brick red.

"You wouldn't say that if you had heard him today."

"I did hear him." She turned from the window, supporting one cheek with her long, delicate fingers, and, for the first time, gazed at him with her pained and shadowed eyes. "I was in the gallery, in the back seat. I had to go. I went to support you, to sustain you with my love, to hear you cleared of those vile insinuations. And instead—"

STARTLED, he stared at her, while the blood left his face. That she should have been there, to hear everything—it was the last thing he had wanted. He gritted his teeth in dismay.

"You should have kept away." He spoke angrily. "I told you to. Didn't I explain it all beforehand? Every public official has to swallow a dose of bitter medicine once in a lifetime. But that's no reason why his wife should watch him take it."

"I had to go," she repeated in a lifeless voice. "Something made me do so."

There was a pause. He curbed his temper, because he loved her.

"Well, never mind." He attempted to regain possession of her hand. "It will soon be over. They'll throw some kind of sop to this Engel creature. Then it will be finished and forgotten."

"Will it, Matt?" she answered, with that same strange apathy, and was silent.

Her manner, the tone of her voice struck him like a blow. He could have cursed out loud, but at that moment they drew up at the front portico of their home. Catharine immediately hurried into the house.

"Shall you want the car again tonight, sir?" Banks asked him as he stepped out.

"No, damn it!" Sprott answered.

Was there a strange glint in the man's obsequious eye? The prosecutor could not tell. In any case, he did not care. He hurried in after his wife and caught up with her in the inner hall.

"Wait, Catharine," he cried. "I must talk to you."

She paused listlessly, her head drooping slightly, her eyes fixed upon the floor. Indeed, wrung by her attitude, by her extraordinary pallor, he hesitated and, instead of importuning her, he asked, "Where are the children?"

"I sent them to Mother's. I thought you would wish them to miss the publicity of this—calamity."

Again he gritted his teeth. He knew that she had acted wisely, that he himself had sanctioned this step; nevertheless, he longed for the warm and affectionate greeting of his daughters. After a brief silence, he stole a look at her.

"This isn't a very gay home-coming for a man who's been badgered all day. Can't we cheer up, Catharine, and have some dinner together?"

"I have ordered dinner for you, Matt. But you must excuse me. I don't feel well."

Again, the blood rushed into his face, and

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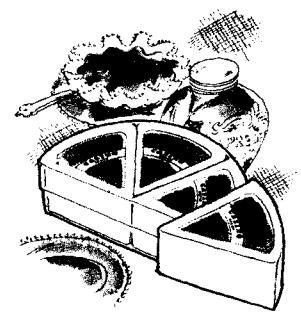

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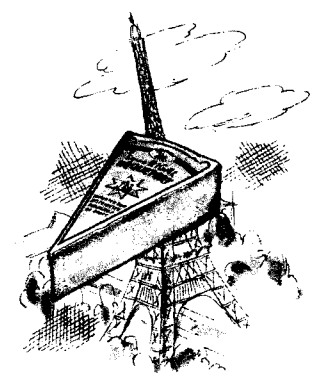

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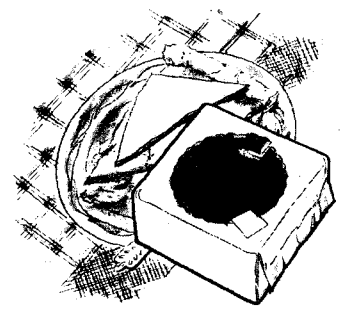
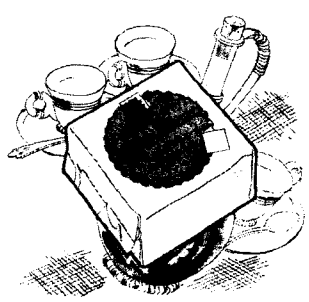
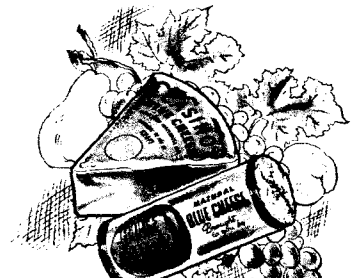


Hearty Cheddar. *The choicest of natural American cheddar, long-aged with patient care,* **Kraft Sharp Cheddar** *has the deep-mellow goodness and the texture so many cheeselovers prize. Packaged without rind.*

Brilliant Scarlet. **Dan-Dee Gouda** *is a traditional Dutch-type Gouda made in the U.S.A.—bright red outside, marigold in color and mildly rich within. A dramatic touch that brings a dinner to a delicious climax. Bright thought for your appetizer tray, too—a "conversation piece"!*



Sharp Cheddar. *From the lush-dairy section of New York State comes this aged natural Yankee-type cheddar that's* really *sharp. Called* **New York State Sharp** Cheddar *everywhere except west of the Rockies; there it is known as* **Martin's Rabbit Brand.**



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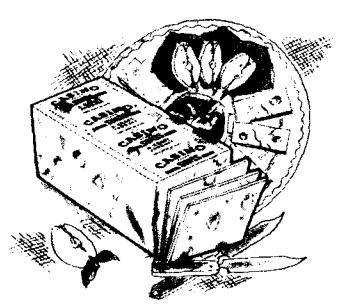

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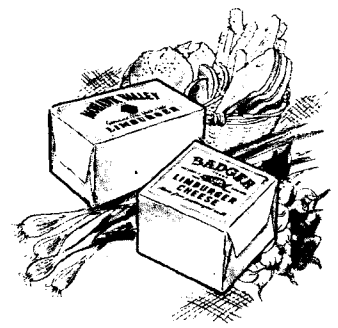

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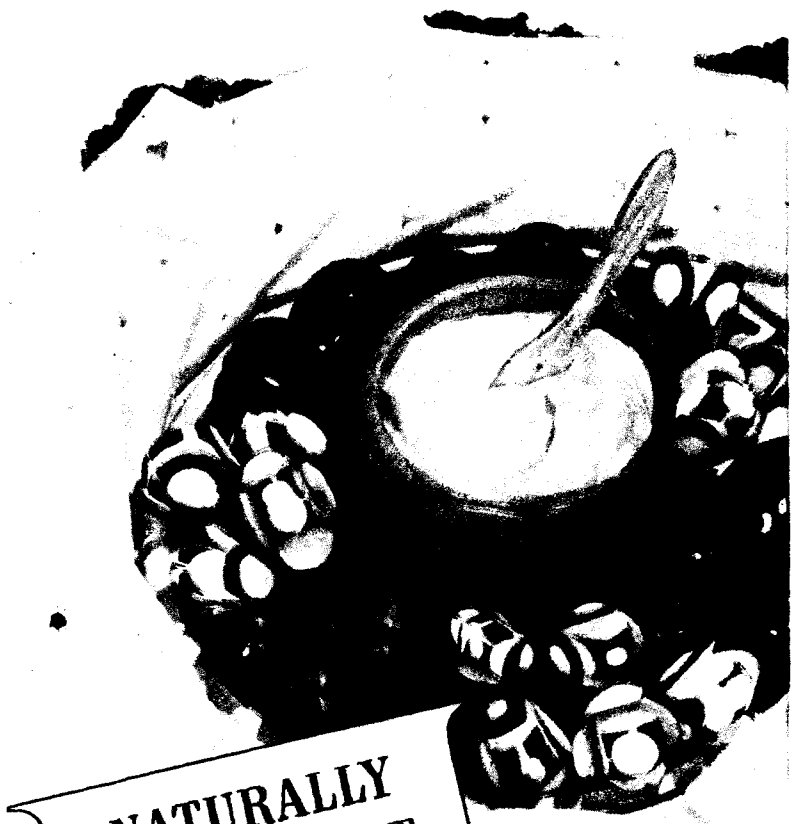

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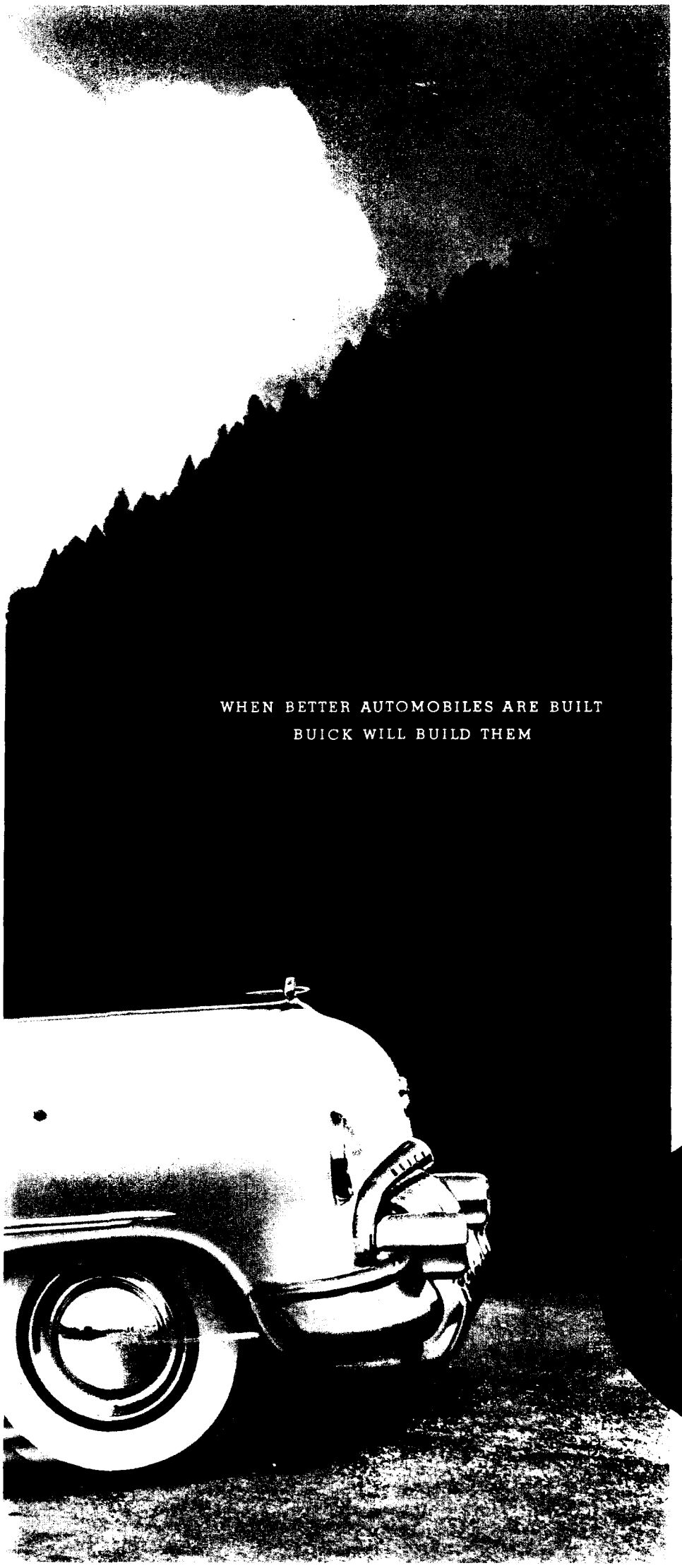
Smart Set



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he almost glared at her. "What's wrong with you?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No, I can't. And I see no reason why I should be treated like a leper in my own house."

She placed one hand on the balustrade of the staircase and half turned away.

"Forgive me, Matt. I must go and lie down."

"No!" His voice rose. "Not before you give me some explanation."

There was a long pause, then she raised her head and gazed at him like a wounded bird.

"I thought—you might have understood—what a shock this has been to me. All these years when I overheard people running you down—saying things against you—I simply laughed. I refused to believe it. I was your wife. I trusted you. But now—now I see that they were right. Today, in court, Grahame was not throwing mud at you. He was telling the truth, Matt. You sentenced a man to death, and to worse than death, for your own ambition, simply to get yourself on." She passed her hand in anguish over her forehead. "Oh, how could you? How could you? It was horrible, just to look at that poor wretch and see what he had suffered."

"Catharine," Sprott exclaimed, coming nearer to her, "you don't know what you're saying. It's my duty to secure a conviction."

"No, no," she cried. "It's your duty to see justice done."

"But, my dear," he persisted, thickly. "I *am* the instrument of justice. Because you are overwrought, you must not be unreasonable. You saw today what Engel is."

"I saw what he had become. And with it all, he did not look like a murderer. He looked—he looked as though someone had murdered *him*."

"Don't be hysterical," he said harshly. "He has not been exonerated yet."

"But he will be," she whispered.

"That remains to be seen."

Although her lips trembled, she gave him a long and steady look.

"Matt, you know—you have always known—that he is innocent."

At that word "innocent," which he had heard so often from the dock, but which now, uttered by his wife, assumed a strange and terrifying significance, a sudden sweep of emotion flooded over him, a strange commingling of anger and desire, a wish to hurt, yet to console her, and through it all, an abject longing to lay his head upon her breast and weep. He came close to her and tried to put his arm about her waist, but she recoiled in a kind of panic.

"Don't touch me."

The exclamation froze him, and in her face, ravaged as it was by grief and suffering, there was something he had never seen before: a look almost of hostility, and, what was worse, of fear. He watched her as she turned and went slowly up the stairs.

HE WENT in alone to the dining room, where the table was laid for one. In silence, the maid brought in the soup. It was his favorite dinner, but the food was tasteless in his mouth, and he ate abstractedly, anger and misery burning in him.

When he had done, he flung away from the table and went into his study. Here, driven by necessity and the tortured condition of his nerves, he broke from his rule and mixed himself a large whisky and water, then threw himself into his chair. The turmoil in his mind was something he had never experienced before, and yet, with it there was a kind of emptiness, a cruel vacuum in which he felt himself lost. He dreaded what might happen next day, yet he barely considered it.

He was like a man brought down by a stroke of apoplexy—confused and muddled, striving unsuccessfully to find his bearings. All that he had sought for and achieved—his rich belongings which surrounded him, his finely bound books, his beautiful pictures—seemed suddenly to have no meaning. He could think of nothing but Catharine, and in the silent house he strained his ears for some sound of her upstairs.

He took another drink and gradually his senses warmed, and things looked altogether less dark. Catharine was a highly strung creature, a perfect thoroughbred, but she would get over this unlucky business. After all, had she not shared in his rise, his prosperity? And now more than ever he had need of her. He thought of her gentleness, her kindness to him, and he felt reassured.

It was now eleven o'clock. The servants had gone to bed, and the house was completely still. He got up, switched off the lights, and softly made his way upstairs.

Outside his wife's room he paused, a craving for sympathy welling within him. He placed his fingers on the handle of the door and gently turned it. It was locked. Dismayed, he called to Catharine in a low voice—then louder. There was no answer. For a moment shock held him still, then he moved slowly toward his own room.

THAT same evening, as the long hours passed, a singular compulsion grew on Paul. His mother and Pastor Fleming had gone out to seek consolation at a nearby church. Ella, in a fit of sulks, had retired to her room. Engel, under strict instructions from Dunn and McGowan, was already in bed. Paul sat alone in the living room at the Windsor, quite alone, caught in the backwash of the day's emotions, a prey to a strange and complex despondency, intensified by the absence of Lena, who was still in the North and had written him only one hurried note.

Several newspapers lay scattered at his feet, their headlines proclaiming the latest sensation of the Engel case. From his chair the black banner type was clearly visible.

WHERE IS OSWALD?
Mysterious Disappearance of the Silver King

Once again, as he read these words, the impulse to act swelled within him until it proved irresistible. He rose from his chair, put on his coat and hat, and went out of the hotel. His premonition was now so intense it seemed a certainty.

A cold gray mist blanketed the streets. He turned his steps toward Glenhill Terrace. He began to climb the stairs of number 52, passing Prusty's flat, the muffled stillness pressing upon his eardrums. With a fast-beating pulse, he mounted to the top landing, paused, then deliberately knocked upon the door.

There was no answer. Could he have been mistaken? Impulsively, taking from his pocket the key which Prusty had given him, he inserted it in the lock. It turned easily. Then, at last, he was inside and had closed the door behind him.

In a firm voice, he said, "Is anyone here?"

There was no reply.

No lights were showing. He stood motionless in the shadowy hallway, the silence, the fog at the windows intensifying the cold stillness of the unused flat. Yet the place did not seem neglected—there was neither mustiness nor smell of damp. He found a box of matches in his coat and cautiously struck one. The floor was clean, the solid mahogany hatstand free of dust. As the match flickered he saw the open door leading to the living room. He went through it.

Once more he called, "Is anyone here?"

Again there was no answer.

He lighted the pink-frosted lamp. Up to that moment he had been moderately calm. But now, as he viewed the dreaded room in which the tragedy which was to affect so many lives had taken place, his flesh seemed to melt upon his bones. There stood the round oak table beneath the brass chandelier. Two plush armchairs flanked the hearth, where a fire was neatly laid. The andirons and fender, the mirror and ornaments above the mantel were all clean and polished.

ALL at once Paul caught his breath. Beside the coal scuttle was the plain mahogany chair, a heavy chair with solid legs. He was about to move toward it when, suddenly, from the bedroom beyond, he heard the creaking of a board. He started, and his eyes darted toward the bedroom door. He had to summon all his courage to fight down a desire to escape. In an agony of suspense he heard a dragging tread upon the floor. Although he had expected this, although it was the very purpose of his coming, he stood rooted when the bedroom door opened and Enoch Oswald appeared, dressed in his usual sober black, but disheveled, with his tie undone, his face pallid, his hair streaked upon his brow, his eyes hollow and heavy as though he had risen from sleep. Like an apparition he came slowly toward Paul, stared deeply into his face.

"It is you," he said at last. He seemed unsurprised. His voice was deep and weary, charged with a harsh resonance which matched his gaunt, ungainly frame. "I have thought that we might meet."

(To be concluded next week)

CLANCY

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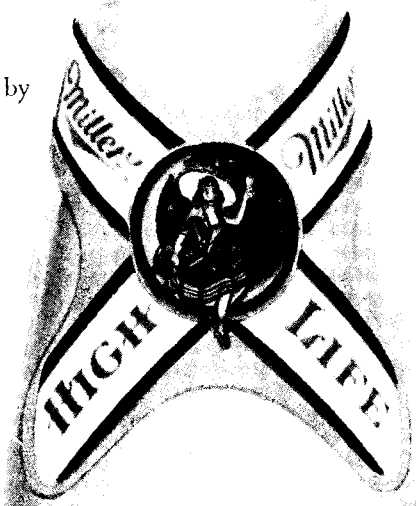

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HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

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One Love Have I

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

pleasant one. Never exciting or wild, but always pleasant. Don liked to say that her parties and dinners were his biggest business asset.

I saw Don looking around for her. A few minutes later, at the bar, he confided to me anxiously, "Cora had a devil of a headache this afternoon, and she's been off her feed for weeks. I hope she's all right, but you know it would be like her to go off really ill, rather than spoil the party."

"I'll have a look," I offered.

The party was in the rumpus room, a sizable glass-walled building fitted with bar, kitchen and fireplace, standing perhaps two hundred feet from the main house. I went out, ignored a couple huddled in a corner of the porch, and crossed the flagstone path to the house. The lights there were on, upstairs and down, and I entered by the kitchen door.

I hadn't been thinking about Cora and Lew. Since seeing her smile at him, I had watched for more evidence, but this wasn't the sort of thing Cora would do: leaving her guests and her husband, to be with her lover.

PASSING through the kitchen, I heard voices upstairs. I recognized the voice of Cora's daughter, shrill to hysteria. I went up the stairs two at a time, hearing words, but not consciously analyzing them.

". . . lying! He's *not* sick!" Then an inaudible murmur from Cora, and the child breaking in again, "I don't *care!* I *hate* you!"

As I reached the bedroom doorway, the meaning got through my sudden anxiety, and I stopped just as the girl—she was quite tall, with bands on her teeth—ran from the room and blindly into me. I held her from falling, shocked by the expression on her white face. She glared at me, panting with fright and anger, and cried, "I kicked her! I kicked her!"

She broke away and ran across the hall to her own room, slamming the door. Cora looked out of the bedroom. Her face was flushed, almost ugly, and she lifted one of her fine legs and held the shin, saying through her teeth, "Damned little brat! What do you want?" The question was to me.

I said, "Don thought perhaps you didn't feel well."

I moved to the room's threshold, looking past Cora at Lew, on the bed with his eyes closed.

"Too many drinks?" I guessed. "I'll take over. You go on back to the others."

"I'll look after him," she said, and added, with the effect of swearing at me, "Thank you."

"Don's wondering about you, and the others will be," I suggested. "I don't mind staying."

Studying Lew, I'd decided he was not sick. He was too rigid, for one thing. Holding his eyes closed kept him out of the scene, and passed the burden to Cora. Let her handle it, let her get rid of the intruders—her daughter and me. Cora did her part by giving me a little push and saying angrily, "Oh, go on! Can't you see when you're not wanted?"

Cora never drank more than two highballs. Half of each, really, carrying the remainder about so that when anyone insisted she drink, she could say she hadn't finished this one yet. I'd have sworn she hadn't exceeded that limit tonight, but she was flushed, her eyes glittering, her expression at once sullen and reckless, and her words were slurred, a little thick.

"You'd better go back," I said. "Or Don will worry about you, and be over."

She didn't say a word, merely glared. I shrugged, and backed into the hallway. The door slammed, and I heard the latch click.

I told Don that Cora said she'd be back in a short time. She was lying down for a few minutes, but she was all right, and not to worry, and not to bother her, but stay with the party. What else could I say?

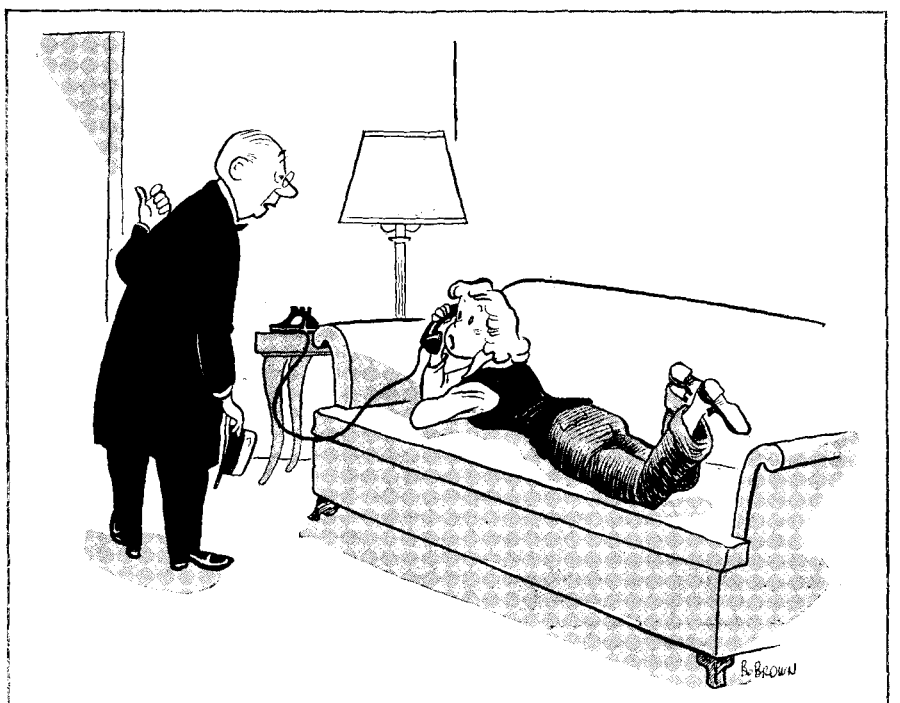
He nodded, but perhaps by that time he had his suspicions, however disguised, of Lew and Cora. Ten minutes later he slipped away, though he wasn't gone long. When he returned, I didn't go near him, and he didn't even glance at me. He was the civilized man, faced with an uncivilized problem, and whatever his feelings, they didn't show on his face. Cora wouldn't have unlocked the door; she would have told him she had a headache, and for Heaven's sake, couldn't people leave her alone for two minutes? She wouldn't care whether he believed her or not; she was past all that. If Don wanted a scene, her tone would imply, go ahead and start a scene. . . .

Cora and Lew did not come back, and the party broke up early. After that, the women she had known thought she was a fool, and some pitied her all she had lost, but at least a few envied her.

Jane Bolan told me, "Oh, Cora's the complete imbecile, but her face, when she talks about that worthless Lew! She's—oh, exalted, like Joan of Arc. She's *happy!*"

But she agreed with me that of course it couldn't last, and then what?

The older girl stayed with Don, the other went with Cora. Don moved back into the house, but he didn't give up easily. For a while he called on Cora every few days. I went with him once. Cora was impersonally courteous; her manner suggested that she had known *him* a long time ago, and it was nice seeing him again, but they had nothing in common, really. Don looked at her from a pit of despair, but he was a civilized man. He merely asked if she needed anything, if she were comfortable.



COLLIER'S **"Geraldine, could I borrow a nickel to make a telephone call at the corner drugstore?"** BO BROWN

whispering was louder and, within another week, it swelled to a shouted chorus.

Don sent for Cora's mother, who came down from Seattle. All she accomplished was to bring things into the open. I can only guess at the arguments, the tearful talks and the long, rational talks that went on, because, like all but one or two of the most curious and least tactful of their friends, I stayed away from the Longs.

Then Don moved downtown, into a hotel. You don't throw out your wife, or even her lover, if you are a civilized man. And I suppose he hoped that if he got out of the way for a while, the infatuation would blaze high and burn itself out.

LEW'S parents did what they could cutting off his small income till he came to his senses, and a few of Cora's intimate friends had heart-to-heart talks with her. Jane Bolan was one, who coaxed Cora not to be foolish. Jane and all the others were the fools, Cora said, and said she knew at last what love was, and it was worth more than all the world or anything in it. If she had to starve in a garret and go barefooted and in rags, she'd still choose love.

Cora left the big house on the hill, to live with Lew in a district of little cottages on the west side of town.

Cora had a few hundred dollars of her own, so there was no danger of either of them going barefooted for a while, but I wondered how it would be when that was gone. Naturally she dropped and was dropped out of life on the hill. Most of the

I was the only one of her old friends who didn't drop her. When I stopped with Don, she invited me to call again; a coldly meaningless invitation, but I took it at face value. Lew was always glad to see me, at least. I'd bring some whisky, or a good white wine and cracked crab, things they couldn't afford, now, but that he hankered for.

Their life together was very simple. Cora pointed out that, after all, they needed only each other. I know Lew missed having Cora's big car at his disposal, the wines and liqueurs and fine foods, the parties, the important people who listened to him politely because he was a friend of their hostess. But he denied that he craved these things, and said he and Cora were the happiest, luckiest people alive. At this period their affection in public was at times embarrassing, and Lew started at least six pictures of her in the nude.

For social life (which they said they never missed) there was no longer the club with its pool, courts and golf course. Cora had given all that up for love and, talking to her, I realized she didn't regret it, and would have given up a good deal more. Nor did she regret the friends who avoided her, nor the fact that her neighbors now were factory workers, nor that her daughter was ashamed of her. It was all well lost for Lew. She was in love, truly in love, and nothing else mattered.

Not now, was my thought, but I never spoke it aloud.

As I said, Don tried hard to get her back. Bring her to her senses, was the way he put it. Cora's reply was that only now was she in her right senses. She truly liked and respected Don, but . . .

With the help and advice of Cora's mother, Don took from her the last part of her old life, the younger daughter. That hurt Cora, but did not make her regret what she had done. Nothing could, she told me. I thought implacable time would, but there were no signs of it in the first six months.

And if Cora had ruined herself for Lew, she had helped him. He was quieter, a little more mature, and several times remembered to thank me for the little delicacies I brought.

ONE day he amazed me by refusing the whisky. "That stuff doesn't do a man any good," he told me virtuously. "You don't need whisky to be happy."

Cora beamed on him.

However, the next week when I stopped in, he was pretty well loaded, though it wasn't two in the afternoon. I thought Cora was abstracted; she smiled wonderfully as always, but I wondered if there had been a quarrel. Lew had another drink or two and then staggered into the next room—there were two rooms in the place.

I asked, not without malice, how long Lew had stayed on the wagon. Cora said he hadn't really been on the wagon, he'd merely decided to stop drinking for a while, and today was an accident.

"An accident," she repeated, nodding her head and smiling at me—I won't say bravely, because that implies a consciousness of defeat, and she hadn't even begun to regret.

The next two or three times I saw Lew, he had been drinking, and once, when Cora was out of the room, he told me, sulkily, "Damn it, I'm not married to anybody, though sometimes you'd think I was."

I guessed she was bringing some sort of pressure to bear on him, and he was fighting it. They had been together less than a year at that time.

Then I had to go East on business, and from there I flew to Bermuda, where I had friends, and stayed there eight weeks. When I came home, there was all that time to be recovered, and I was too busy to worry about Cora and Lew. In fact, I didn't even think of them, until one day I met her, downtown, coming out of an expensive dress shop. She looked a trifle shabby, against the window-background of Creations. She was dressed neatly enough, in a suit, but it had obviously not come from the expensive dress shop. Also, I thought, she looked tired, but it turned out that was because she was pregnant.

I asked her to have a drink with me, and she accepted. So that she could talk about Lew, I discovered. Lew was Making Good. The implication was that I and others had imagined he wasn't of much account, which was true enough, but now we'd see. He was working in the advertising department of the dress shop, and I could see his sketches in the newspaper. Oh, he was doing awfully well, working long days and even bringing work home with him, and supporting both of them. (Had been, for three weeks!) He'd stopped drinking, too, and they planned to move to a nicer place, an apartment, and buy a small, secondhand car.

I marveled appropriately, and it gave me something to think about. I had wondered how much of her love was stubbornness. That is, she wouldn't admit to herself that she had made a mistake, and was determined to prove it—to her mother, to Don, to me. Yes, and to Lew.

When she spoke of Lew all the tiredness went out of her face. I wondered how Lew felt about all this, but I didn't see him, to talk to, until after Cora had her baby. Then it was that Don finally gave up and quietly went after a divorce, which, in our state, requires a year to elapse between first and final decrees. Don told me that there was some satisfaction in knowing Cora hadn't

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left him for an out-and-out bum. Lew was turning into a pretty steady fellow, head of his department (no longer the dress shop, but a big shoe company), and drinking very little.

He'd gone on a four-day bender when the baby was born, and told his employers to go to hell, but there had already been the better offer, and he took it the next week. One last fling, you might say.

Cora's mother came around, too, and the older daughter forgave Cora, although their relationship was never again close. The younger girl thought Cora was wonderful, and so did I. Doing all her own housework, even the laundry, had roughened Cora's hands, and she deprived herself of clothes and cosmetics for Lew's wants, but she was the same Cora. Nothing could really change her.

With Lew, her social life wasn't on the same level as it had been with Don. Their friends now were not college presidents and corporation executives, but minor instructors and assistant managers, and advertising men who planned to write novels; but now, as before, everyone left feeling they'd passed a pleasant evening.

I attended three or four of these evenings-at-home; there was less dancing and more conversation than at Don's rumpuses, and beer was the standard drink. Lew was restrained and well-behaved, and only once did I see him drink too much. He made passes at the pretty, silly, blond wife of a man named Myers and, later, trailed her out of the apartment's living room.

Cora, who had been talking to me about her new child—another daughter—excused herself and went after them. A few minutes later Lew came back, looking irritated but subdued.

ALL this happened so gradually that, watching it, I didn't realize Cora was clawing her way up to her old respected position in life and hauling Lew with her, after starting from scratch. I think I first woke up to what she was aiming for one night when I tried to tell Lew about seeing an exhibition by a new artist, and he replied impatiently that he didn't have time for that stuff. Obviously, whatever method Cora used on him was painless and so subtle that he was not aware of it.

How conscious she was of her own drive toward respectability, I can't say, but once I'd seen it, it was visible in all she did.

Cora and Lew were not married, but she called herself Mrs. Williams, and I don't suppose more than a few of us knew she wasn't, and we tended to forget it. There was baby Louise, almost a year old, and Cora acted so married—as did Lew, for that matter.

But Cora didn't forget she could never be safely respectable, unmarried, and the day after the decree of divorce was made final, she and Lew went to Carson City, Nevada. When they returned, there was a party to celebrate.

For the first time, I saw Cora drink too much. Whether she was celebrating an achievement or relaxing from the strain of getting there, I don't know, but she drank a dozen glasses of champagne and had to be helped to bed.

Lew, who had conscientiously held himself to a couple of drinks, was obviously annoyed, but I thought Cora had earned the right to let down.

Not that it was more than a temporary letdown. This wasn't a won race, only the first lap.

That year Lew moved from the shoe company to the biggest department store in town, in charge of advertising. He had a flair for it, but he worked, too. They could have afforded a bigger apartment, but Cora said they were saving for a house.

"A home all our own," she told me, her eyes shining as she dreamed it out loud. "With a big yard for little Louise, and all our own furniture. We're not even going to buy a new car, yet."

"Wonderful," I said.

She looked at me accusingly. "But you didn't think Lew could do it. Did you?"

I slid out of that some way . . .

It took her a couple of years to reach the dream house, and would have been longer, but Lew started his own agency. He was gambling on a shoestring, Cora said, but she wouldn't take money from me, as a loan or otherwise, when I offered it. She had complete confidence in Lew, or in herself.

Lew's work was known, and he had the reputation of a steady, tireless worker, who'd sweat over an ad day and night until it was right. The agency was a success from the first day, and the following spring they moved into a house in the hills overlooking town, in a subdivision near Cora's old home.

THIS new house wasn't as pretentious a place, of course, but it was a very pretty modern home, with a terrace, a rock garden and a small pool. Many of her old friends began seeing her again, and she and Lew joined a smaller club and she taught him to play golf.

They were a happy family, as you'd see them on Sunday, by the pool or on the terrace. Cora, brown from the sun, was no longer the Prominent Young Matron, but she was certainly a lovely young matron. The little girl was now four years old and talkative. Lew would sit on the terrace in slacks and open shirt, perhaps giving the administration hell as he sipped the drink Cora had mixed for him, but not getting excited about it. Looking at them, you could not believe that their relationship had once been the subject of gossip and the source of scandal.

Cora at this time was thirty-six, but I thought she looked even younger than she had six years earlier, as Don's wife. Bearing children seemed to improve her figure and, now that Lew was making money, she bought dresses because they appealed to her, and not because she could afford them. You wouldn't have guessed she was older than Lew, who was losing his hair on top and developing a slight executive's chest. He was wrapped up in his wife and daughter, and they and his business were all he cared to talk about. Cora liked to bring out his old, wild paintings for guests to admire, but now in his own advertising office, Lew left the art work to others.

Stopping at the house gave me an odd, dreamlike feeling at times. Cora was so definitely on her way, with or without conscious volition, to duplicating her marriage to Don. The same people, more or less, the house smaller but with the same cheerful atmosphere of being lived in by happy people, the same loving deference from her husband. All she needed was a larger house, another child, a little more money, and she'd be right back where she had been. I couldn't see what she had gained by her struggle but I supposed she was happier with Lew . . .

The dreamlike quality of time repeating itself was intensified only a week ago, when my springer had another litter. I had promised one to little Louise, and brought it over on a Sunday afternoon.

Lew and Cora had just come home from the golf course, with a solemn man named Morgan, a new advertising account. The usual aimless couple was on hand, named Smith, this time, and a dark, intense youngster named Bob Baker who worked for Lew. I'd met him a couple of times; he was just out of college, and dreamed of writing poetry. But, he told me once, people had to eat. Lew said he was brilliant but erratic.

I gave the pup to Cora, and it steadied itself on stubby legs, looked solemnly around at all the others, then up at her.

"Ah, you little sweetie," she crooned, bending over it. I could see the smile come up from her heart, slowly forming on her lips.

When she looked up, it was not to thank me, or to share her almost tearful pleasure with Lew. She looked at young Bob Baker, her smile a secret for him.

None of the others noticed, and I tell myself I'm not going back to see how it turns out this time, but I suppose I will. THE END

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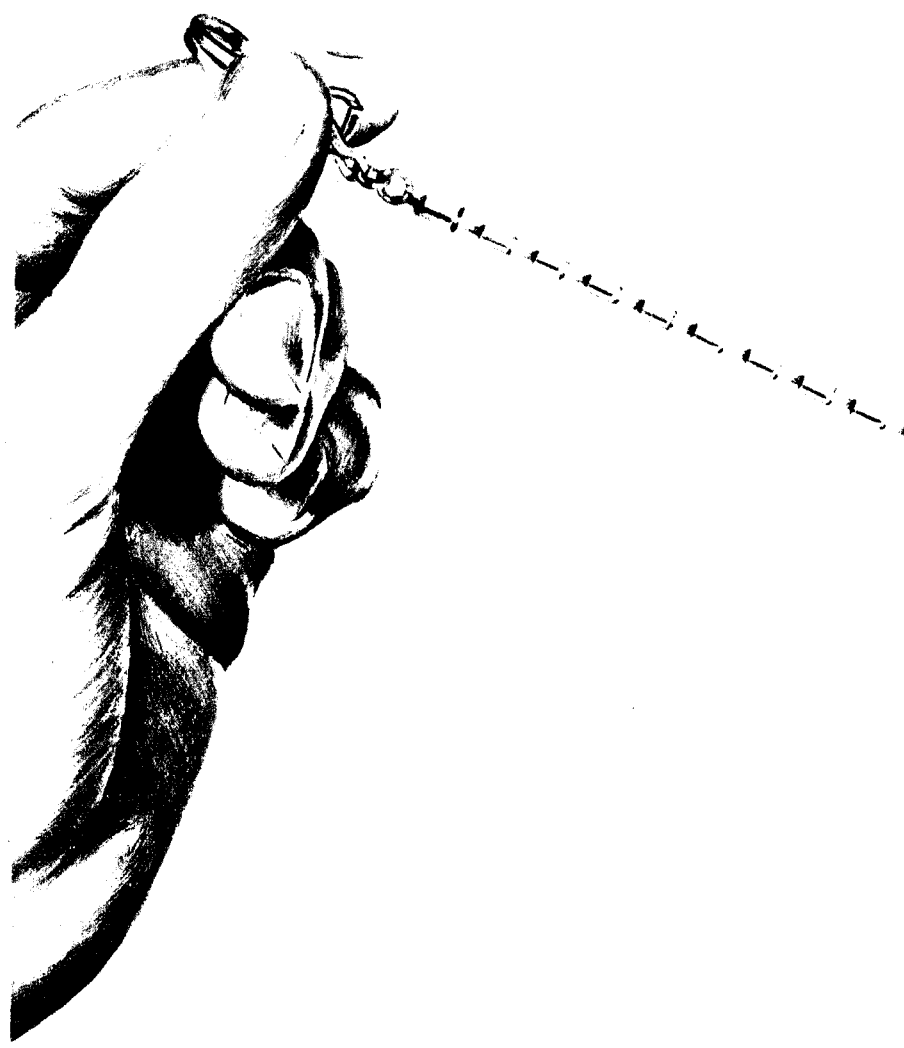

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Every Meal's a Production

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

The portly, courtly Gilbert Miller, producer of many Broadway hits, is generally credited with "discovering" Wilson's for the show crowd. One day in 1939 he drove in from his summer home in nearby Newtown to buy some clay pigeons. A man who regards his stomach with considerable respect, he was looking for a place that would treat it tenderly.

Ultimately his quest led him to Wilson's, at 198 State Street, in the wholesale district. "It *looked* good," he later remarked.

Some sixth gourmet's sense must have been working overtime for Miller that day. Wilson's is a remarkably unpretentious place, with a façade of green-and-black tile and lead-pane show windows. Its architecture is vaguely English, and its chief distinguishing characteristic is that it's right next door to Wilson's fish market.

Inside, there is a row of booths along one wall and a row of tables along the other, a bar the size of a telephone booth and a small raw-oyster bar. The green-colored walls are decorated with Lynn Bogue Hunt fishing scenes and one rather forlorn stuffed fish, presented by a grateful lady customer. Outside, above a little marquee, is a miniature lighthouse that can be seen from pretty far away—a good thing, too, since the place is two long blocks down from Chapel Street, the main drag.

Miller's first visit to Wilson's left him as elated as though some aspiring playwright had just signed over the rights to a sure-fire million-dollar hit. Forthwith he began beating the drum for the place in press-agent style, telling everybody he knew (quite a crowd, since he virtually commutes between New York and London).

He soon became one of Matteo's favorite customers. "My, how that man eat!" Matteo said recently. "One day he call me up and say, 'Make bouillabaisse!' It take me two days to get ready, and I make it always for six. When Mr. Miller come, he only brings two friends—so he eat his own share and then he eat the shares of the three who don't come and then he eat some that the other two don't finish."

Miller was disappointed in Wilson's only once, on a night when Fredric March and Florence Eldridge beat him to dinner and ate up all the Peach Flambé à la Kitty (which Matteo named for Miller's wife). It's odd that this disappointment didn't cause him to break down; missing a portion of Peach Flambé has been known to make strong men weep.

To make this specialty, Matteo takes eight halves of canned peaches, drains them and simmers the juice for 10 minutes in a saucepan with two cloves, a stick of cinnamon, and two tablespoons of granulated sugar. Then he puts the peaches, pit holes up, into a chafing dish or skillet, strains the juice over them, and simmers for two minutes, adding one-fourth cup of blanched sliced almonds, four strips of finely sliced lemon peel and six of orange peel.

At the table, he pours a jigger of rum and one of brandy over the peaches, lights it, and spreads the flame with a big serving spoon. One lady, who presumably does not want her name to appear here, customarily stows away three portions.

After Miller, the deluge. His friend Henry Sherek, the London producer, came in one day, pounded the table, and said jovially, "I want the same food and service you gave Gilbert Miller! It can't be as good as he says!" To Sherek's agreeable surprise, it was. The same surprise has been experienced by Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, and by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, Morton Downey, Louis Calhern, Max Gordon, George Jessel, Milton Berle, Ed Wynn, James Stewart, Elia Kazan, Robert Morley and Lon Chaney, Jr.

When South Pacific was enjoying pre-Broadway raves in New Haven, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, the producers, walked into the Wilson's kitchen and asked Matteo how he liked it. Matteo, who sees every show that comes to town, and who prides himself on not using his tickets (he'll pay for them, but he won't turn them in), had stood through three performances.

"Mr. Rodgers," he said solemnly, "South Pacific is going to die."

"What?" cried Rodgers, astounded.

"Yes," said Matteo, eyes shining, "it die when Cavalleria Rusticana die."

Margaret Sullavan came in one evening and found her ex-husband, Leland Hayward, entertaining Henry Fonda and Joshua Logan at a party, which she joined. Mel Allen arrived one time and autographed some baseballs for Frank Durso, who runs a sporting goods store up the street. Mae West was so impressed by the food that she signed a picture, "To Matteo —*the best.*" (Somehow, this memento has *mysteriously* disappeared. "I *think* my wife burn it," Matteo says.)

The celebrities are not all of the show world. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter wrote a glowing opinion in the guest book, which also has been signed by Chester Bowles, Mainbocher and General Jonathan Wainwright.

Some Wilson customers, pining for food in distant cities, often send for special orders. The shrimp cocktail, a house feature, has been dispatched by air express to the Midwest and the West Coast.

A group of Minnesota dairymen, who regularly visit the wholesale dairy products house across the street, stay in New Haven a week at a time and eat every possible meal there. "You can't get them out of the place," says Ed Bradstreet, the manager of the dairy products place. "They even complain because they can't eat breakfast there."

Unlike the traditional prophet, Wilson's does not lack for honor in its own home town. It's usually crowded for lunch with

Lobster Sauté à la Collier's

USE one fresh or frozen lobster, or the equivalent in canned meat, for each person. If the lobster is alive, pop him headfirst into 3 or 4 quarts of furiously boiling water. Cover and continue boiling five minutes for one pound and three minutes for each additional pound. Take him out, split him from head to tail, and remove the intestinal vein. The greenish substance is the liver; set this aside and remove the rest of the meat.

Melt about ¼ lb. of butter in a sauté pan and add a clove of garlic. Add the lobster, salt and pepper, and reduce the flame. Cook gently about five minutes, then add the liver and about a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, preferably fresh. Shake the pan or stir lightly with a spoon. Now throw in a couple of tablespoons of good white wine (Sauterne if possible). The aroma may make you impatient; control yourself. Let it simmer three or four more minutes. In the last minute, add another generous tablespoon of butter.

Remove from the fire, add a little lemon juice, two drops of Worcestershire; spear the garlic-clove and discard it. Cover to preserve aroma, then serve from the pan or from a heated casserole. Have plenty of stout-crusted bread handy to sop up the gravy; put a green salad and a bottle of light white wine on the side. You won't talk much during this meal.

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regular customers—businessmen from the neighborhood and housewives downtown for shopping, and between the evening rush hours of six and eight there are customarily three or four couples waiting in the front for a table. The downstairs room seats 67 and the upstairs about 120.

One regular, Ernest Griggs, ninety-two, an official in a nearby hardware house, has eaten lunch in Wilson's every blessed day for nearly 20 years. At eighty-one, Griggs was critically ill, and his doctor told him that if he expected to live, he'd better eat a lot of fish. Griggs took this advice religiously, and soon felt so fine that he married his nurse, a lady several years his junior. He still puts in a vigorous working day and still feels fine.

Fish is the predominant item on the Wilson's menu—so predominant, in fact, that only one meat dish, a tenderloin steak, is listed. It was because of fish, in fact, that the restaurant was opened in the first place. Wilson's sea food market next door has been in the same spot for nearly a century. It was founded by William H. Wilson, father of the present owner, James Wilson, whom everybody calls Jim.

A well-built man of medium height, Jim has steel-gray hair, sharp blue eyes and a quiet, self-effacing manner. He doesn't interfere with the management of the restaurant, leaving the business end to Gabriel and the cooking to Matteo.

Like everybody else in his place, Jim Wilson is something of a *type*. He habitually wears a beige coat sweater and seldom takes off his hat.

"No matter what stars come in here, Jim usually sits with them for a minute, but he never wears anything but that one costume," Ed Bradstreet told me. "One night he got me a ticket to a Rodgers and Hammerstein show. I saw him in the lobby, wearing his overcoat—and, sure enough, the sweater was there, underneath. If President Truman himself came in, Jim would sit down with him in that same outfit."

Wilson's will be 20 years old on October 27th. Jim started it originally, he says, to promote the fish in his market. "We'd been trying to get restaurants here to feature sea food, but most of them would put it on the menu only one day a week. There'd been a machine shop in this building for years, and when it moved out, we put in the restaurant. You might say," he adds, quietly, "it was a howling success from the very beginning."

The original opening was delayed a week to wait for Herman Liopole to get back from Switzerland, where he was working in a hotel exhibition supervised by Escoffier. At that time, Matteo was operating a rather unsuccessful delicatessen. "The food, it was too rich and maybe too expensive for New Haven," he says. Jim, who had known him for years, asked him to come and help break Herman in. "So," says Matteo, "I been breaking in Herman for 20 years."

Good-humored Charlie Rothfus was also on hand for opening day, and seldom has missed a day since. "I do everything here," he often says, rather proudly. "Sometimes tend bar, sometimes vait dables, sometimes cashier, sometimes open clems, oystuss—sometimes even scrubbing fluss. Today, a a vuse burns out, who dey yell for? Charlie. Charlie, Charlie, alvays—odda night in bed, I say in my sleep, 'Vat?' My vife asks what's wrong. I tell her, 'I thought somebody called Charlie.' "

Charlie estimates that he has opened 960,000 oysters and 1,040,000 clams for customers. "Some nides," he says, "I see dem all in one big pile, and I got to open 'em all over again. Vat a nidemare!"

Wilson's grosses around $125,000 per year, Jim told me. Prices are reasonable; everything is à la carte, except four special dinners—the highest is $3.00—and a chef's special lunch that goes for 85 cents. For my first meal there, I started off with a bone-dry Gibson, and followed with a bowl of Rhode Island chowder, scalloped oysters, hashed brown potatoes, a mixed green salad and coffee. Two glasses of a good white wine during dinner and a brandy afterward brought the bill to $4.69.

Will Prepare Special Menu

Prices rise, but not too steeply, when customers ask Matteo to prepare them something special. Matteo requires two days' notice, and doesn't limit himself to fish.

Dr. Lucius Bell, a New Haven sportsman, once gave a party for six at Wilson's, specifying only that he wanted pheasant. Matteo began preparations three days in advance, muttering at one point, "Boy, I work harder for six than I do for broiled lobster dinner for 140." As it turned out, his efforts served forth a memorable repast.

To start off, Dr. Bell's party had shrimp cocktail, celery, olives, sardines, smelts and a salad made with cold beef. Then came mushroom soup, its base a broth made from pheasant bones; then the pheasant itself, with *risotto;* and finally *baba au rhum,* with pineapple glacé and a sauce of egg, white wine and lemon. This cost the doctor about $9 per plate.

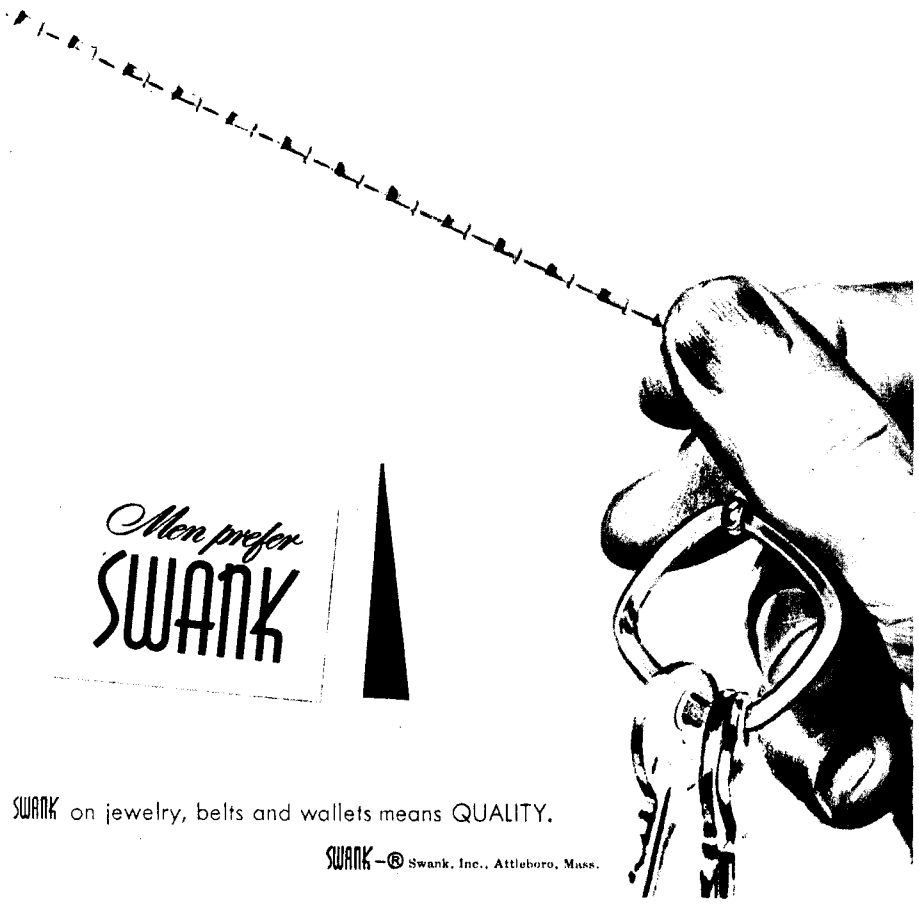
Matteo's recipe for pheasant is easy to follow. First he bones the bird and browns the bones in a little butter, to which he later adds about a quart of water; this he puts on to boil down until only about a cup of liquid is left.

He then takes a few strips of lean salt pork (if he can't get this, he uses bacon, trimming away the rind), cuts it in cubes, or dices it, parboils it, strains off the water,

"C'mon over and we'll make some fudge. My folks've just bought two hundred pounds of sugar . . ."

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

from way up there
to way down here



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and puts it to simmer in butter in a good-sized earthen casserole.

When the bacon sizzles, in goes the pheasant to brown on both sides. Adding a glass of white wine, Matteo then covers the pot tightly and lets the bird simmer for five minutes. He turns down the flame, then, and cooks the meat slowly for a couple of hours. Sometime during the last hour, he adds a twig of rosemary or sage. Toward the end he adds the reduced bone broth, which makes the gravy.

"Any kind game bird can be cooked this way," Matteo says, "even sparrow—and they are good! Squirrel, too, and rabbit."

Kitchen Is Small

Matteo accomplishes this kind of cooking in a kitchen that's not much larger than the living-room of an average-income American family. The kitchen is crowded not only by the staff and waitresses, but by the many friends who like to go back there and stand around joking and watching while drinking their pre-meal cocktails. Despite the crowded conditions, Matteo is remarkably self-contained, a far cry from most chefs, who are ordinarily ferocious. He is a gentle man, with a handsome, almost angelic face.

Among the thousands who have admired Matteo's cooking was Enrico Caruso, whose appetite was as prodigious as his voice. When in Boston, he would always seek out Matteo, who worked there in a series of hotels and restaurants after arriving in this country from Lake Como, Italy, in 1904. Caruso would invariably demand Matteo's spaghetti. Once he summoned Matteo and said, "How come your *pasta* is better than anybody else's?"

Matteo shrugged his shoulders and made a deprecatory gesture. Recently, after more than 35 years, he revealed the secret. "For Caruso," he said, "I cook *pasta* not in water—in chicken broth!"

Caruso was the first in a long line of great singers and musicians who knew and loved Matteo's cooking. Giovanni Martinelli, on a one-nighter in New Haven, was invited to be the guest of honor at a party. He burst in, said, "Where's Matteo?" found the chef in the kitchen, drew up a chair and stayed there all evening, to the dismay of his hosts and the other guests.

From time to time in future issues Collier's will offer more articles describing some of the nation's most interesting and satisfying eating places

Salvatore Baccaloni, the Met's basso buffo, astounded Matteo once by eating more than two pounds of spaghetti.

Matteo himself dearly loves to eat. He attributes this to the fact that his father and mother were big, hearty eaters, and to the fact that in Italy he left school at eleven to begin working in kitchens. "I never went to school to learn to cook," he often says. "All I know, I picked him up the hard way."

Early in life, Matteo met the late Cesare Antonio Moneta, the famous "Papa" Moneta, who for years ran a celebrated restaurant at 32 Mulberry Street in New York City. Papa, who claimed the crown of Escoffier, each year would give a birthday party for himself and invite his hand-picked list of the best chefs in the country. Matteo was always among those present.

In 1935, when Papa was fifty-seven, Matteo and the other chefs presented him with a dinner consisting of *antipasto, busecca Lucchese* (chicken soup with tripe and vegetables), squid in aspic, marinated eels and shrimp, chicken breasts cooked in sherry with green peas, veal prepared with tuna and anchovies, *prosciutto* and *panettone Milanese,* a fruit cake.

"Not many meals like that any more," Matteo said to me, a trifle sadly, one night after the rush hours as we were standing around in Wilson's kitchen.

Matteo is concerned over the fact that, as great chefs like Papa Moneta pass on, their talent and knowledge go with them. He wishes that more young men would want to be cooks (his own sons, Romeo, twenty-five, and Edward, thirty-five, are masters—but Romeo is a chemist and Eddie is crazy over boats).

"Boys today, who want to be a cook?" Matteo demanded of me. "It too hard work—he come in at seven in morning, off at noon, back at five and sometimes work till the place closes at midnight. Look at John there," he said, waving at John Markizi with his knife. "John go to school, he learn to be a good cook, now he's working at it he think maybe he'll quit for something else. That right, John?"

John, moodily cleaning shrimp, nodded. "It's a rough racket, all right."

"Sure it is!" cried Matteo. "I don't blame boys for not cooking—let them go, be salesmen, get out in fresh air! Who want to cook, anyhow?"

Matteo Enjoys Cooking

"Don't you enjoy cooking, Matteo?" I asked.

"Love it!" he said. "Bad as it is, it's not so bad. But you know, no good cooks these days mean the food not so good, too. People forget how to eat well. Other evening, young couple come in here and ask if the chef can make them nice Lobster à la Newburg. So I make it. What do they drink with it?" He paused, dramatically. "*Zombie!* It make me so mad I feel like taking cleaver and go chopping their heads off! Sometimes I get so disgusted, I think—"

Irma, a waitress, bounded in. "Filet of Sole *Amandine!*"

Matteo set down his mammoth Manhattan and seized his knife again. "Herman! John! Filet of Sole *Amandine!* Let's go!" And once again, the Wilson's performance went on the boards. THE END

The Nomad Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

for the grower of vegetables and the unimaginative tiller of the ground. He was the pioneer, the inspired wanderer. His philosophy was as fundamental as that. I belonged to those who lived at the mercy of flood and drought and who now built dams in attempts to ward off kismet—fate. His kind dared to leave water, food and fixed shelter behind. Like sailors, they charted courses by the sun and stars and fearlessly opened routes across the terrifying wastes, driving their flocks before them.

It became suddenly clear to me that I represented Cain, tiller of the ground; Adam represented Abel, keeper of sheep.

THE spectacular sunset turned to angry saffron, with a film of gray pressing in on it. The gray advanced rapidly and was torn, momentarily, by jagged orange. Then the color was gone. The dark came in from the east and seized the valley. The sky overhead turned from turquoise into star-flecked cobalt.

Adam called the big dog from my side. "Behold, sahib, this dog. His grandfather and father were wolves. We call him Liwa. Watch now."

Adam lifted his hand and the dog sat on his haunches, eyes on his master's face. The man made a circle with his finger; the dog spun around to face me. His crouching form was easily seen in the dark.

"This dog is mine, sahib. I tamed him. He would bring to me that new camel colt, or a sheep, or my big lead goat, if I gave the order.

"I, too, can dig and put seeds in the ground. I can water the seeds to make them grow. But my special honor is different. I can train animals to do my bidding. *That* the farmer learns from me, the nomad."

The wolf dog sensed he was a part of the conversation. He rubbed a once frost-injured ear along the red rug and then came to me for pats and compliments. I wondered how long he would remain tamed if he were abandoned in the desert. At the first promptings of hunger he would surely kill the sheep he now protected.

The nomad woman, Adam's wife, came tinkling around the tent with a graceful jug, its bronze glinting in the starlight. From its swan's-neck spout she poured a stream on my hands which I held over the edge of the rug. The sandy soil soaked up the water. The woman handed me a gaudy hand-woven towel and waited to receive it back. Then she went on to my blue-eyed tribal companion and last to her husband.

Adam washed his hands. He then took a handful of water into his mouth, used a forefinger as a toothbrush, and spat the water out. "Consider what happens, sahib," he continued as if there had been no interruption and as though he had read my thoughts. "It is written that in the beginning, both Cain and Abel were farmers—chained to their water, their little fields, and their vermin-filled huts. The big world was empty of men, but full of animals in those days; but these brothers were forced to live like two scorpions on a patch of ground inadequate for one sheep. Then what happened?"

The question was rhetorical. It hung in the air as the woman brought a great platter of boiled mutton hidden in a mound of saffron rice. She brought, also, an old-fashioned kerosene storm lantern whose light showed the red beard of Adam jutting toward me like a lively question mark. The tribesman threw a pebble to chase Liwa, the dog, away from the food.

"These brothers planted their crops beside the water—and they waited." Adam spat into the dark. "The fields became green. But, one morning, they were suddenly bare. Stripped by hungry animals. By *animals,* sahib!"

The woman brought plates of curdled milk, hard-boiled eggs and pepper-hot curry. "Don't listen to him, sahib. Eat," she urged.

Adam went on, contemptuously. "Cain labored without hope to fatten the beasts of the entire jungle and still to have a little left over for himself. But Abel was filled with Allah's own wisdom. He perceived that the flesh eaters killed the grass eaters; and that in time the grass eaters would inevitably enslave and make a mockery of man. It was an impossible arrangement.

"Abel took the world away from the animals and gave it back to man—even to the feeble-livered farmers. Abel tamed the beasts and made them feed him, clothe him and take him across the big world to the highest mountain and to the blackest ocean."

BOTH my driver and our scarlet-clad hostess made motions to me to eat. When I began to make a rice ball of mixed mutton and curds with my right hand, Adam took a flat piece of unleavened bread and edged up to the food.

We ate in the silence of retreating hunger. Jackals chorused around the bivouac. The tribesmen's fires of camel dung and desert shrubs gleamed like rubies in the dark. Once more, Adam's wife brought the Bokhara jug and we washed our hands.

I finished the meal with several bowls of green tea, sipping at them noisily so as to swallow quantities of air. When I thanked my host for his hospitality I would be able

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to belch convincingly in duet with my driver to show my gratitude.

Suddenly the call to Moslem prayers began to sound in the valley below. It was taken up by each tent until the entire bivouac was in an uproar of baritone chants in praise of Allah and his compassion. The woman disappeared into her tent, and the dog and I sat in the jeep while Adam and my driver faced Mecca to worship with bendings and risings and quick gestures of the hands over forehead, eyes, mouth and heart.

When devotions ceased, the woman reappeared and would not let us settle down again until we looked at the camel colt which squatted beside its mother and turned curious eyes toward us. It had already lost its fear of man. Adam's expert eye was pleased with the colt's looks, but his pessimism over the loss of the tribe's summer grazing grounds was insurmountable.

A blood-red moon climbed into the sky from behind a line of jagged peaks and lighted the bivouac. The dying fires paled, and the smoke-haze drifted away. The woolen tents of the nomads made black smudges on the bare slope. Encircling the encampment like restless shadows, the flocks of the tribe moved around their shepherds.

THE silhouette of my jeep seemed to dominate the thoughts of my companions. It reminded them of the bulldozers and tool sheds which already scarred their valley. It was the symbol of the future to the blue-eyed tribesman from the Khyber. Although of nomad stock, his father held land and fields under protection of the civil order instituted by the British. The family still owned wandering flocks, but its sons affected modern sophistication and were seemingly more interested in spark plugs, distributors and fan belts.

But to the true nomads the jeep stood for something vaguely threatening and sinister. To the woman it was a monster capable of enslaving the world. She had seen it panic her animals. She had seen the tribal dogs fly at it. She knew its uproar and vile smell. She feared and secretly admired it.

To Adam it meant defeat and extinction. It was an invulnerable engine, part of an apparatus of death against which there was no defense. He would have liked to compromise with the forces it stood for, but he didn't know how.

It was understandable.

Until the moon set that night we sat on the rug and talked. I had very little to do except store up what was said. In a few days I recollected it like an obituary. It was sad, and I am still puzzled.

In the very old days, Adam's ancestors staked out the summer grazing in the rocky highlands where his clan was now bivouacked. Through the centuries, the Ismailzai —few as they always were—managed to enforce their title to the land by training their young men to fight and by guarding the boundary ridges night and day against trespassers. Other clans moved in and completely surrounded their summer pastures until there was not an acre of unclaimed grazing in the knowledge of the tribe.

But the Ismailzai kept their land.

They bred fine horses and silk-haired goats. Their sheep were famous for wool, milk and meat. The stamina of their black-bearded bull camels was known throughout Central Asia. Above all, the beauty and grace of the erect and strong Ismailzai women made them known and sought among all the tribes as wives and mothers.

Every spring, when the high, snow-watered slopes made the farmer's winter wheat lush and brought the blossoms to the fruit trees, their flocks and herds produced their young on the plateau grasslands. Sucking strength of bone and energy from the snow water and the spicy desert grasses, the lambs, kids and colts were ready each fall for the big migration to the distant snow-free lowlands where winter grazing was established by vigilance and tradition.

And when the desert flowers once more showed red, purple and yellow on the flinty hills, the clan drove the heavy brood animals slowly back again to the highlands to begin the immemorial cycle anew.

Now the cycle was to be broken.

But to the enthusiastic blue-eyed Pathan this was a trivial matter. The dam was going to be magnificent. It would impound billions of gallons of snow water in a fifty-mile lake which during the dry season would irrigate half a million acres of ordinary desert pasture and transform it into rich wheat, melon and orchard land. There would be created a brand-new set of statistics—all of them most satisfactory.

Adam said that he and his clan were pious Mohammedans and should not be sacrificed to statistics which were of no religion whatever.

When the debaters appealed to me as the expert, I only got all of us into further confusion. Adam challenged me to explain why his world was being destroyed by machines for digging and dam building. But if you stand at the pinnacle of centuries of nomad wandering; if you live by your flocks; and if your greatest enemy is Man, especially growers of vegetables, you are not very receptive to the ideas behind irrigation.

I lay awake most of that night watching the flocks moving like shadows over the wide valley which was to be covered with water. Before I slept, I hated dams and irrigation. I thought of the camel colt, and the big wolf dog. I could hear the sleepy chitterings of the bantam hens—all tied together by the legs—as they roosted on the camel packs beside the tents. I heard babies cry in the dark tents and there was always the tinkle of bracelets, coins and anklets as mothers soothed them. This was a good life; it belonged to the nomad as his right. He imagined it, and had the courage to bring it about.

But then I thought of the crowding, hungry world. This ugly thought forced me to stand against Adam. And so I hated dams and irrigation, especially in Central Asia. I fell asleep thinking of Adam. It was late spring, and his mares were foaling. He was being driven down to the blazing, sun-baked lowlands where water was uncertain, where the grass was scorched and without nourishment. How on earth could he survive the shimmering, molten summer?

I stayed for breakfast with Adam and his woman, while the tents of the bivouac came down and were packed like any American circus. The camels squealed at having to kneel to take their loads, and they put their heads back and bellowed as tents and poles were piled on. On top of the tents went cooking utensils and bedding, young children and babies. All were lashed down with ropes. The women filled the water-skins at a spring under an outcropping of rock. The bantam chickens were loaded aboard the camels, who got to their feet and formed up in fours, nose to tail.

Already the flocks were well ahead walking on the flanks of the trail in columns of drifting dust, grazing as they went. I watched the camels moving off in a sedate line of march. The children and babies swayed backward and forward from the waist, in rhythm with the camel's peculiar gait, and the bantams balanced by flapping their wings in sharp flurries.

I STOOD and watched Adam and his tribe move off southward toward the hot plains where, already, a canopy of unseasonable storm clouds could be seen.

The nomads were moving away from the bulldozers and the red dynamite sheds of the engineers. I arranged to meet them again, three days later, in a ravine where once the leopards had spent the night sniffing and coughing over the empty cans I threw away after my supper. The ravine contained a stream and was flanked by unusual tree-clothed hillsides. It was about the halfway stage to the hot lowlands and the lowest point at which adequate grazing was assured.

Neither the dam, nor the fate of Adam and his tribe was any of my business. But these people were in serious trouble and helpless. I promised to make a wide swing around the lowlands to find water and to estimate the grazing. It was the least return I could make for their friendship and hospitality.

In normal summers the asafetida plants in the Central Asian lowlands dry out like miniature fir trees and the desert grasses bleach and become powdery to the touch. The little night-grazing deer and the gazelles are in the highlands, drawing after them the leopards, hyenas, wolves and jackals. The only life remaining is an occasional scorpion or tarantula and the small insects on which they feed.

Experience told me that the desert would be like this until the August monsoons blew in the fat rain clouds. But this year the clouds were early and we drove under a blue-black canopy which gave us welcome shade for half the day. The blue-eyed Pathan saw kismet in it; but he was slow to call it either good or bad. I was annoyed because a flash flood off the serpentine hills and a tussle with quicksands along a stream

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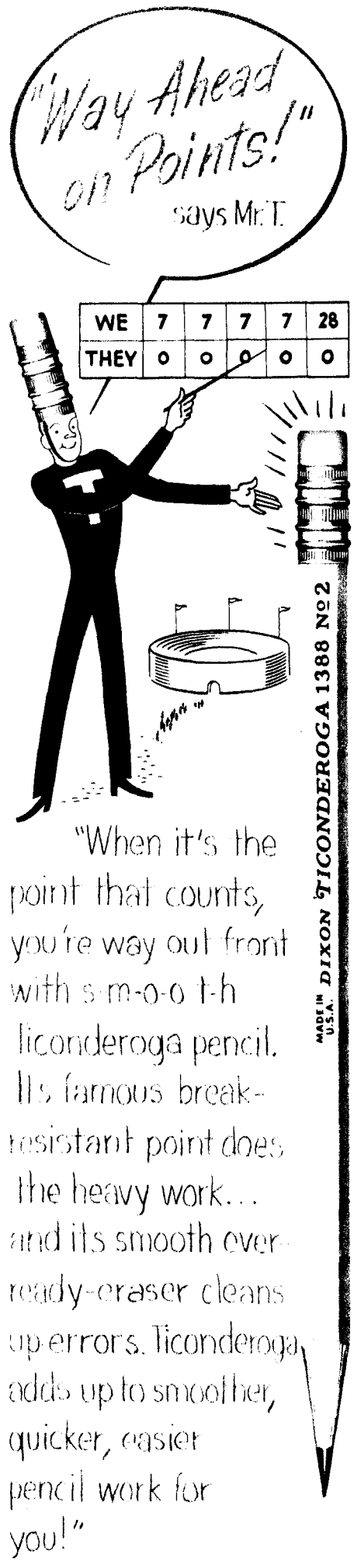
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which should have been dry, delayed us a full day.

We saw little good grazing, but rock pools were full of water. Continued rain, I knew, would bring out the camel's-thorn and thistle and cause the little desert poppies to bloom again. Perhaps Adam and his tribe would gain a year's reprieve. Their flocks would be fed.

The tribesman with me, however, finally concluded on superstitious grounds that something was wrong. Kismet—an evil fate—was at work. Otherwise why were we a day late? Why did clouds cut the sky in half like a watermelon?

ON THE afternoon of the fourth day, as we hurried to reach our rendezvous with Adam, a big bank of clouds hung over the bare mountains to the east. To the west a sky of brass was filled with molten sunlight. The black storm clouds made a straight line overhead. Our jeep seemed to be running in a vacuum. The flies darted around us and stuck to our wet faces.

The nomad trail led us up the dry bed of a river, due north and south, directly under the line of advancing clouds. Like a drunken beetle, our jeep careened in and out among the shimmering rocks. A stifling trail of dust lay behind it. There was not a breath of air in the whole bare country of sand, dust, piled boulders and jumbled mountains.

A dazzling mirage kept floating ahead of us. It made the dry river bed glisten in the heat. The bare mountains seemed to drip cool water which glinted like a million mirrors. Everything looked wet and cool, but the feel was like white-hot clinkers. To the west there was nothing but sun.

"One and a half, maybe two hours," the Pathan held up two fingers.

I eased the jeep around a large boulder. A huge bull camel squatted alone on the burning sand of a small ravine. The camel looked at us without curiosity. He was an old and mangy animal, left out to die.

The clouds were advancing. They boiled with black streaks and still blacker ones. Out in the fierce sunlight to the left, spinning columns of dust rose several thousand feet. They were beheaded and shot to pieces when they got to the level of the clouds. There was a hurricane wind up there.

Half an hour before we reached the bivouac the big black clouds closed down toward the western horizon. It was hotter than before. There was still a clear open slit of sky in the west and the sun burned one side of us like fire. There still wasn't any breeze and the clouds acted as a suffocating cover. The mountains no longer looked glistening and wet. They just looked red and gray-green and black. The mirage was gone.

"Look, sahib." The tribesman lifted his chin skyward.

Part of the time invisible under the black clouds, but lighted by the sun as they wheeled, were more than a dozen big vultures.

Without warning the canvas jeep top split open. The first big gust of wind caught it. Then came a thunderclap that exploded like artillery overhead. I pressed hard on the accelerator and the jeep jumped forward.

But Adam and his tribe were not at the bivouac. The area was empty.

Our rendezvous was a flat and stony triangle hung on the lip of a deep ravine. It was dotted with improvised stone cooking places and scarred with old fires. Dried camel dung was scattered around and it was infested with black beetles. The flies were a torture when the gusty wind died down. Without speaking, the tribesman and I set out in search of some sign of Adam.

Off the edge of the bivouac the trail dropped, with three switchbacks, down into a gut with steep sides. At the bottom was an almost dry river bed piled with water-scoured boulders. There was no level ground anywhere. The gut was not only narrow, but it twisted sharply up the mountain to the left. A towering cliff of rock stood out on the opposite side of the ravine. At its foot was a big rock pool of clear water. Standing over the pool on the upstream side was a lesser face of rock that would become a waterfall in wet weather.

As we started after Adam, the first big drops of water plopped against the windshield, and I suddenly became aware that I could not hear the motor although it was running. Between increasing thunderclaps the mountains were full of a rushing sound. It might have been wind, it might have been water. It was a big, round roar.

It was still as hot as a stokehole, but I became conscious of a change. The sun was gone and I was in the shade. Both the tribesman and I looked up to check. The sun was still scorching the mountains ahead of us.

The tribesman suddenly pointed. In the sunlight above us, silhouetted against the indigo sky, we sighted a group of gesticulating nomads. They were on a ridge overlooking the twisting ravine and were trying to beckon someone up to high ground.

They looked like agitated puppets in a tense pantomime. They were Adam and his tribe.

A white candelabra of lightning tore across the sky. Too late, I closed my eyes and the branching discharge burned behind my closed lids. At the peak of the thunder crack, the sunlight went out. When my eyes opened, the nomads on the ridge were blacked out. There was a curtain of water between us.

The cloudburst hissed when it hit the hot rocks of the cliff across the ravine. But the Pathan and I were dry. We looked at each other and laughed. Silly, but a relief.

Suddenly a fierce, steady wind hit us like a falling wall. It bore a sharp smell of crushed and broken evergreen trees. In less than three seconds, the wind turned cold and I began to shiver.

The disorder of a storm is terrifying. It pulls at you from all directions, it roars, it springs surprises. By this time both the Pathan and I were out of the jeep, for we knew it was useless in what was coming. We abandoned it with dead motor and flapping top on the brink of the ravine. We kept together for company and found ourselves edging down toward the rock pool at the bottom of the gut. We were incapable of helping Adam, but we had to do something.

A little step of water, a foot high, rushed down the ravine to the left of the cliff. The water rolled up onto the hillside as it came in sight. It boiled and curled on top, it seemed to stop and stand still an instant before it fell over the forty-foot waterfall. It stuck muddy fingers into the clear rock-pool below us.

THE roar of the storm dropped a couple of notes. An uprooted tree shot up onto the bank by the waterfall. A crest of water followed it around the corner. This wall of water was four or five feet high. A big billy goat, a herd leader, came rolling down. He was flung over the brink of the fall into the rock pool. I saw he was battered to death. A few sheep followed.

Then came Adam's great wolf dog, Liwa. We recognized him at once.

The dog kept his head up as he shot the falls and disappeared. Our eyes swept the boiling rock pool. I let out a futile yell when Liwa bobbed up at the downstream end of the pool, just a few feet from some boulders. He struggled over to a half-submerged rock which was round and the right size. Liwa got his paws and shoulders over it. The water whipped his hindquarters around, but the dog spread his forelegs and held on.

The tribesman reached the water first. The flood was already spurting in chocolate-colored spouts where the rocks were close together. I stepped from rock to rock after the Pathan and we were once more in a dead, hot vacuum where we were untouched by rain and drenched with sweat. I also recollect that I got a momentary glimpse of the straight, blue-black wall of rain which was racing down the opposite side of the ravine toward us. But my chief aim was to get the dog out of the pool.

The Pathan stood in water up to his waist.

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leaning against a boulder. I got down between two rocks. The tribesman reached Liwa and grabbed him by the haunches. I seized his big ruff and we both heaved. Liwa came out of the water opening and shutting his jaws like a concertina. I got my arms around him and put him up on the path. His paws were bleeding where he had torn his nails in clawing against the rock.

Then the cold wall of rain swallowed us all.

Under the unbelievable weight of water, Liwa followed us up toward the jeep. It was rough going against the cloudburst and the sharp grade. I looked back and saw the rock pool had risen a full three feet in ninety seconds. It wasn't round any more. It was pear-shaped and filling the ravine rapidly. A skinned tree trunk was caught between two rocks a little downstream. It was held at an angle of forty-five degrees and the water shot up along it and cascaded down to shatter against the rocks. The flood took on a fury and rage like a madman's.

I suppose we stopped for a moment to rest and to take in the cataclysm engulfing us. Liwa abruptly turned our thoughts. His hackles stood up. He took a fighting stance and bared his teeth at something in the swiftly rising water.

Suddenly the pool was swarming. There were big trees and branches and bare logs pitching over the waterfall beyond the cliff and shooting across the pool. Some of the trees had goats and sheep clinging to them, rolling off them, regaining them. There were perhaps a hundred dead animals milling around.

A large black tent, with the poles securely tied to it, just as it came off a camel's back, eddied over toward us. The big forepaw of a camel emerged from the water and I saw where a tent rope caught and held it. The camel it belonged to was somewhere under the water.

Last of all we saw several scarlet veils—the kind the Ismailzai women wear over their heads. There might have been bodies under them, but we couldn't see any. They might have been just pieces of cloth.

Nevertheless, they represented the funeral shrouds of most of Adam's tribe.

Presently the storm eased off. The lightning receded and the thunder boomed among the mountains away to the left. The rain-washed sky turned blue and serene. In the crystal coolness the horizontal rays of the low sun penciled through the sparkling mountains and showed rosy and peaceful on the peaks above the ravine.

But, before the end, the rock pool changed beyond all recognition. It turned into an elongated lake, corpse-packed and twisting angrily among the great boulders. Over it all the vultures flew in twos and threes.

More than four hundred Ismailzai—men, women and children—died that afternoon. Adam's tribe was destroyed with most of its flocks. Kismet had solved the problem of summer grazing.

THE Pathan and I fought desperately against kismet while the storm lasted. We remembered how we had rescued Liwa, and struggled blindly to save at least one more living body from the maelstrom. As we retreated up the steep slope of the gut to escape the rising water, our hopes were dashed a hundred times. The vindictive flood clawed at the caving banks as it swirled, bringing down boulders and small landslides, creating swollen tidal waves and sucking whirlpools.

Exhausted, we turned at last in the cool sunset to look for Liwa. He was gone. We struggled up to the brink of the ravine and to our jeep which stood with glistening gems of water on its windshield.

Up there we found Adam's woman, a little girl, Liwa and seven disheveled camels, including the colt at whose birth we had been present.

The nomad woman was gray with shock. Her scarlet veil was gone and her high-waisted gown was torn and bare—the coins had been wrenched off and lost. It was still daylight, but the woman made no pretense of covering her face before strange men. Nor did she show any of the tribeswoman's customary subservience.

She, too, had fought kismet.

The Pathan and I untangled the camels, unpacked them and pitched the tent. That was man's work. I showed Adam's woman how to use my pressure stove to cook mutton pilau with saffron rice.

That night the nomad bivouac was a single goat's-wool tent. The tent held a woman and a six-year-old girl named Gul Bahar. A great wolf dog lay at the doorway, while six camels and a four-day-old colt squatted nearby. Four bantam hens—still tied together—chittered on a camel-pack. There were no shepherds or sheep to move around the bivouac.

Adam and his three sons were dead. The little girl was an orphan. That much the woman could tell us. The flash flood hit the tribe an hour or more before its vanguard stretched the first muddy fingers into our clear rock pool. The flocks got into trouble near the bottom of the ravine. The men went down to help them, only to place themselves in danger. Last, the women and children tried to rescue the men. In the holocaust, Adam stopped to drive his camels up the opposite ravine slope which was not under flood. The woman fought to return to her sons with him. He found little Gul Bahar wandering alone and panic-stricken, and thrust her into his wife's arms. Only her responsibility for the child's life saved the woman from death.

WE WASHED our hands and ate that evening, sitting on the same blood-red rug. The woman ate with us, unabashed. There was no booming call to prayer afterward. But the Pathan moved a little away from us and made his devotions. The woman put Gul Bahar to bed in the tent while I looked at Liwa's torn paws and found them clean and already mending.

Under the stars and the late moon, several profound human emotions revealed themselves.

The blue-eyed tribesman, who had seen a great deal of murder and violence, seemed most affected. The death of Adam's tribe struck a hidden chord deep in him. The storm had purged him of all but a superficial interest in spark plugs, distributors and fan belts. He reverted to the true nomad and abjured the big dam and all its magnificent statistics. The change was fundamental and primitive. He did not become hostile, but was very like the Adam of four short nights ago. Like Adam, he sought a compromise which once had seemed easy but was hereafter always to elude him. He fell back, helplessly, on kismet.

Not so, Adam's woman. It was yet too early for the impact of sorrow to send her into paroxysms of weeping. Her shock had left her with sharpened perception unmixed with emotion. The Pathan and I were amazed at her calm voice, her dry eyes.

She said it was better that Adam and his sons were dead. It was a merciful kismet that struck at once and ended matters in a few hours. For Adam and his sons could never have adjusted to dams, statistics and pasture-ravaging machines.

Anyway, she continued, the nomad had persisted too long in an overcrowded world. He took up too much space and contributed nothing to the world's people. He was an anachronism in the world of dams, jeeps and pressure stoves. She didn't use all the words I've put into her mouth, but she meant the same thing.

As for herself, the woman said, she had Gul Bahar to look after. She had food, the camels and Liwa. She would go where there were settled people and adjust her ways to theirs. She insisted she would succeed, and I believed her.

When the Pathan and I came to leave next morning, the woman gave me a bundle tied in a handkerchief. It was a roasted bantam hen which she had risen in the dawn to prepare. The little Gul Bahar brought each of us three or four tiny desert poppies.

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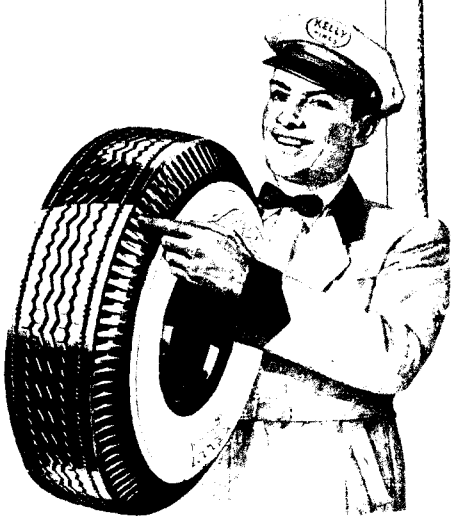

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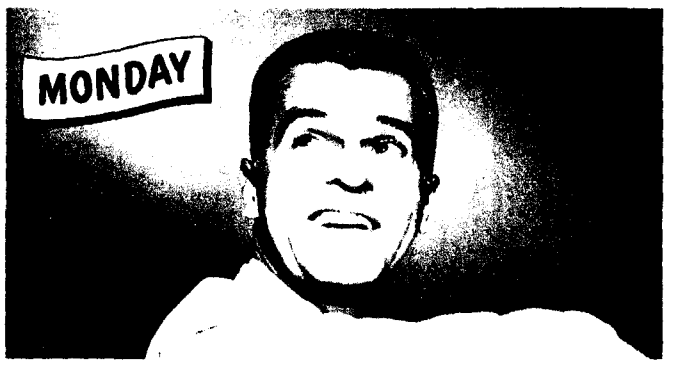
7 pm.* . . . *The Paul Whiteman Review.* Singing and dancing stars, "Pops" and his orchestra. (*The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company*)

Show Time, U.S.A. Dodge Mot Car Co. presents a new TV h Vinton Freedley directs. 7:30 pm



Hollywood Screen Test starts the exciting evening on ABC-TV every Monday at 7:30.* Neil Hamilton is m.c., as talented young hopefuls get their big chance. Important guest stars. (*Ironrite Co.*)

Stay tuned at 8* for a new TV thrill, *Treasury Men in Action.* You will enjoy this fast-moving, action-packed adventure series. (*Chrysler Sales Div. of Chrysler Corp.*)

And Mondays at 9* . . . look who's on ABC Televisio Chico Marx stars in *The Sugar Bowl* . . . a TV treat for all th family. (*Pharma-Craft Corp., American Safety Razor Corp*

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American Broadcasting Company

ABC

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Beulah, your old favorite, will delight you on Television. Ethel Waters is wonderful in the title role. Tuesdays at 7:30 pm.* (*Procter & Gamble*)

Billy Rose—world-famous showman—brings his talent to television Tuesdays at 9* in *Billy Rose's Playbill.* (*Hudson Motor Car Co.*)

Can You Top This? Senator Ford (above) leads the laughs. 9:30 pm.* (*Mogen David Wine*)

Rough, tough, incredibly fast! It's the sport that Televisio made famous—the thrill-packed *Roller Derby.* Every Tues day night at 10:30* on ABC-TV. (*Lucky Strike Cigarettes*)

Chance of a Lifetime starring John Reed King is a lively audience-participation quiz show that is wonderful sport to watch! Contestants pick their lucky letters—and then the fun begins! Wait till you see those giant jackpot prizes! Wednesdays at 7:30 pm.* (*Bendix Home Appliances*)

The Don McNeill TV Club. Don and all his gang bring you a full hour of fun on TV. Wednesdays at 9 pm.* (*Philco*)

7:30 pm.* *The Lone Ranger* gallops right into *you* living room every Thursday night on ABC-TV (*General Mills*—and in the Southeast, *American Bakeries*

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8 pm.* Time to play the most exciting game in America—*Stop the Music.* Singers, dancers, prizes, suspense . . . AND the wonderful antics of funnyman Bert Parks. (*Admiral Corp., Old Gold Cigarettes*)

9 pm.* *Holiday Hotel* has a new star: Don Ameche! It's a gay musical-comedy! (*Packard Motor Car Co.*)

9:30 pm.* *Blind Date.* Gorgeous gals, romantic guys, and lovely Arlene Francis. The happiest show in television! (*Gruen Watch Co.*)

10 pm.* . . . *I Cover Times Square* is a thrilling whodunit, starring Harold Huber. (*Air-Wick*)

10:30 pm.* Gather round—it's *Roller Derby* time again! What better way to top off your Thursday night on ABC-TV—the most exciting night in television! (*Blatz Brewing Co.*)

Life With Linkletter is fast, frantic, funny. Art Linkletter, guest stars, audience participation, music! Fridays, 7:30 pm.* (*Green Giant Co.*)

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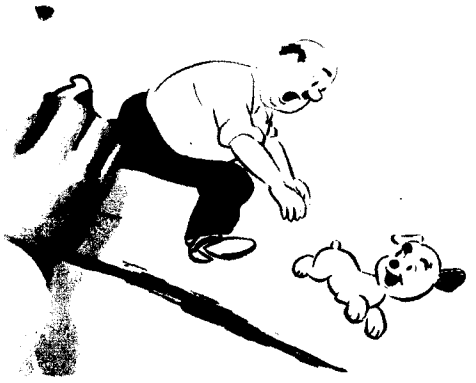
Ace Sportcaster Harry Wismer is your genial host on *Football Highlights*, Friday nights at 8:30.* (*Sun Oil Co.*)

TELEVISION

Prize plays—prize program. ABC-TV presents *Pulitzer Prize Playhouse*, full-hour TV adaptations of famous Broadway hits! 9 pm.* (*Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.*)

10 pm.* It's *Penthouse Party* time. Lovely Betty Furness is your hostess; music is by singing star Don Cherry and the Buddy Weed Trio. Guest stars! (*Rit and Shinola*)

Hey, kids! Strap on your holsters and get ready for *Acrobat Ranch!* It's a half hour of Western fun and circus thrills on "Uncle Jim's" ranch in the cactus country. Every Saturday morning at 11:30.* (*Acrobat Shoes*)



Chester the Pup is a wise-cracking little mutt—and the kids love him! Cleverly drawn by Sid Stone. Saturdays at noon.* (*Mason Candies*)

From Hollywood comes a lively new show starring movieman Stuart Erwin and his lovely wife, June Collyer. It's a happy, heartwarming comedy that the whole family will enjoy! Saturday nights at 7:30.* (*General Mills*)

TV Teen Club every Saturday night from 8 till 9* features Paul Whiteman and a flock of talented youngsters, including sensational Junie Keegan (above). (*American Dairy Association*)

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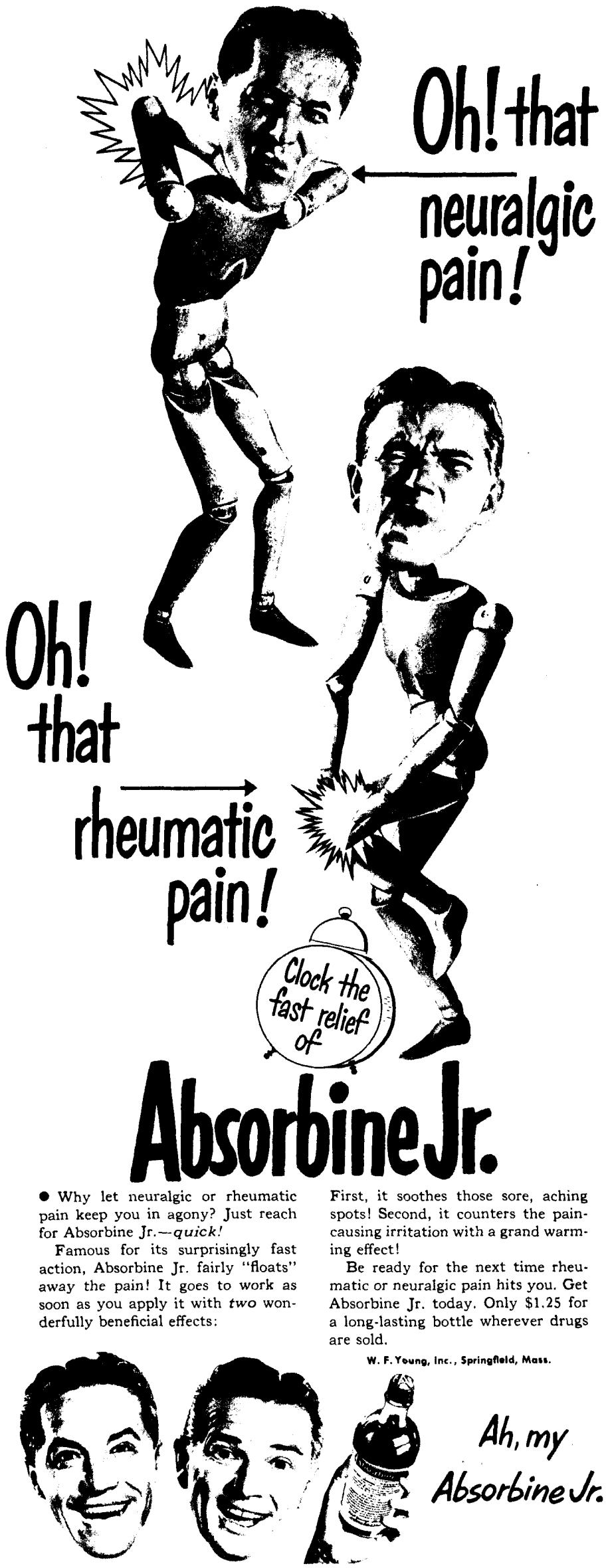

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Commuter's War

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

looking red and puffy behind his glasses. MacDonald had known Dutch since the other war when he'd flown his wing on twenty-eight skip-bombing missions in P-47s. Dutch had been a major, then, like MacDonald was now, and he'd been a damn' good man. But now he was a fat-bird colonel, studying to be a character, who always growled when he spoke.

"Get your 'chute, Mac," he said gruffly. "You ride out with me."

MACDONALD nodded curtly and went into the shack. He opened his locker and took out his parachute and helmet and mask and Mae West. Then he banged the locker door shut and put on the Mae West and then the helmet. He picked up the parachute and walked back out to the jeep and threw it in the back seat. He got in the jeep, next to Dutch.

All right, Dutchman, he thought, ride herd on me. Boost me into the airplane with your own fat hands. See how much good it does you.

"I thought I better come down and see you off," Dutch said as he drove away from Operations. "There's been some changes. You ain't goin' to Samchok. You're goin' to a little place called Hatchu between Ansong and Chungju about sixty miles north of Taejon. You been there before?"

MacDonald nodded. "I'll tell you a war story about it sometime, Dutch."

Dutch scowled across at MacDonald and started to say something, but then he changed his mind and let it ride.

"You'll find your fire-control man right around in there. He's Buzzard. You're Hashish."

MacDonald's ears began to burn. When Dutch had first come to him with the idea of skip-bombing running out his ears, and had wanted to know what MacDonald thought of it, he had asked Dutch who was keeping him in hashish these days. So now Dutch was handing it back to him.

"Buzzard knows what we're trying to do," Dutch went on. "He'll have you a nice fat target picked out with enough open country around it that you'll have it easy when you make your run. We'd ought to get some fair pictures out of it. If something goes wrong or if the bomb bounces all over hell's half acre and gets you in the bargain, then I'll know what happened." He turned his head and smirked at MacDonald. "That's a little wrinkle I thought I better slip in."

"Well, don't get your hypo hot," MacDonald said. "You won't get much from my pictures if I get blown all to hell."

"Yeah, I know," Dutch said. "I thought of that too. So now it ain't gonna be a one-man sortie the way it was last night. Now you've got wingmen. Charlie Morgan and this Keeler kid are waiting down at the line. They'll follow you in on your run, but from far enough back to get all the pictures I'll need."

MacDonald's stomach sank. With wingmen looking over his shoulder, watching him fly, turning back would be a rough operation. He could abort easily alone, but he'd need a real reason to fool a guy like Morgan. And Keeler was a hot young rock who usually flew Morgan's wing. He wouldn't want to quit. MacDonald sat back against the seat, raging inwardly at Dutch, and tried to think his way clear.

Dutch drove on down the line, and pulled to a stop beside the left wing tank on MacDonald's airplane. MacDonald got out of the jeep and turned to face Dutch.

"Thanks for the help, Dutch," he said evenly. "I can't think of any two boys I'd rather have watching me while I blow my fanny off." He reached in to jerk his parachute off the back seat.

Dutch stopped him with a hand on his arm. "Mac," he said solemnly, "I want you feeling right about this."

"That makes a difference?"

"It could," Dutch said. "A lot of people think I'm crazy on this one. I had to talk my head off in every bar from here to Tokyo, just to get authorization for this one damn' try. Now it's up to you. I wouldn't want anything to happen that'd hand 'em their laughs."

"You always were a natural-born comedian, Dutch."

MacDonald jerked his parachute out of the jeep and swung it over his shoulder. He turned his back on Dutch and walked in along the leading edge of the wing to the ladder. He climbed up, dropped his parachute down into the seat, and stepped in on it. He could feel Dutch watching him, so he ducked his head and fastened on the parachute and the seat belt. He was shrugging into the shoulder harness when he heard a foot scrape on the ladder. He looked up belligerently, afraid it might be Dutch, but it was only Mooney, his crew chief.

He wore a ball cap and greasy fatigues open far enough down the front that a pie-shaped patch of his graying chest hair was exposed and stirring slightly in the breeze. Mooney leaned in and pointed to a toggle switch he'd mounted on the console just ahead of the throttle. He was all smiles and pride.

"This here's it, sir," he said. "Arm your gun switch and it's hot too. All you got to do is flick your finger."

"All right, Mooney," MacDonald said. "Plug me in."

"You ain't got no dive brake on your belly any more," Mooney went on. "I took it off to hang the bomb. You—"

"Just so I can shake it, Mooney," MacDonald said. "Now do like I told you. Plug me in."

MOONEY straightened stiffly, and looked puzzled. He started to say something but thought it over and nodded and backed down to the ground. He unhooked the ladder and then went around and plugged in the booster jeep while MacDonald ran the canopy closed and fired up. Then MacDonald called Morgan and told him to grab Keeler by the ear and come on if he was coming.

He called the tower and got permission to taxi, and Mooney pulled the chocks away from the wheels. Then MacDonald took a last look out at Dutch.

He was standing by his jeep, light reflecting from his glasses, his hands jammed deep into his pockets and his squat body bent ahead. He looked somehow eager and alone, and MacDonald thought: That's tough, Dutchman. You should have hung it on another boy. I've got a wife and kids I haven't had and I'm getting tired. Fatigued, Dutch. So for you and your damn' wild ideas it's just tough.

Dutch took one fist out of his pocket and held it up. When he dropped it, MacDonald advanced the throttle and taxied down the hardstand to the east end of the runway.

There, he stopped for a minute to wait for Morgan and Keeler and to get his burning anger in hand. Then he began his cockpit check. He opened the throttle one hundred per cent, and the tail-pipe temperature rose to seven hundred degrees centigrade and stopped. His fuel pressure stood at about three hundred pounds per square inch, oil pressure was fine, load-meter indicated "charge" and hydraulic pressure was okay. He reduced his power and raised his flaps from full down to take-off position, flipped the take-off-and-land switch, and called the tower.

"Plumtree, this is Hashish Leader. Request permission for individual take-offs. Over."

There was a pause, then the tower was granting him permission to take off. He taxied out into the runway, lined up, and rubbed his hands along the sides of his legs. Then he remembered he was wearing gloves

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and felt foolish and that brought his rage up and he stamped against the brakes and held them while he pushed the throttle full ahead. My heart bleeds, Dutch, he thought. Then he let off the brakes.

For the briefest second, nothing happened. Then there was the pressure forcing him back into his seat and then a stronger surge and he was moving. He tried to sit ahead as he picked up speed, and he felt the rudder pedals getting stiffer against his feet, and the tower rushed at him and past him and was gone behind and to his left.

The stick began to tug with more force at his hand, but he held it and felt the nose wheel break ground and come up, blocking his view of the end of the runway, and he knew he was committed, that he couldn't stop now. He felt his buttocks draw tight, and the airplane made three long, sweeping lurches, sustained at the end but spongy, and he knew he was airborne. He reached down and brought up his landing gear.

He picked up speed then and the sponginess was gone and he rolled into a climbing right turn and brought the nose around to a heading of three forty, compass, and rolled out and climbed higher off across the water.

He raised his flaps and flipped off his take-off-and-land switch, and presently Morgan came up on his right wing and then Keeler slipped up on his left, sliding in closer than he really had to, and they were formed up.

MacDonald looked at them, resenting them, and called Morgan and told him to close it in tighter. Then he leveled off and began watching over his nose, looking ahead to Korea.

CROSSING the strait, MacDonald's anger gave way to cold calculation and he began thinking of ways to abort. On any other day, he'd have been thankful for a crew chief like Mooney, but now, because Mooney was what he was, MacDonald had to give up hope of ever finding anything wrong with his airplane. But in its way, that was all right too.

MacDonald was confident the situation would foul up somewhere out ahead. This wasn't like the last war. You didn't get complicated briefings before each mission because the tactical mission changed so rapidly on the ground. Nowadays, you took off, flew to a rendezvous with your fire-control man who was hedgehopping in an L-5 and he gave you your briefing over the target. So there was plenty that could foul a mission up, all along the line. MacDonald sat back and began to relax.

Offshore, he began his letdown, and as he cut in under the overcast that hung at about two thousand feet, Pusan went by some eight miles off his left wing. The ground rose into rolling mountains and MacDonald gave his attention to picking his way across their tops just under the cloud ceiling.

Presently the Pusan-Taejon railroad looped in from his left and bent sharply out again and Taegu flashed past below. Then the mountains rose rapidly up ahead, poking into the overcast, blocking his way. MacDonald rolled into a turn and circled, smiling to himself. He began to see that here was his way out, made to order. If he went up over the top and flew on to where he figured Hatchu would be, the chances were he couldn't find a hole to drop down through again. Flooded with a sense of relief, he called Morgan and Keeler and told them to spread out, take headings ninety degrees apart and meet him on top of the overcast. Then he pulled up sharply.

The overcast wasn't over five hundred feet thick. It seemed to MacDonald that he'd barely been engulfed by the mosslike gray when it began to grow white and he burst suddenly out into the high blue world above. He looked to his left and saw Keeler break through and then to his right and found Morgan. They formed up on him again and MacDonald flew along just above the cloud floor, holding his heading of three forty compass.

In the distance, small, cottonlike puffs loomed suddenly large and seemed to explode just below him as he flashed past. MacDonald began to feel the exhilaration brought on by the sense of speed, and, after he'd flown on for four minutes, he figured he'd be somewhere in the Hatchu area. He pulled up some thousand feet above the cloud floor and circled, looking for a hole.

He saw nothing but a solid, tumbled cover of gray, and he thought of Dutch.

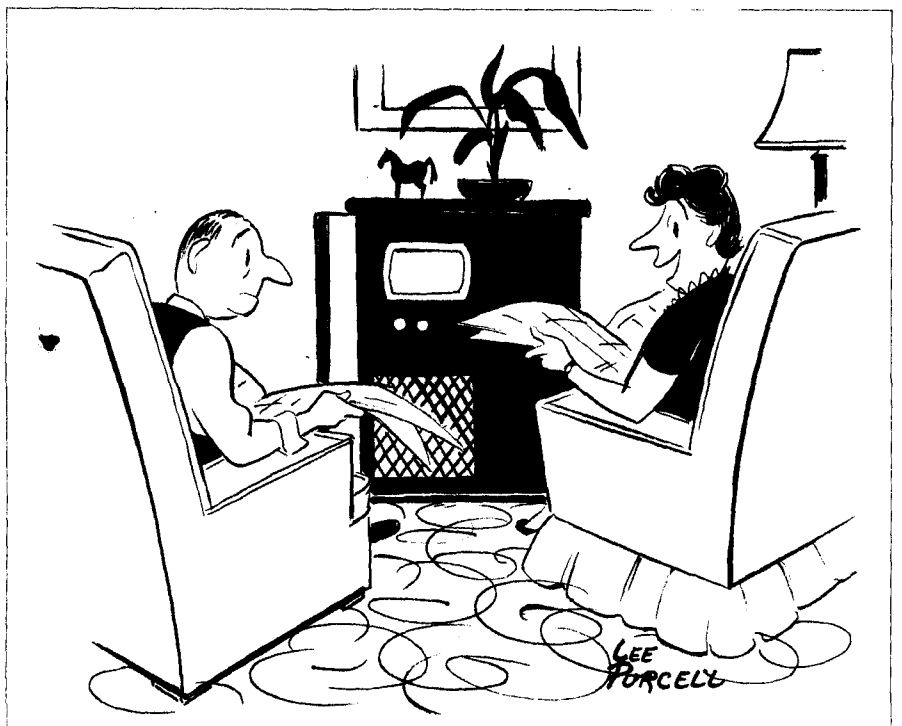
Sorry, Dutchman, he thought. Sorry all to hell. But I couldn't find a hole, boy. You might have had an idea, but I couldn't find a hole and now I got to turn back.

Jubilantly, MacDonald switched his transmitter to Buzzard's channel to tell him he had to abort.

"Hello, Buzzard, Hashish Leader. Do you read me? Over."

He listened then, straining his ears against the unrewarding silence. He called again, circling above the cloud floor, and got no answer. A knot began to grow in the pit of his stomach and he called a third time. No answer. So there it was, no hole and he couldn't raise Buzzard. There was nothing to do except turn back.

But in the missions he'd flown over Korea, MacDonald had developed a tremen-



"Do you think that America will win the World Series?"

COLLIER'S — LEE PURCELL

Churchill dove into the slough and killed the dast
never tell what juice is poisonous until
secret of ear lobes that overlap
Mona's blood ran cold
blacked out
struc

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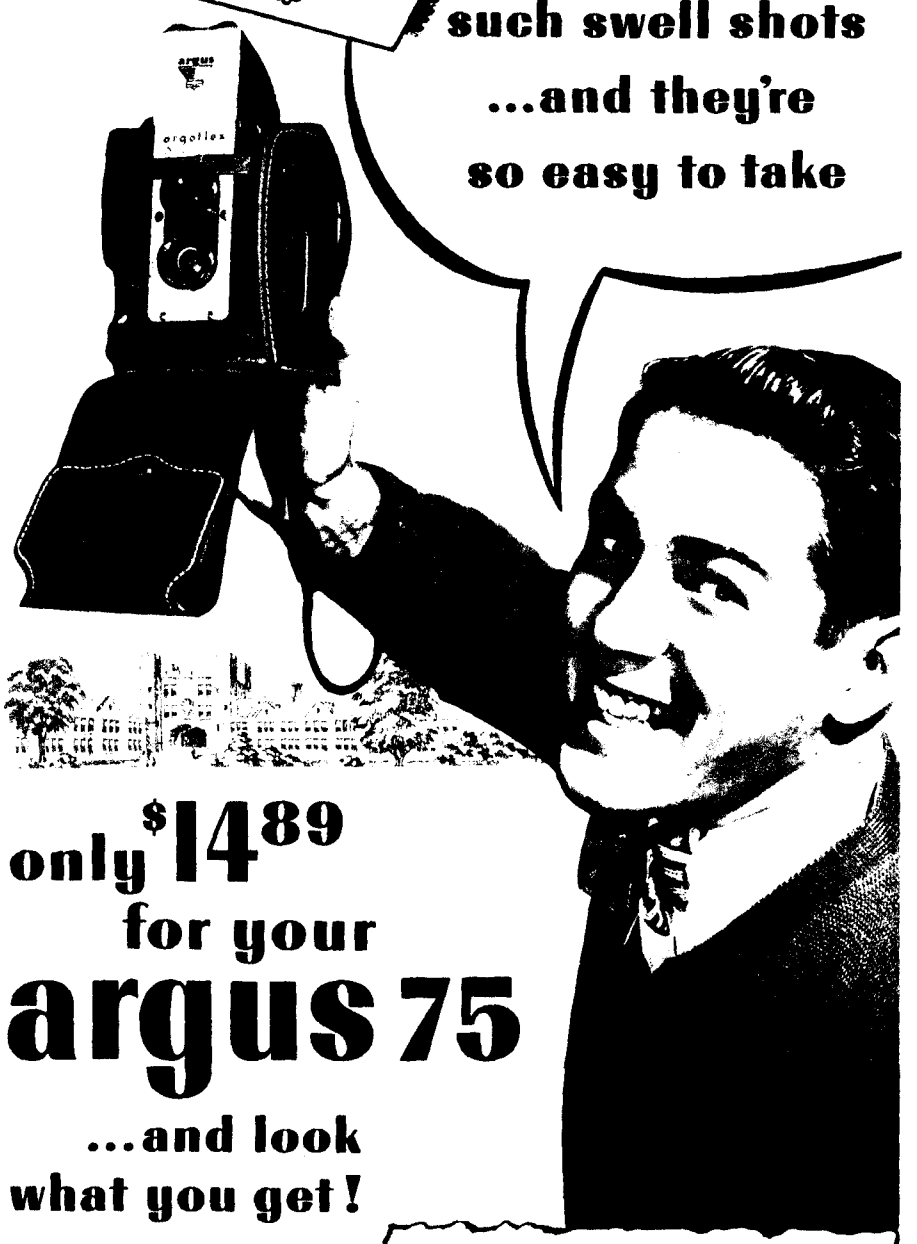

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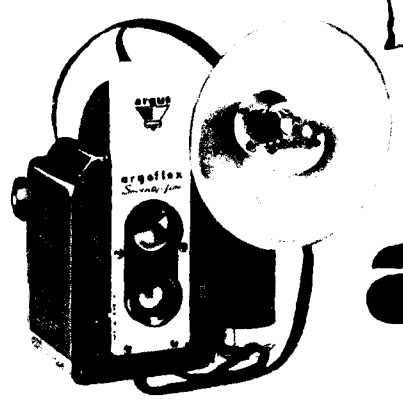

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dous respect for the fire-control men who met him every day. There was one in particular, a cheerful kind of guy who called jet pilots "glamor-pants," and whose voice never got excited, and for all MacDonald knew, it could have been he who should have answered to Buzzard. He called a fourth time, and when he got no answer, he called Morgan.

"We're going down," he said.

Morgan's voice crackled back immediately. "Time, Mac," he said urgently. "We burned off a hell of a lot of fuel coming across so low."

"Shut up and come on," MacDonald snapped.

He rolled out of his turn and waited for Morgan and Keeler to spread out. Then he nosed over into the clouds.

He broke through in less than four hundred feet and flattened out, streaking past a town that nestled about four miles south of a river fork. So that would be Chungju. MacDonald racked it up into a turn and circled, waiting until Morgan and Keeler dropped through and formed up on him again. Then he turned west-southwest and flew down the tumbling valley floor toward Hatchu.

He did know what he could do for Buzzard if he found him. He couldn't land and pick him up, and even if he found his wreckage, the guy would probably be dead, even if he'd bailed out. Going as low and slow as he would have, the enemy would have found him as soon as they'd shot him down. And MacDonald was convinced that he'd been shot down. There wasn't any other way to explain his not being in the area.

So MacDonald led his flight on wide sweeps across the valley floor, taking his chances as he flashed across the green and mud-black fields, the houses and the intersections that could have concealed enemy troops and flak installations.

At the end of fifteen minutes he hadn't seen a thing that could be taken for a sign of Buzzard. Thinking ahead, he knew that another sweep would run him pretty low into his landing reserve and he was debating turning southeast toward home when Morgan called him.

"Mac, I thought I saw something," he said urgently. "Back by that house."

He said it quietly enough, but MacDonald could tell he was thinking, "Time."

"You see it, Keeler?" MacDonald asked.

Keeler cleared his throat. "No, sir."

"Then we take a look," MacDonald said.

He swung to his left, rolled out headed northeast, and started another turn to the right, planning to swing around and come back over the ground he'd just covered. He called Keeler and Morgan and told them to drop back, thinking that three looks would be better than just his own. Then he pushed down and found the house and swept toward it across the long field, ten feet off the ground.

SOMETHING flat and white on the ground loomed toward him and flashed on past and he knew it was Buzzard's parachute and that the lumped thing lying across it was Buzzard and he looked up ahead across the field at the house.

It had a sagging roof line, and in its side there was a hole the size a tank would make smashing through into the house to hide, and he knew who it was had shot down Buzzard. He armed his guns and sat ahead, thinking: All right, Dutch, you win. I'll go get him.

He reached ahead with his throttle hand and found the toggle switch Mooney had rigged for the bomb.

Then, for the first time, he saw the tank that had smashed into the house to hide. It looked like a land crab coming out of a hole and the hackles rose on the back of MacDonald's neck.

Racing across the miles of field toward the house, he saw that the tank was manned and moving out of the house toward him and he saw the gun, long-barreled and wicked, elevated to a point higher than he was, but searching down to fix him in its sights. He watched the barrel grow shorter and thicker as it came down to get him, and the muzzle grew rounder and the house and the tank grew larger as he rushed at them across the field and he thought: *Oh, God, God, lower!*

He tried to get down, but the air, slammed to the ground by his onrushing wings, slammed back against them and he couldn't get lower and knew it. He tried to squeeze his legs together, but the stick was between his knees and his feet wouldn't leave the rudder pedals and the house was suddenly larger, all out of size, and the gun was on him for an instant and then flashed orange and he knew they were going to hit him. He slammed his left hand against the toggle switch and jerked back with his right and then great, crushing weight crashed down against the back of his neck . . .

THE weight was falling away and the black descended into gray and the tugging at the skin on his cheeks was gone, and then it was light again and MacDonald was suddenly in the blue world above the overcast, seeming to lie on his back against the seat. The blackout was gone.

Automatically, he pushed the stick ahead and watched with dazed unconcern as the nose dropped down to meet the horizon. He leveled off and sat there for a minute, thoroughly shaken. Then it occurred to him that he might have to jump and he looked around him at the airplane and saw nothing that was different—no red lights, nothing shattered. He moved the stick cautiously, then the rudders, and got normal responses. He moved them violently to make sure. Then he sighed and sat back, vastly relieved, and Keeler began to shout on the intercom.

"You got 'im, Major! You blew him all to hell! Man, man, you were so damn' low I—"

"Don't yell on the intercom, Keeler," Morgan's voice said, and MacDonald smiled. "You all right, Major?"

"I'm fine," MacDonald said. "Let's close it up tight and go on home." . . .

He climbed to thirty thousand, crossing the strait, and saved fuel gliding down to the base. He led the flight low across the deck, lower than usual because he knew Keeler would want it that way, then, when the tower had flashed past, he gave them the pull-up with his thumb, and the formation broke and streaked into the sky and circled the field and landed. When MacDonald taxied into his place on the hardstand, Dutch was waiting there with Mooney. MacDonald shut it down and looked dead-panned out at Dutch, and Dutch snatched the ladder out of Mooney's hand and scrambled up it until his face was level with MacDonald's. He waited and MacDonald sat listening to the diminishing whine of the turbine, his head cocked at Dutch.

"Relax, Pappy," he said presently. "You've got a hot idea. I'd like to try it again sometime."

"Oh, hot damn!" Dutch said softly. "Oh, hot damn!"

Dutch offered to drive MacDonald back to his house when they came out of Operations after talking with intelligence, and MacDonald got in and sat quietly while Dutch drove along. When he pulled up in front of the house, he turned to MacDonald and cleared his throat.

"Look, boy," he said gruffly. "The way I got it figured, you might be getting tired. So you get a couple of weeks off. We'll have a bunch of kids in from the States next week and we're gonna make up a skip-bombing group. I figured you'd be the man to train 'em. That suit you?"

MacDonald started to argue, but then he thought of Lila and how it was in the mornings and how he was getting tired, so he looked at Dutch and smiled.

"That suits me, Pappy," he said. "That suits me fine."

Dutch slapped MacDonald's knee and jerked his head toward the house. "Then get the hell inside," he said. "And tell her I said hello."

SHE was putting MacDonald's laundered shirts in his dresser when he found her. She hadn't heard him come in, so he cleared his throat and she turned, startled, clutching his shirts to her breast. He went across and kissed her, holding her tight, and then he held her away from him, his hands on her shoulders. She cocked her head and *squeezed his hand against her wet cheek.*

"Look, kid, I was a rat the way I acted this morning. I shouldn't have—"

Lila put three fingers against his lips. "Don't jam the channel, Major," she said jerkily. "Get off the air. You're number one to land."

THE END

COLLIER'S

"Hereafter you do the shopping for the family. I'm getting tired of being accused of panic buying!"

JEFF KEATE

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The New Breed

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

after that morning—on a hospital train a few days later. He would tell me then that Kittredge had been hit, too.

The Marines moved out by truck and train. I elected to travel by train, and when we had left Pusan I walked through the bare cars with their hard wooden seats. The first Marine I talked to was a boy who looked too young to be wearing a sergeant's stripes. He had a dog. The Marine's name was George Marks, of Pittsburgh, and the dog's name was Striker.

"Mascot," explained Marks. "Smuggled him aboard ship in a box and they nearly threw him overboard when they found him. But the chaplain, he said that wouldn't be the thing to do.

"Striker's just a small dog and won't eat much, I told them, so we got to keep him. He does swell on C rations, growin' like a weed."

Across the aisle, Master Sergeant William J. Miller, of San Diego, beckoned me. I sat down beside him.

"These kids," grinned Miller. "They kept me goin' on the ship, askin' all sorts of questions about battle. When will we be given the order to fire, who'll we fire at, and things like that. At first they played tough but when the word was passed this morning that we were goin' right up you could see their hearts jump."

No one was saying much in my car. Just looking out the windows at the sometimes evil-smelling but always beautiful land, the rice paddies with their flat, green, watery sheen; the razor-backed hills; the endless series of villages, their thatched roofs looking like clusters of oyster shells in the distance; Korean mothers bathing their brown children in equally brown streams; a station sign: "We Prefer Death to Communism."

When the fascination had worn off, the Marines turned to cleaning their rifles. One of them raised his to the offhand position, said "Bang" and added, "One more gook is dead."

"Make sure you got no rounds in that piece," yelled a buddy two seats away.

The train's destination was Changwon, point of debarkation for the brigade and still well behind the front. The kids became Marines again and moved out through the station area and into the surrounding hills like a smooth-running machine. They looked tanned and rugged and grim under their steel helmets. That's the way the grinding motion-picture cameras caught them and that's the way the enemy would see them.

Early Mistakes Not Repeated

The brigade would not repeat the mistakes which had been made earlier. It shunned the towns and camped in the high hills, closing tight a line of defense against infiltration and the sort of surprise attack that had been making front lines out of Army command posts.

This worked beautifully the first night. Not a North Korean got through that anyone heard about. But all hell broke loose the second night. Almost simultaneously the military police and the engineers at the brigade end of the bivouac valley thought they saw Korean patrols. The well-disciplined MPs fired three shots and stopped. But the engineers froze on their triggers and from 10:30 P.M. until dawn the area reverberated with the whining and popping of their rifle bullets.

I had gone to bed on top of a hill overlooking the general's tent. More than once the Marine bullets coming my way popped instead of whining and I knew that they were striking so close I shouldn't wiggle an ear.

Major Richard E. Sullivan, of Fallbrook, California, the post commandant and a Navy Cross winner for heroism on Guadalcanal, told me the next morning he had set out to put a stop to the shooting but had hesitated to climb the engineers' ridge when he found they'd set out trip flares. On the Canal he'd fought one night until he'd been wounded three times and his patrol wiped out, but the engineers' enthusiasm for stopping infiltrating North Koreans was too much for him.

That was all. It never happened again. The Marines had given vent to taut nerves for the last time. They were settling down for battle.

On the fourth day they moved up to Chindong-ni where American soldiers had been holding well but not advancing, and that night G-for-George Company of the Third Marine Battalion was sent into the line to help relieve a battalion of the Army's Twenty-seventh Regiment.

Up on its ridge overlooking enemy country, George Company was highly honored. It had been selected to be the advance party for the Marine jump-off on the morrow, which was the seventh of August and the eighth anniversary of the landing on Guadalcanal.

Collier's Conner

Associate Editor John Conner is himself a former Marine master sergeant who saw action as a combat correspondent in World War II—including the Guam and Iwo Jima campaigns. He left the service in December, 1945, and the next month became managing editor of the Marine magazine Leatherneck. He held that post until September, 1947, when he joined Collier's

This was to be the battle plan: The Army's Fifth Regimental Combat Team had been placed under General Craig's command for a sharp drive toward Chinju and vicinity.

The soldiers, three battalions of them, would move out first, along the road directly to Chinju. Once they had gone, the Marines would take another road to their objective, Sachon. Sachon is on a direct north-south axis with Chinju. It was picked for the leathernecks so they could follow the coast line, using their seaborne air power to help turn the North Korean flank.

The road to the west out of Chindong-ni divided in the valley lying before George Company's ridge to become the highways to Chinju and Sachon. The Army must clear this fork before the Marines could move.

I could see this road as I stood on George Company's ridge on the eve of the seventh, talking to the company commander, First Lieutenant Robert Bohn, of Appleton, Wisconsin, and his gunnery sergeant, Master Sergeant A. A. Ryder, of Presque Isle, Maine. The road gleaming vaguely in the twilight and the peaceful rice paddies through which it wound looked as little like a battlefield as anything I'd ever seen—until Bohn said:

"My first platoon is out there in those paddies now, crossing to that ridge to secure an artillery observation post."

I could hear then the occasional light tapping of automatic rifle fire from the valley.

"They'll be the first Marines to meet the gooks if they make contact tonight," Bohn added.

A radio message took him away just then but Ryder picked up the conversation with: "They'll be the first unless we catch an attack tonight, and we expect one."

Toward dawn a cryptic radio message came in from the first platoon: "We are being pinned down and surrounded by machine-gun fire."

Morning arrived and with it a change of orders. There had been no attack during the night. The second and third platoons of George Company would hold their ridge and the Second Battalion of Marines would move out, not as the advance guard, but to dig out the Fifth Regimental Combat Team's Second Battalion, which had been halted by unexpectedly heavy enemy pressure. The Army's First Battalion had cleared the fork but now the whole advance was held up.

The Army Is Halted

Two high ridges to the right of the Chinju road would have to be taken. The Army had tried and failed. Now the Marines would be sent in. It would not be easy.

Few wars have been fought over such difficult ground in such a difficult climate. The things they call "hills" in Korea are really small mountains. They are estimated to be from 2,000 to 3,500 feet high, although the figures cannot be definite because accurate contour maps are not available. Most of the slopes are at an angle of 45 degrees, and the temperatures, when I was there, hit around 110. In one small action on the second day of fighting there were 18 casualties from gunfire and 45 from heat.

Because the uphill fighting was so exhausting, neither soldier nor Marine could carry more than his weapon and a single canteen of water. This presented a tremendous resupply problem which was partly solved by native water-carrying parties and air drops. But the water parties were slow in coming and the drops often were inaccurate, providing the enemy as generously as the Marines.

I watched the disappointed Second Marine Battalion hit the road at Chindong-ni and move up to give the Army's Fifth Regimental Combat Team a lift. The first man in the column was Second Lieutenant Jack Nolan, of Kaufman, Texas, who minutes before had had one man in his platoon killed and three wounded by North Korean artillery fire. Nolan was almost in tears when he told me, "This is *really* my war now."

Reports coming in to the Third Battalion command post that night were good. The advance was steady and—as was not always the case in World War II—on schedule. But in the morning the wounded came back with stories of heavy casualties.

Their evacuation required the utmost heroism. Getting them down the steep slopes—sometimes on makeshift litters fashioned from a pair of rifles with dungaree jackets buttoned over them—and hauling them across a mile or two of paddies in heavy sniper fire, was as tiring and dangerous as assaulting the ridges themselves.

Lieutenant Colonel Harold Roise, of Moscow, Idaho, had only two companies to put into the line. Under the Defense Department's peacetime setup, companies consist of two platoons, and battalions contain two companies, rather than three in each case. General Craig had managed to add one extra platoon to his companies, but the battalions could not be so lucky. So Roise's Dog and Easy Companies were without a Fox Company to back them up.

The water situation was bothering Roise

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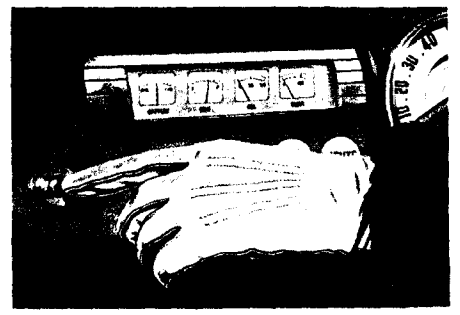

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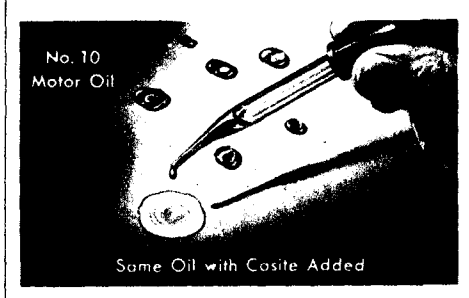

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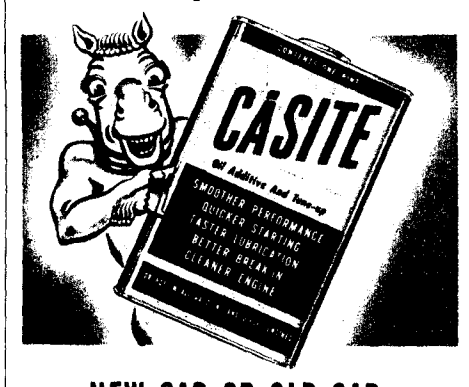

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when I reached his observation point atop a round, 1,000-foot hill in the center of a large valley. Across from his perch were the two ridges under attack by the Second Battalion, Easy Company's hill on the left and Dog Company's higher, saw-tooth tower to the right.

I could see a long line of white dots strung halfway up Easy's ridge and the colonel was watching it.

"Water carriers," he explained briefly. "Easy Company will have water soon."

He put down his field glasses. "But where is the water for Dog Company? It should have shown long before this."

I knew the commander of Dog Company. It was Captain John Finn, one of my roommates on the Clymer. He had called for an air strike and First Lieutenant Manning Jeter, Jr., of Union, South Carolina, who had walked up through the sniper-ridden valley from the battalion command post with me, was the forward air control who would talk the strike in from Roise's observation point. Jeter had barely settled down at the radio when he turned to Roise:

"Captain Finn has been hit pretty bad in the forehead."

There was a hush among the staff on the hilltop. In the silence you could feel the sun beating down. The sound of heavy guns rolled through the hills and the echoes rolled back ominously. Machine guns chattered and far-carrying rifle bullets whined with a high-pitched finality. Jeter held up his hand, then said: "Lieutenant Reid has been killed."

"God," someone murmured. "They got one officer left."

Later, lying on the hospital train with a deep crease in his forehead, Finn told me what had happened. He had called for the strike and was going up to handle the control radio himself when he heard that Wallace Reid, of Oceanside, California, second platoon leader, had been hit. The captain decided to check; when he crawled to Reid's foxhole he discovered the officer was dead.

"I don't know why I did it—it was a crazy thing to do," Finn told me, "but I got up and began to drag the body back. I had given one tug when something hit me on the head like a hammer. I was scared. I couldn't understand why I was still alive but I got up and ran blindly back to the command post. There a medical corpsman grabbed me and made me get down again. Back at the evacuation center they found another hole—in my shoulder. I'll never know how I got that."

Pilots Are Guided

Jeter brought the air strike in against the enemy troops after five or six minutes on his two radios, getting instructions first from Dog Company and using these and what he could see to guide the pilots in for the kill.

"Hello, Playboy, hello Playboy, this is Rosebush," he called. "Turn left and straighten up. Watch for smoke grenade. Do you see the panels? Is the target marked? Do you mark your target? Over."

And, "Hello, Playboy, hello, Playboy, can you make another run? Can you make another run?"

When everything was set he turned back to Dog Company. "Hello Dog, hello Dog. Runs will be made over your heads. Warn your troops, warn your troops about a strafing run. Empty shells will fall into your positions. They will not be bullets. They will not be bullets."

Over on that Dog Company peak the man assigned to place the guiding panels for the air strike was Sergeant Douglas Bell of Dallas, Texas, of the third platoon. I got his story on the hospital train, too, as he lay four tiers of bunks away from Captain Finn that night.

The third platoon had jumped off for the day at 7:30 A.M. Bell was hit one hour later. In that hour he saw many men die. An Army man, assigned to lead the way to a line the Army had once held and lost, died when he tried to rescue his charges from machine-gun fire.

"We were pinned down and the gooks were picking us off like flies," Bell said. "This soldier asked me for a grenade. I handed him one and he got up to throw it. He never got it off. He just went 'Ugh' and went down.

"Our right guide ran up. He'd seen the machine gun and he was going to snipe it out, he said. Right then he was cut to pieces. The gook gun didn't stop when he fell. The guide slumped forward with his head between his knees and they cut him down the back with bullets, like a bloody sewing machine."

Bell told his squad to take cover and he started to crawl up forward of a Browning automatic rifle position to place the panels.

"I had to go up about 10 yards. Bullets were smashing all around me and people were yelling for corpsmen. Just as I got the panels laid a grenade hit close by me and pieces of it went into my side."

Bell's story was typical. The North Koreans seemed to have an unusual number of automatic rifles and they kept up a continuous fire at about 18 inches above the ground. A lot of the wounded came in with hand, foot and thigh injuries suffered as they tried to crawl forward.

"For better or worse—remember? Now eat your breakfast!"

COLLIER'S LES KNOWLES

All morning the third battalion had been out of touch with the first platoon of George Company—the platoon which had slipped through the peaceful-looking rice paddy to set up an artillery observation post, and had later reported being pinned down by enemy gunfire. Fox Company was supposed to make contact with this platoon and send it back but no one, not even Colonel Roise, seemed to know whether this had happened. Then, while the air strike was still in progress, the colonel pointed across the valley.

"There they are," he said.

I scrambled down the steep side of the hill just in time to meet the returning Marines. They were staggering with fatigue and their green dungarees had turned dark with sweat and grime.

A few feet beyond where I stood waiting on the narrow paddy path ran a murky stream which drained the fields and carried with it the silt of bacteria-laden fertilizer. I heard one of the men shout, "Water!" and the whole bedraggled crew surged clumsily forward. In a moment half of them had plunged in and were rolling in the dirty water, dousing their heads and drinking from it.

I yelled, "Don't drink that filthy stuff!"

"So what?" one wallowing Marine yelled back. "It's water, isn't it?"

They began filling their canteens. Their lieutenant, a World War II veteran named John Cahill, Jr., of Quincy, Massachusetts, managed after a few minutes to get the whole party going back toward the battalion command post. No one had the breath to talk until, at the CP, they had fallen to the ground and rested a bit.

While they waited for a truck to haul them back to the regiment, they began to listen to my questions.

Many Men Lost

The platoon had numbered 48 men when it went up two days before. Now there were 22. Six had been killed and the rest evacuated with wounds.

"How long were you up on that ridge?" I asked.

Sergeant Jack Macy, of Oakland, California, looked up. "I'd say it was six years."

"We kept trying to locate those mortars, and the machine guns," Cahill interrupted. "Those machine guns. You couldn't see forward 20 feet. And every time you moved, they lobbed a grenade. We couldn't see 'em, but they kept chattering just like the Japs."

Two men had been killed and three wounded before the platoon was able to reach its objective on the morning of the seventh—the first Marine unit to contact the enemy in this war. They suffered the rest of their casualties before Dog Company reached them.

"Macy, tell him about Brooks and Tome," someone suggested.

Sergeant Macy put down his coffee. "Want their names? Melvin Brooks was from Caldwell, Idaho, and Bill Tome came from St. Petersburg, Florida. Both were pfcs. and BAR—Browning automatic rifle—men. I had just assigned them to a foxhole on our perimeter after we got into position and had turned away to get some more ammo when Tome got it. A machine-gun burst. I told Brooks to help him, but Brooks said, 'It's no use trying to do anything, Macy. Tome's dead.'

"Brooks was very calm. I told him to man the BAR and promised I would move him immediately. I was trying to think of something nice to say about his buddy when the hidden gook gunner let go with another burst. Brooks got it.

"He wouldn't let me help him. He said, 'Never mind me, Macy, I'm dying.' Then he carefully laid back on Tome's body and closed his eyes.

"That's the way all six died. 'Don't bother about me,' they said. They were *men*."

The truck came up then and the Marines helped each other over the lowered tail gate. I rode along and listened as they began to talk and shout with relief.

"Look, there's that damned peak we were on. Sure looks different from way back here."

"Where the hell are we going?"

And then I heard a very young Marine say softly to the man sitting beside him:

"Do you know what I did this morning? Licked the dew off my rifle."

I said, "What's your name, son?"

And he said, "Oh, please don't use it. My mother would kill me." THE END

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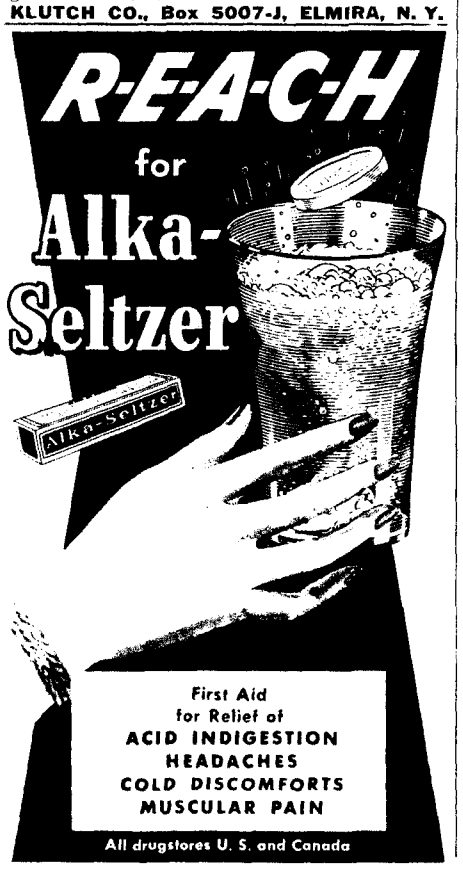

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Wingate's Triumph After Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

morning the Japs came over with bombers in force. Mistaking two glider wrecks for grounded planes, they bombed and strafed heavily. The Air Commando radio, monitoring Jap broadcasts, heard Jap pilots flash back word of victory. When enemy troops moved into Chowringhee, Lieutenant Colonel Grant Mahoney, the fighter squadron leader from Vallejo, California, who had fought the Japs in the Philippines and Java, moved up with his men for murderous strafing.

A third jungle base established by glider was named Aberdeen, after the Scottish home city of Wingate's wife. It was on ground already occupied by the Chindit brigade which had marched into Burma under command of Brigadier Bernard Fergusson and was pushing southward on the right flank of Stilwell's army. Transport planes had dropped Fergusson some supplies, but it was decided to construct an air base near the forward point of his advance.

Mule Pack Stampedes

Fergusson sustained the only severe reverse of this Wingate campaign. His column of 400 men was sent through the jungle to seize the Jap airstrip at Indaw. A disastrous mishap occurred. During a skirmish an enemy shell set afire a flame thrower on the back of a mule. The maddened animal, plunging with the flame thrower hurling fire, stampeded the entire mule pack. Without mules, the Chindits, already low on water and now deprived of transport, marched for two days, then fought a strong Jap force at Indaw for water to stay alive.

They were cut off and surrounded and it looked as if the entire column were lost. It was saved by air action. Air Commando planes smashed the enemy concentration with naval depth charges. This was a tactic already practiced by the Air Forces in the southwestern Pacific—giant explosions in thick jungle growth of the depth charges used by ships against submarines. The Chindits streaked in a fast retreat through a hole in the enemy line. The Americans claimed Fergusson had made a mistake—he could have received water by air lift instead of fighting for it. The brigadier, a brave and brilliant officer, had been one of the heroes of the Wingate invasion of 1943 and such tactics seemed natural enough to him.

The first glider into Aberdeen was piloted by Bill Taylor, with Steve Oumanski as copilot. Steve, one of the rare characters of the Air Commandos, claimed he was descended from Polish nobility. A Regular Army noncom for many years, he was now an officer, but retained the toughness of the old-time sergeant. He was an armament expert, specializing in mine demolitions. (He booby-trapped empty sardine cans to discourage the jackals around his quarters.)

Taylor and Oumanski were flying a 4,500-pound bulldozer and heavy crates of Steve's pride and joy, TNT—perilous cargo for a crack-up landing. Their landing was a freak. Taylor told me:

"I released the towline and went into a slow glide, heading for a rice paddy below. I felt it was time to show my boys coming in behind how to make a perfect glider landing. I misjudged a downdraft. The glider began to stall. I had to try a pancake into the rice paddy. Ahead was a tree, just six inches too tall. I couldn't get control of the glider, and one wing seemed sure to hit the treetop. That would mean a crash—with the bulldozer and Steve's cargo of high explosive. The wing was just about to smack into the treetop when the tree fell down. Right in our faces, it was knocked over with a loud bang. British soldiers on the ground were clearing out trees, and by luck had dynamited that one just as the glider was about to hit it.

"We sailed on over the fallen tree. The glider, out of control, crashed into a paddy bund, an embankment. The impact knocked off the landing gear and collapsed the glider wings so that they looked like a pair of hound-dog's ears."

Cochran and his coleader of the Air Commandos, Colonel John Alison, told General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, when their Air Force chief first broached the Burma campaign, that they were hot fighter pilots who didn't want to be fobbed off with a light-plane evacuation and supply job for Wingate. When they found themselves, instead, commanding the first air task force ever organized, they had a hard time in turn finding a leader for the all-important light-plane section.

Finally Bill Taylor mentioned an officer he knew in Panama "who is doing about everything you can think up for small planes—even dropping bombs." They checked and found that Major Andrew P. Rebori, a wild, wiry, loud-talking Irishman from Chicago, was doing a great light-plane job in the Canal Zone. He jumped at their suggestion he join the Air Commandos.

Rebori brought along pilots he had been training in Panama. He took his gang to a base at Raleigh, North Carolina, during the Commandos' training period, and worked them over with a ferocious energy, teaching them to land on roads, in cabbage patches. A graduate engineer, he went to Wright Field and worked out a bomb rack that could support almost anything from the wings of his little planes.

After the arrival in India, his light planes did a preliminary job in south Burma. A British division was in trouble, cut off by the Japs. The R.A.F. sent big transports over to drop food and munitions, but the surrounded division had many wounded.

"Our light planes ran an ambulance service under the eyes of the Japs," Rebori told me. "For two weeks they evacuated wounded, taking out 800. We put bomb racks on the wings and our L-5s, while on ambulance work, hit the Japs with 300-pound bombs. The troops in the trap were able to keep on fighting and gave the Japs a beating, killing 3,000."

While the Air Commandos' gliders and light planes were busy, their fighter and bomber squadrons roved enemy territory, hunting big game. Lieutenant Colonel Robert T. (Tadpole) Smith, bomber chieftain, from Los Angeles, loved to shoot up locomotive boilers with his .75 cannon. Captain Charles Russhon, the Commando cameraman, told me he personally saw over 40 locomotives destroyed with .75 shells.

Jap Plane Losses Are Heavy

Grant Mahoney's fighters ranged far and wide over Burma. Although Cochran kept insisting they were to concentrate on ground support for Wingate, the fighter pilots' greatest joy was to shoot down planes. In the month of March they got one fifth of the Jap air force in Burma.

In Wingate's radio-controlled pattern of long-range penetration, wireless had a dominant part. Air Commando operations were singularly patterned after radio in the sky, but American ways were different from British. The British were addicted to ciphers and sent everything in code.

The Americans talked in the clear—clear to themselves, not the Japanese. It got to be a game. Telling Andy Rebori not to fly his light planes in the daytime, Cochran sent, "Andy from Phil: Don't act like sunflower except in emergency. Act as vampire all you want."

A fighter pilot on weather observation would report back "Elyse Knox" or "Harmon." Elyse Knox was a lovely actress later married to Tom Harmon, Michigan football star. Naturally, she meant fair weather, while Harmon was foul.

Once when Japs came bombing and straf-

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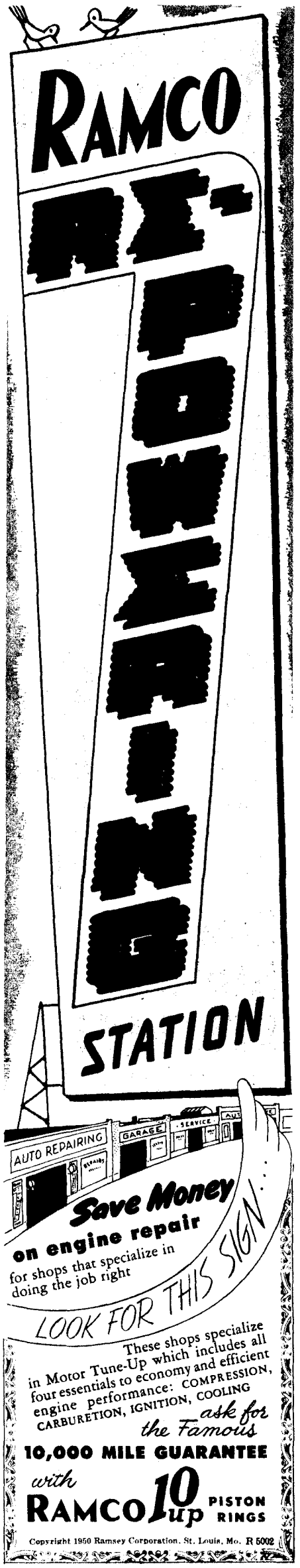


ing over Broadway British antiaircraft guns shot down five out of eight. Things quieted down, then the roar of a motor signaled a plane coming in—a Zero. The Jap, going slow, moved over the field, and started a roll. The guns hit him and the plane disintegrated in the air at the moment the pilot bailed out. It was obvious he had been shot up previously and had come over the field to parachute down. He landed on the strip about a mile from Sergeant Carlous L. Christian and a soldier named Paladock (they called him Murphy). The two started on the run to get the Jap.

They passed a British major, an intelligence officer who wanted the Jap for questioning. Knowing that if they got there first the pair probably would knock the Jap cold in the process of grabbing everything he had for souvenirs, the major ordered "Wild Bill" Christian and Murphy to unload some mortar shells from a transport plane nearby.

Wild Bill and Murphy unloaded the shells and still beat the major to the Jap. They slapped him down and came back with loot including a cigarette lighter and a seal the Jap used to sign letters. The British intelligence officer took the enemy pilot for questioning but came back saying the Jap didn't know any English.

Wild Bill heard this and sounded off: "That buzzard understands English."

The major asked, "How do you know?"

"Well," answered Wild Bill, "when we got to him to take those things away from him, he gave us a little trouble. So I clubbed him on the jaw. A minute later I said to Murphy, 'Think I'll hit this no-good so-and-so another clout, just for luck.' As I said it, the Jap put his hands up to his head."

The major put the Jap in the middle of a ring of Gurkha soldiers with fierce-looking knives in their hands, passing their thumbs over the edges. When the Jap was sufficiently frightened, the major said, "I know that you understand English."

The Jap Decides to Talk

The Jap broke down. "I never shot down American plane," he cried. "I never shot down British plane. I never hurt American or British soldiers. I am a liability to our air force."

The fast-moving Air Commando—Chindit campaign was successful beyond all expectations. With time limited to the several months of the dry season, the effort had been so swift and decisive that less than three weeks after Burma D day the strategy of the operation had been fully established against the Japanese.

Jungle Broadway was a busy airport far behind enemy lines, a base from which radiated aerial supply lines to the Chindits. Aberdeen, likewise busy, was the main base for the light planes, the flying ambulances, in the evacuation of the wounded. These shuttled in and out, moving injured men from jungle fighting grounds to hospital bases in India.

At the roadblock Mad Mike Calvert maintained a strangling grip on the Japanese railroad and highway life line through the Indaw-Katha bottleneck. Fergusson's brigade and Lentaigne's column made destructive forays against the riverline of the Irrawaddy.

The original Wingate long-range penetration idea had now been so far transformed that it had reverted to the past. The Man Wingate still called it long-range penetration, but it was back to the old idea of fortresses—infantry based on strongholds. To Cochran and Alison it suggested the American blockhouse system of the Indian wars, when the frontiersmen used the strategy of forts, from which parties sailed forth to fight the redskins.

The dry season flow of supplies to the Japanese forces in northern Burma was being choked off, and the dry season was the only period during which supplies could be moved effectively through Burma. Virtually cut off, the Japs would be helpless against the advance of Stilwell's army.

Wingate expanded his strategic ideas. To Cochran and Alison he propounded new plans and projects, and they collaborated avidly in visions of greater action, their own imaginations stirred by farther horizons of all-air invasion. The seizure of ground by air, which they had demonstrated, opened unmeasured possibilities.

They talked about holding jungle bases during the monsoon rains. Both Broadway and Aberdeen could be maintained during the rains, they believed.

During the wet season, Chindits and Air Commandos could be reorganized and strengthened for new and greater thrusts into enemy territory—thrusts beyond Burma, into China, across China to the Pacific. They saw a vision of repeating the seizure of bases by air, as at Broadway, in a leapfrog series—one air invasion after another along a line from Burma to the China coast.

The Man's already great ambitions were magnified. He saw himself emerging with certainty as one of the great commanders of the war—Wingate of Burma. He dreamed of a political future after the war, envisioning himself as a future Prime Minister. He was everywhere, flying by light plane, transport and bomber from one base to another, from his headquarters at Imphal to Broadway to Aberdeen—the omnipresent Man.

On the afternoon of March 24th, 19 days after Burma D day, Wingate took off for another of his aerial tours of inspection and meetings with his brigade commanders. He flew to Broadway in a B-25, escorted by fighters. There he conferred with the Americans and his own Chindits. From Broadway, he took a light plane to Aberdeen, where he visited Bill Taylor and his glider pilots and got reports from Chindit officers. He returned by light plane to Broadway, and called Cochran back at headquarters in Imphal Valley to ask for the B-25 to pick him up.

"He was always considerate of using our airplanes," Cochran told me. "He would phone in from a jungle base and say, 'I've been talking to So-and-So; they are enthusiastic about the air support you've been giving them, Phil. Will you send a plane for me?' I told him I had already sent the B-25 to get him. It should be at Broadway in 10 minutes. He said, 'Thank you, thank you.' His manner was always one of courtesy and appreciation."

The B-25 piloted by Lieutenant Brian F. Hodges, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, arrived on schedule. Wingate flew back to his headquarters in Imphal Valley, then decided to go on to the Air Commando base at Lalaghat. He took off after dark in Hodges' B-25 accompanied by several British officers, two British correspondents and an American colonel.

Cochran relates: "The first intimation that I had came when our bomber leader 'Tadpole' Smith, called me and said one of his pilots had just seen what he thought was a plane crash and explosion in the hills. The pilot, Captain Richard L. Benjamin, of Los Angeles, was flying alone when he saw a great flash of fire in the night. The position he reported was about where Wingate's plane would have been. We were startled. We thought: It couldn't be Wingate. It couldn't be. But Wingate failed to appear."

Thus they had their first flash of the new they couldn't believe. Everything had been Wingate. The campaign had seemed like an extension of his personality. They had nicknamed him "the Man." Now the shock their appalled refusal to accept the meaning of the explosion in the hills, made them realize how truly he had been the Man.

Wrecked Plane Is Located

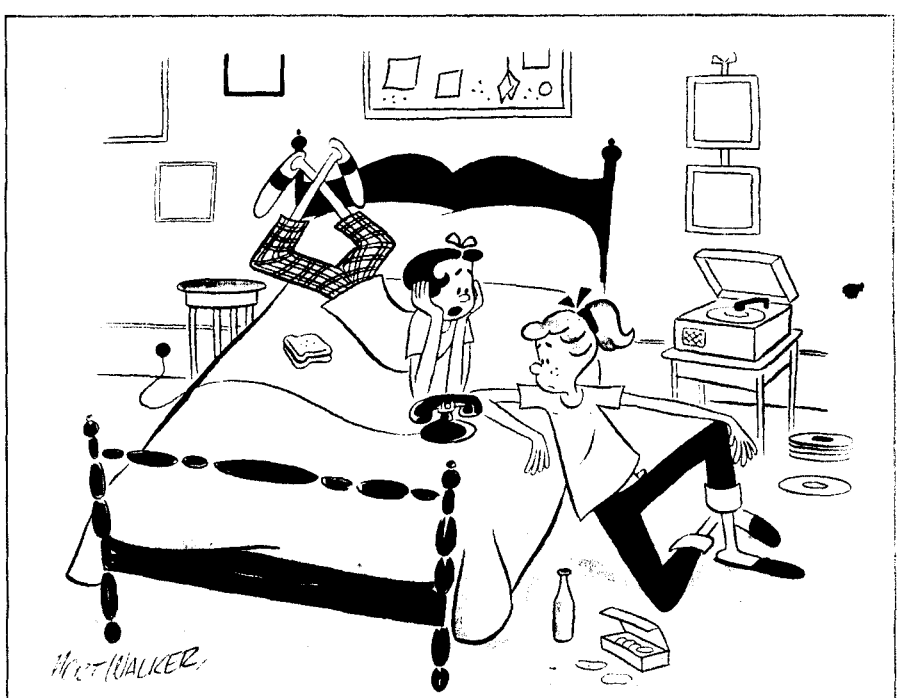
They checked and rechecked, trying to find some other explanation. They called all their flying fields, hoping the Wingate B-25 might have got off its course and been forced to land. They checked with Benjamin, the bomber pilot who had seen the flame in the hills. The next morning John Alison flew with Benjamin, who directed him to the place. They sighted the wreck of a plane smashed to scattered pieces and burned. The fragments looked like a B-25.

It seemed impossible that anybody could have survived such a crash, but still they could not be certain about what had happened to Wingate until a ground party had gone to the wreck. The smashed plane was deep in the difficult hill country and it took the searchers two days to get to it.

When the party reached the wreck they found little recognizable. The plane had burned fiercely and only charred remnants were left. Bodies could not be identified, but they corresponded to the group that had taken off with Wingate. There was one eloquent sign—a helmet. It was a burned shell but unmistakably Wingate's sun helmet. It had been one of his many idiosyncrasies to go campaigning in the old sun helmet he had worn during his war adventures in Ethiopia. A few telltale papers were found, scraps that had been hurled from the wreck and scattered. These had belonged to Wingate, letters addressed to him.

The death of Wingate was kept a secret. The British were afraid that the news might impair the morale of the Chindits, who worshiped their commander. The Chindit command was taken over by Brigadier Lentaigne, but that was kept a secret.

Cochran and Alison flew to Delhi, and conferred with Lord Louis Mountbatten.



COLLIER'S

"I'll bet they think we just sit around and wait for them to call"

MORT WALKER

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'Louis the Lord told us," says Cochran, 'that in Wingate's death he, John and I had ustained a great personal loss, and that we nust carry on. A fire had been kindled in he three of us, and we must continue that Vingate fire." They talked about keeping Vingate's death still a secret.

There were many among the Air Commandos who knew or surmised the truth, ut they kept silent. "It's one of the nicest hings I ever saw a bunch of American kids lo," says Cochran.

The British, on their side, were ruthess in imposing secrecy. At a hotel bar in Delhi a British major was talking to an Air Commando who, keeping the secret, spoke of Wingate as if he were still alive. The Britisher exclaimed, "My God, haven't you heard? Wingate is dead!" A British intelligence officer nearby heard the remark and mmediately arrested the major.

Says Cochran: "For a long time afterward we caught ourselves speaking of Wingate as though he were still alive. We still called the Chindits 'Wingate people.' His personal force had been such that its absence left a terrific hang-over. We would talk in meeting as if he were still alive. Somebody would say, 'Find out what Wingate thinks about this thing.' The Man had exerted such influence on us that it still hung over our minds. A month after he was dead his spirit still dominated everything that the Chindits and the Air Commandos did."

Finally, the secret had to come out. The British had a notion of making a kind of Lawrence of Arabia legend out of Wingate by letting word leak out that he was off on an ultrasecret war mission, the way Lawrence of Arabia was so often rumored to be on an undercover job in some distant part of the desert. Thus Wingate could be kept alive in gossip and superstition. It was realized, however, that the thing could be overdone. Fooling the Chindits too long could have a boomerang effect. One intention was to have Prime Minister Churchill make a solemn announcement of Wingate's death to Parliament in London.

Actually, the news was first made public when Wingate's wife published an obituary in the Times of London. This beautiful woman, the former Lorna Elizabeth Moncrieff Paterson, shared her husband's intensity, his inquiring turn of mind, even his devotion to military affairs. They first met on board a Mediterranean liner. She was fifteen, just half his age. "I marched up to him," she admits, "and said, 'You're the man I'm going to marry.' He replied, 'Yes, but when?'" They were married two years later, and have a son whom Wingate never saw.

Mrs. Wingate shared her soldier husband's deep interest in the Jewish cause in Palestine. She has purchased a home in Tel Aviv and spends part of each year there with her son. Their permanent home is in Scotland.

Orde Charles Wingate died at the climax of his greatest military achievements, when the strangle hold he planned had been fastened on the Japanese life line. His success needed only to be maintained. For Brigadier Lentaigne, few offensive operations were left. The task was now to hang on, blocking supplies for the Japs in northern Burma during the remainder of the dry season. Chindits waged defensive battles, American planes gave them air support.

The Japs were reacting increasingly through the air and on the ground. They made passes at Jungle Broadway, air-raiding and thrusting with ground troops. Their planes bombed the air base fortress, and sky battles were fought. Chindit patrols clashed with enemy parties in the jungle. There was one major crisis at Broadway.

Japs came by night, infiltrating through the jungle, and got inside of the barbed-wire enclosure protecting the base. At first they were mistaken for British troops. Andy Rebori told me that 250 enemy soldiers marched down the middle of the field, shouting commands in English. They were inside the gate before the alarm was given. A Gurkha soldier was the first to realize that these newcomers were Japanese. When shooting started, nobody knew who was shooting at whom.

The second night, with the British just about holding their ground, the Japs would crawl up to positions and shout, "Hey, Joe!" When a Gurkha blazed away at the sound, the Japs would see a spurt of fire and throw hand grenades. The Gurkhas has learned their lesson, and crawled toward the Jap position. When a Jap shouted, "Hey, Joe," a Gurkha would jump him, swinging his kukri, a Gurkha knife.

Both Japs and Chindits were in foxholes at one end of Broadway. They fought for a week, with the air base unusable during that time. The maze of foxholes was so mixed up the enemy couldn't be bombed for fear of blasting the British until, after savage fighting, the Japs were pushed into a corner. Then Air Commando fighters, carrying thousand-pound bombs, blew up the Jap force, killing 250.

The major ground battle of the campaign was fought at the Mawlu-Henu roadblock, when Mad Mike Calvert's Chindits found themselves surrounded by a Japanese division which attacked the hill fortress in waves. They were mowed down.

Gliders Bring Artillery

Losing heavily in infantry assaults, the Japs brought up armor with which the Chindits couldn't cope. Light tanks thrust against the fortifications of the roadblock hill, and were driving through. Mad Mike called for help, for antitank guns. Two gliders loaded with artillery to smash armor landed at the base of the hill, reverting to the original Cochran-Alison idea of glider transport of heavy armament to jungle forces, after which the light tanks were knocked out as fast as they came to the attack.

The Japs brought up big guns, 90-mm. cannon. At one time they had 150-mm. artillery.

Air Commando planes came to the rescue. They watched for the flashes of the guns, and bombed. Their most destructive blow against artillery was struck when the Japs lined up 12 heavy cannon in a ravine and were smashing the fortress on the hill with a devastating fire. One of Wingate's officers reported by radio: "I'm afraid we can't take this. It's getting too tough!" The next day Air Commando planes, spotting the row of gun flashes in the ravine, dropped bombs. Thereafter the guns were silent.

The Japs concentrated 1,200 troops for a rush against the roadblock, massing them on the slopes of a wooded hill where they couldn't be spotted from the air. The Chindits sent word to the Air Commandos,

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whose planes flew over and blew the Japanese concentration up with the marine depth charges.

In the battle of the roadblock, the Air Commandos used every trick in the book and some not in the book. They dropped burning gasoline on the Japs. They shot up enemy positions with cannon in B-25 bombers. They constructed a roadblock airfield for bringing in supplies and evacuating the wounded. Lieutenant Vincent Rose took five gliders loaded with engineers and engineering equipment and landed at the foot of the embattled hill. There an airstrip was quickly constructed—called White City.

No sooner was it completed than the Japs captured it with a savage and powerful attack. The Chindits drove them out after days of fierce fighting. White City, close to enemy guns and always subject to immediate attack, was the most perilous of air bases. Yet light planes flew in with supplies and evacuated wounded.

Despite all the Japanese attempts on it, the fortress was held until the Japanese life line choked at the end of the dry season.

The wet season scheduled to mark the end of Air Commando operations for the year began closing in. Wingate's plan to hold jungle bases during the rains was abandoned. Two brigades were taken from the Chindits and sent to reinforce British units opposing the Japanese thrust from Burma to India. The Japs had hit north of Imphal and advanced along the Manipur Road toward the Assam railroad.

The Air Commandos were called upon to support the evacuation. They were to have discontinued at the end of April, but carried on through the middle of May—as long as they could until the curtain of the rains closed down. Some days the flying fields were completely under water.

The Commandos, watched over by Major Cortez Enloe, flight surgeon, began showing signs of wear and tear. Major Enloe saw a combination of bad living conditions, poor food and too much labor taking a toll of his men. The aerial ambulances continued to evacuate wounded, however, until the monsoon rains finally made flying impossible. Cochran was taken to a hospital at Delhi suffering from fatigue and the First Air Commando organization was pulled back into India to rest and refit for future duties.

Alison had been called home a week after Wingate's death to form new Air Commando units. Studying reports on the successes in Burma, Air Force Chief General Arnold had decided to create new units for air invasion tactics. Alison was ordered to build three more, each twice as large as the original. Actually, he supervised the setting up of two. One of these was sent to India to join the First Air Commandos unit in the 1945 campaign the following year, but it was needless.

A postwar review showed Wingate's great raid into Burma had been vastly more successful than was realized at the time. The enemy in northern Burma, cut off from supplies, was unable to resist the powerful push of Stilwell's army and north Burma fell. Had Wingate lived and carried through his plan to hold his strongholds during the rainy season he still would have had no campaign the next year. The Japanese resistance collapsed and all Burma fell. Thus Wingate of Judea-Ethiopia-Burma died in the midst of his victory.

* * *

Wingate was gone and the forces he led through two heroic campaigns were dispersed through Allied units pushing the war to final complete triumph. His young American partners likewise went their destined ways.

Alison advised planners for the invasion of Normandy on orders of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. Bill Taylor also was sent to the European invasion theater and helped plan for D-day glider landings. Cochran was ordered to plan new air operations in Burma, but the Japanese were disintegrating so rapidly General Arnold ordered him to Europe to "dream up the largest Air Commando thing ever thought of, an airborne army to land far behind the Germans." The big plan was never used, although an airborne crossing of the Rhine was made in a combined British and U.S. Ninth Army operation.

* * *

Where are they now?

Cochran is in Hollywood, technical adviser on jet plane motion pictures to Howard Hughes, head of RKO.

Alison became Assistant Secretary of Commerce for civil aviation, has now joined a new transportation research project.

Oley Olson stayed with the Air Force in an executive job.

Bill Taylor went back to his old civilian job with the Lambert Pharmaceutical Company at St. Louis and now has been transferred to New York.

Taylor's assistant, Vincent Rose, who went through harrowing war adventures, was killed in a crash during a routine civilian plane landing at Memphis, Tennessee.

Bill Cherry is an air-line pilot.

Grant Mahoney was killed diving on a dummy Jap target in the Philippines.

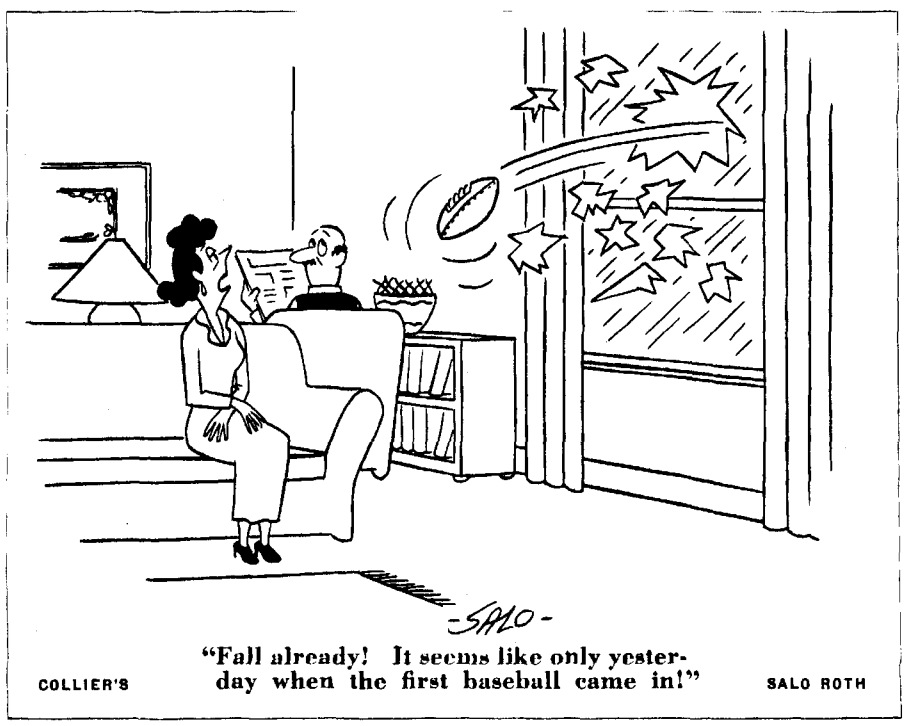
Clint Gaty flew out on a fighter mission in Burma and never was heard from again.

Bob Pettit is in the Air Force, pushing jet fighters in Japan.

R. T. Smith is a radio and television script writer.

Dick Boebel has been in advertising and automobile specialties marketing.

None of those who survived ever will forget Jungle Broadway. THE END



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Dear Teacher: NIX!

By JOSEPH MORRIS

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

We're still trying to remove the tar-bubble gum from sister's hair

Dear Miss Fernboxer:

Our oldest son, Edward, aged six, of Class 1QA2, Section 57R4-A, Afternoon Session (a kindergarten class, they tell me) arrived home yesterday P.M. with a note pinned to his Roy Rogers jacket and some rather startling news. The news, of course, is that you have selected him to play a pink bunny in a school assembly. The note is your kind invitation to same, for myself and his mother.

While I want you to know that I appreciate your thoughtfulness regarding both these matters, I'm afraid I will have to beg off so far as attending the assembly goes.

I have two reasons for this, Miss Fernboxer:

(1) Understanding his mother as I do when it comes to the children, I'm sure that the minute Ed stepped onto that stage she would begin to weep loudly. Now you know as well as I do that you couldn't have this sort of thing going on in your auditorium, Miss Fernboxer. It would not only disconcert the whole audience, but probably cause the kiddies to forget their lines or parts of their costumes or something, raising fourth-degree havoc in general with the whole carefully planned program.

(2) My own reaction to seeing our eldest on stage, in his one-piece pajamas and wearing cardboard bunny-ears and feet, would be just the opposite to my wife's, although equally as dangerous: I am sure I would howl with laughter as he recited, "I'm a pink and fuzzy rabbit, as good as I can be . . ." Before it was over, I would no doubt be rolling in the aisle.

Perhaps at first this may seem to you a little heartless on the part of a parent toward his son's first histrionic attempts; but have you ever seen him in action, being "as good as I can be," Miss Fernboxer? I have. We are still trying, unsuccessfully, to remove the tar-bubble gum mixture he applied to his sister's hair the Saturday before last. Our Siamese refuses absolutely to venture out of the tree in the back yard when he is anywhere near the vicinity of his home.

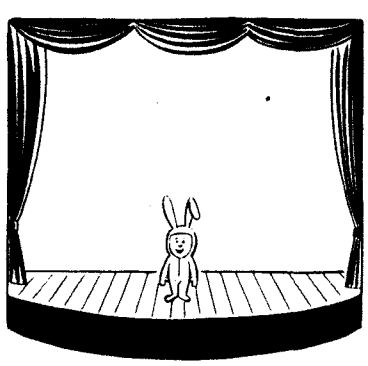
And our neighbors have long since stopped speaking to us: a couple of months back he locked 17 of the neighborhood children in a deserted garage down by the quarry, during a game of ringaleevee-o or whatever it is. (Incidentally, we have not located the key to this day. The local fire department stalwarts finally had to smash the door down and the kids were returned home, safe but shaken, around midnight.)

Anyway, you can understand what my laughing at this psychological moment in Ed's life might lead to, as regards his mother: divorce, perhaps; the doghouse for an indeterminate period, at the very least.

And, to top it all off, what with my wife sobbing all over your auditorium and me lying in the aisle howling, we would probably not only be ostracized from the P.T.A., but might even be led away and held for psychoanalysis. What of our other children then?

No, Miss Fernboxer. Thanks again for the nice gesture; but I think you can see what I'm driving at when I advise that it's best to forget you ever asked us.

After all, there's no use *begging* for trouble . . . THE END



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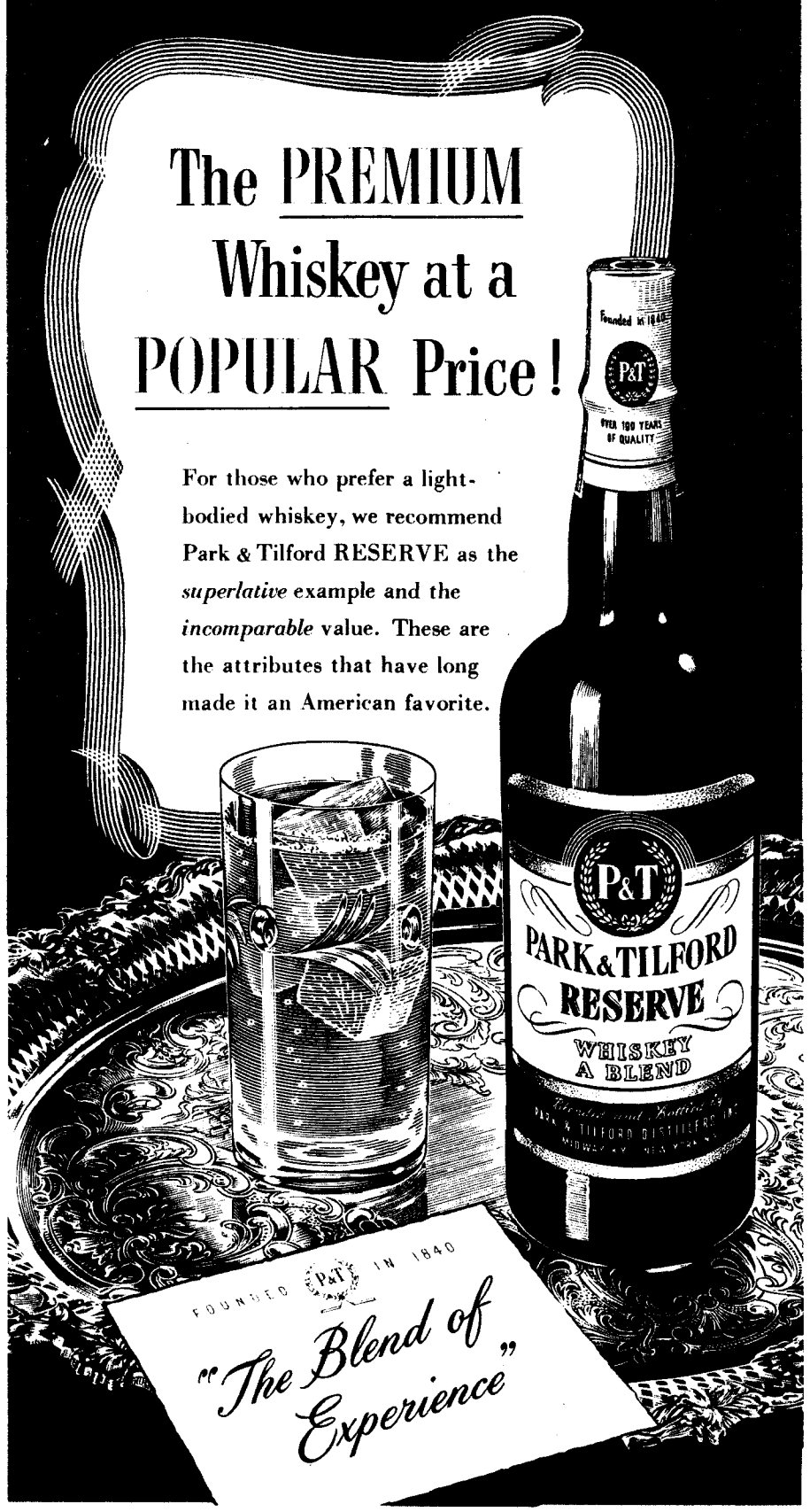

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As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness.

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The Actress Nobody Knows

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Norwegian stock; her father, Hubert Sidney Greene, was a New Englander of English-Scotch descent. Jean was preceded into the world by three older brothers, the youngest of whom was ten years her senior. "They joined right in with my parents in bringing me up—I suppose that's why I developed a great desire to be myself," she says now.

The Greenes lived a nomadic life because of Mr. Greene's business—he was a photographer, and his duties took him seasonally to Florida and New England. He always took his family with him, and Jean attended school wherever she landed. The family was short on money but long on talent and ingenuity. "My father painted beautiful pictures of woods and hills and water," Jean says, "and my mother could make anything at all with her hands. On a hunting trip with my father, she made soap, candles, and even a deerskin suit. She made all my clothes until I was grown up, and once sewed me a dress in an hour before I went to school in the morning."

Back in New York City, Jean went for three years to a public high school. In her junior year, a photographer who knew her father asked her to model for an advertisement. Soon she was modeling so much that she had no time for school. The Fox Studios gave her a routine movie test, followed by a contract. In 1923, at the age of 18, she became an actress in silent films. Immediately her troubles began.

"I wanted to become a really accomplished actress," she says, "but I didn't know how to act, and I had no chance to learn. In those days, studios didn't have coaches or drama schools for the kids, and it was almost impossible to get on the sets to watch the older players." During the next eight years, while she was acting in dozens of silent murder mysteries, Westerns and two-reel comedies, she occasionally tried studying with outside drama teachers. "But I finally decided there was only one thing to do: Go back to New York and try to get in some plays there."

Screen Name Is Chosen

Meanwhile, the eight years had been full of milestones. In 1928, she had married a photographer named Julian Anker—for one day only; the marriage was annulled. "There was nothing tragic about it—it was a case of willfulness," she says obliquely. During the same years, the studios asked her to choose a screen name to replace her real name Gladys Greene. She combined two of her favorite heroic figures: "I put the names of Jeanne d'Arc and King Arthur together to make Jean Arthur—I thought it was a lovely idea," she says. Another milestone was the transplanting of her family to California. It was due to them that real romance came to her—in a typical Jean Arthur manner.

She lived quietly then, as now. After her day's work at the studios, she returned contentedly home to talk about painting, music and books with her family. It seemed that she would never meet a young man. However, one day her father struck up an acquaintance with a neighbor whose son, Frank Ross, was a singer at Paramount. Jean and Frank Ross met a couple of days later. They were married on June 11, 1932, in a suburb of New York City—where each had gone to improve his fortune. Ross, no longer singing, was now in the real-estate business; Jean was determined to conquer Broadway. For the next three years they lived in Manhattan.

During this time, Jean acted in 14 plays, four of them on Broadway. The plays were all flops, but the critics noted that Jean Arthur was an actress of unusual talent. In 1935, Columbia Pictures signed her to a five-year contract, and she returned in triumph to Hollywood to become the "Queen of Comediennes" in such top-notch pictures as Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Only Angels Have Wings, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, You Can't Take It with You, The More the Merrier, The Devil and Miss Jones. Frank Ross went with her as her manager, and eventually became a writer and producer in the movies.

However, with fame came all kinds of Arthurian trouble. She despised "cheesecake" pictures, and refused to pose in bathing suits after the first few shots—thus infuriating Hollywood's photographers. Following the appearance of one or two sugary articles about her in movie magazines, she avoided writers. This attitude earned her the title of "Most Difficult Star" from the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

Worst of all in Hollywood eyes, she refused to act in any movies except those she liked. "I explained to Columbia that I just *couldn't* act in a bad picture—it made me physically sick even to think of it," she says. Every time she refused a script, Columbia suspended her. Her suspensions became constant news in the papers; some of them lasted over a year, and the result was that her five-year contract extended into nine long years. Twice she got film roles because ace director Frank Capra insisted that she be allowed to act in his pictures. But her stubborn attitude so angered her employers that sometimes it took the most drastic measures to get her back on the screen.

In 1942, for instance, she and her husband were on a prolonged visit in New York, where he and two friends were writing a play. Early in their stay came the usual occurrence: Columbia sent her a script, Jean telegraphed her refusal to act in it, and Columbia suspended her. The telegram announcing her latest suspension reduced her to complete misery. She retired to the bedroom of the Ross hotel suite, where she lay sobbing. In the living room, Ross and writers Garson Kanin and Robert Russell were attempting to write a Broadway comedy. But every time they laughed over one of their lines, a moan floated out from the bedroom where Jean was grieving.

Her sorrow was too much for them. "For Heaven's sake, let's forget our play and help Jean out—let's rewrite this thing she just turned down," Russell suggested. The men read the rejected script and unanimously agreed with Jean's opinion of it; opening the window, they tossed it into the street, 32 floors below. Then they set about writing a brand-new movie for her. Weeks later, they sold it for $1 to Columbia with the stipulation that Jean be starred in it. (It was The More the Merrier, one of her funniest comedies, in which she and Joel McCrea wrestled with the housing problem in Washington.) Once this matter was settled, the three writers returned to their original play (which, ironically, was never produced).

In 1944, Jean's Columbia contract was finally completed. Other studios promptly began fighting for her services. She baffled them all by stating quietly that she had decided to stop making movies for a few years. (Four years passed before she co-starred with Marlene Dietrich in her last picture, A Foreign Affair.) Meanwhile, she went to Stephens College in Missouri, to study philosophy and the humanities.

"I'd always thought, when I left high school, that I'd go back," she says. "Is there anything odd about wanting to learn about the world's history and peoples?"

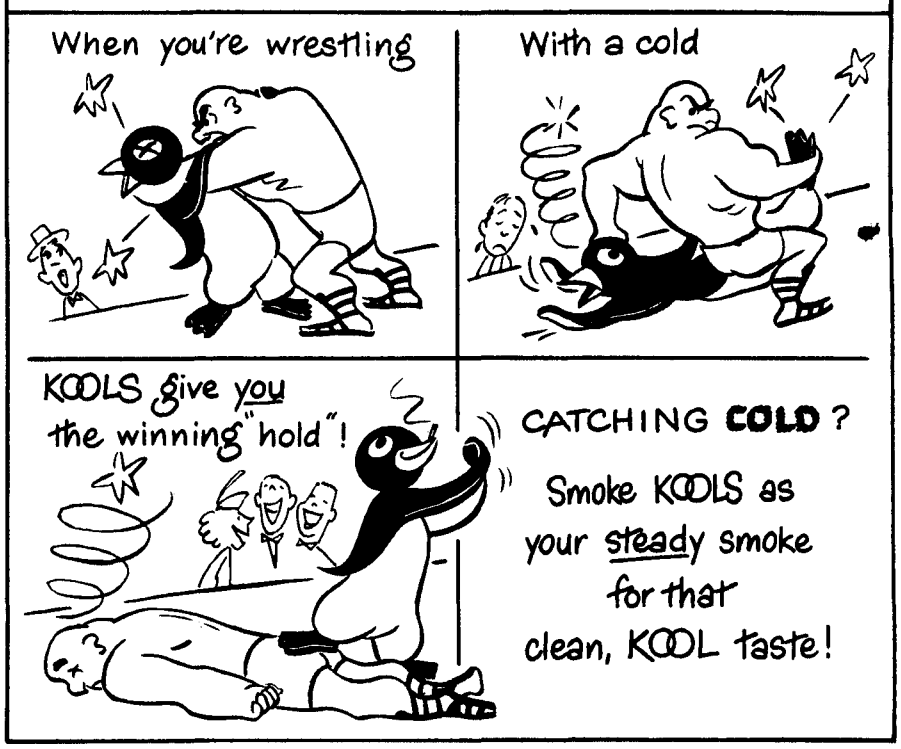
Attends College in Missouri

She stayed at Stephens for six weeks—without a trace of her famous shyness. Like the 2,000 college girls around her, she wore blue jeans in classes, and she ate in the dining hall. "The girls felt so much at home with her they even had pillow fights in her room," says James Madison Wood, then president of Stephens. "Finally she had to move into my home to get a chance to study. The great actress Maude Adams, who had then been an instructor at Stephens for years, was also a guest in my home—but, although Miss Adams and Jean admired each other's acting ability, they rarely talked. Each respected the other's desire for privacy."

Back home again at the comfortable ranch-style house she and her husband owned near Hollywood, she continued her studies under private tutorship with professors from the University of California at Los Angeles. But a year later, in 1945, the name "Jean Arthur" was back on the lips of everyone in the entertainment world. The fuss she got into is still being discussed now, five years later.

She agreed to play the lead in the play Born Yesterday, a farce-comedy written expressly for her by Garson Kanin. Almost from the start of rehearsals, Broadway's electric ear heard repercussions of discord:

WILLIE the penguin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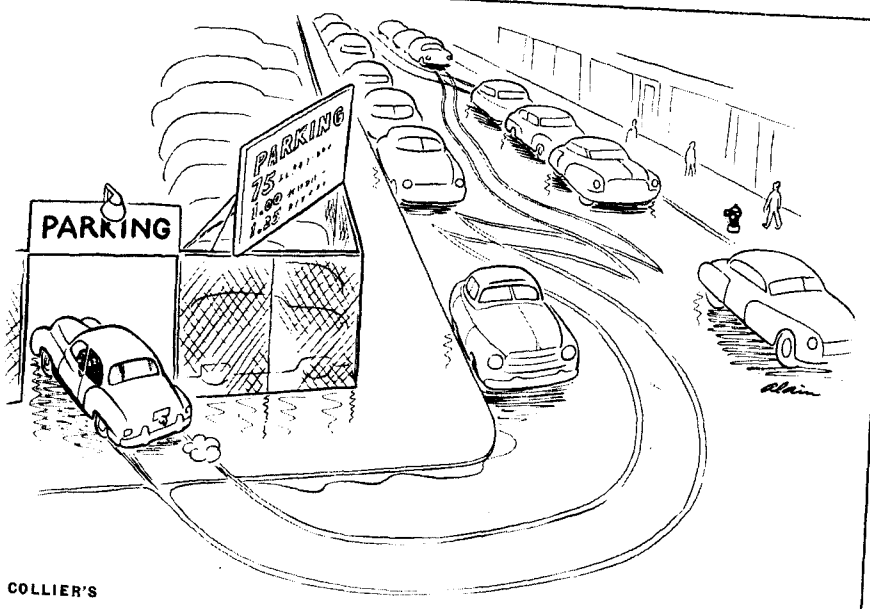

COLLIER'S

DANIEL ALAIN

anin kept rewriting while the play was in ut-of-town tryouts, Jean Arthur was argu- ıg with him, the cast was quarreling. The lay tried out in Boston before lukewarm udiences; again, Kanin rewrote. Then, in hiladelphia, two weeks before the New ork opening, came the bombshell news ıat Jean Arthur had left the cast. On 48 ours' notice, a newcomer named Judy Hol- day took her place.

Days before the play reached New York to become one of the standout successes of ıe American theater), Broadwayites were epeating a flood of wild rumors about Jean rthur's departure from the show. Finally ossip reached such tidal proportions that n astonishing advertisement was run in the ew York Times on February 2, 1946— wo days before Born Yesterday opened. It vas signed by all the executives of the show, eaded by producer Max Gordon and au- hor-director Kanin, as well as by actor 'aul Douglas and 15 other members of the ast.

Intended to spike the "vicious gossip and areless rumors," it said, in part: "Jean re- earsed, worked and played to the limit of ıer physical capacity and beyond. Finally, ın the considered advice of physicians re- ained by herself and the management, she eft the Locust Street Theater, Philadelphia, or the Passavant Hospital, Chicago. . . . We have already conveyed to Jean our sin- erest wishes for a speedy recovery. We epeat them here and now. And *loudly!*"

As usual, Jean herself never discussed he Born Yesterday incident with newsmen. Now she says, "I'll admit I was worried ıbout my ability to play farce—I usually ılayed comedy, you know—but also I was iolently ill. What started as a strep throat went into my blood stream. I was finally o ill that during the second act one night in Boston, something happened to me that ac- ors have nightmares about: I blacked out ın stage, missing about 16 lines before I ame back to consciousness. Paul Douglas ınd the others spent the intermission ıumping me full of coffee and other stimu- ants so I could go on for the last act." A few days later she was hospitalized.

Except for the 1948 picture, A Foreign Affair, Jean stayed out of the public spot- light until this spring's smash-hit opening of Peter Pan. She spent three summers studying anthropology and psychology un- der professors from Bennington College in Vermont. Each summer she worked equally hard at some physical activity such as swim- ming. A year ago Edward Caton, ballet master of the Ballet Theatre, spent two months teaching her dancing. "We kept a strict schedule, working three hours a day on ballet," says Caton, "and let me report that Jean became so skilled I am thinking of using her in two ballets at the theater— anonymously, to please her."

Last March, her marriage to Ross ended in divorce. Of the marriage Jean says, "For 10 years we were very happy, each of us helping the other a great deal. But then our basic natures came through, and we had to go our different ways. The tragedy is that we stayed together for seven extra years before we got divorced—it is destructive for people to stay together when there is noth- ing productive left in the marriage. I feel that nothing went quite right for us in all those seven years."

Friends agree that this is an accurate summary of the Ross-Arthur union. "Jean and Frank were always complete opposites —she loved solitude and symphony music, he loved parties, people and jazz—but they had an immensely happy marriage for a long time," reports one close friend. "It was when his interests began to turn from strict management of Jean to movie making on his own that things went wrong."

Prepares for Role

Alone for the first time in many years, Jean has proved her ability to concentrate on hard work. For two months before re- hearsals of Peter Pan started, she worked eight hours a day in her hotel suite with a fencing master, with Caton, and with an exercise instructor, to make sure that her movements as Peter would be boyishly graceful. She also worked steadily on her lines, trying each one over and over to get its full meaning. Playing the record of her Shadow Dance music repeatedly, she in- vented her own choreography for the little dance she does in the first act.

She is convinced that in writing Peter Pan, Sir James Barrie intended a message for the audience. "Peter represents the youth in all of us—the freshness and origi- nality of childhood before our parents and schoolteachers have pressed us into a mold," she says. "Barrie meant that we should not let that 'genius of childhood' escape us— not let our neighbors and the man at the corner grocery store do our thinking for us. If I can get over the message that we should all try to be ourselves, to be free in- dividuals, then I'm sure I'll have accom- plished what Barrie wanted."

Her life in New York has fallen into a pattern. Directly after the final curtain, she is driven home in her station wagon by her chauffeur of several years standing, Albert Allen. Allen, who finds her a thoughtful and generous employer, tells people con- stantly, "She is the finest woman in the world." Home, Jean takes a salt bath (to strengthen her muscles) and goes to bed. At 8:00 A.M. she has breakfast, and stays in bed until her noontime appointment with Tania Kurella, a specialist in relaxation ex- ercises.

After lunch she puts on slacks and a shirt to spend her free afternoons on solitary outdoor excursions. She goes either to a lonely stretch of beach, where she sun- bathes for long hours, or to Central Park, where she lies on the grass watching chil- dren play around her. She also goes often

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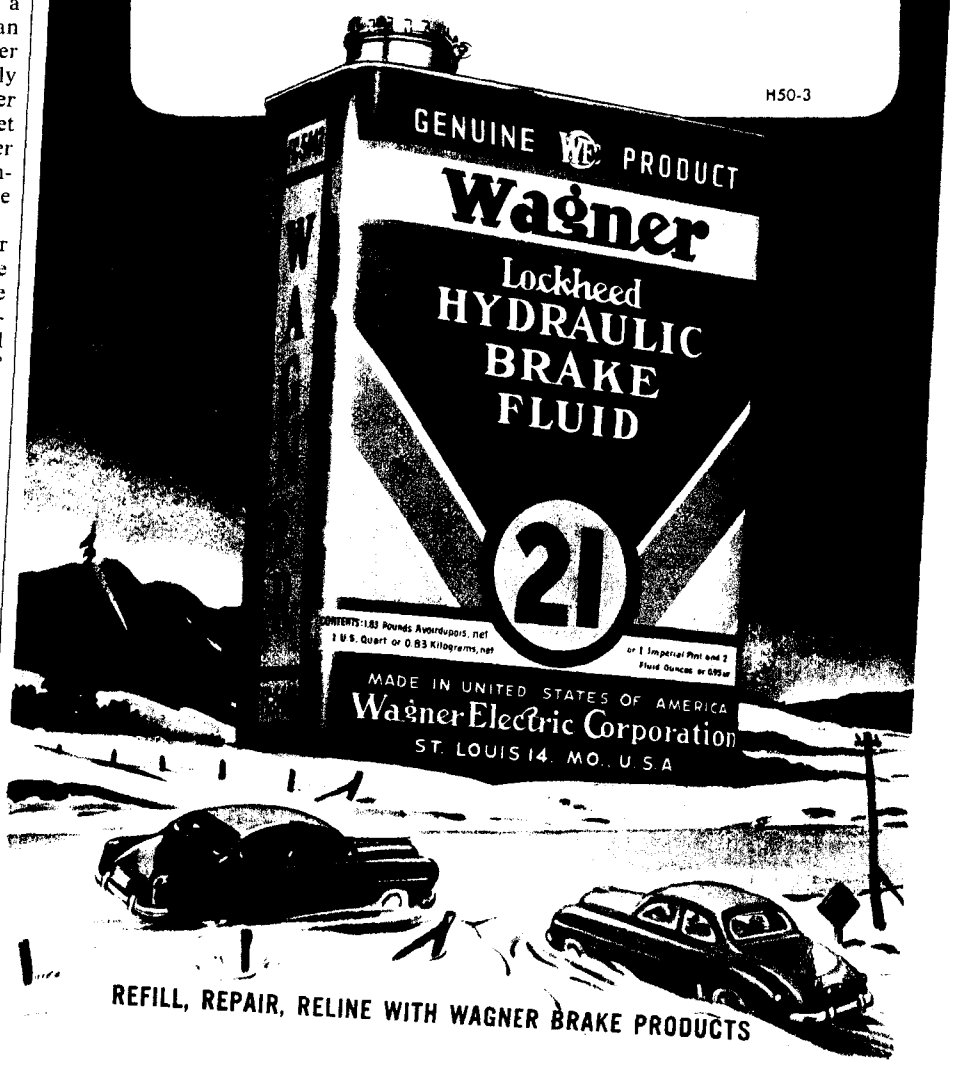

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to the zoo to watch the animals. It is when she talks of animals that she becomes most animated.

"I think animals are wonderful—all animals," she says with genuine rapture. "They have no chips on their shoulders—they're never mad at you, and they never misunderstand you." All her life she has adopted stray dogs and cats she has found on New York sidewalks or country roads, and no animal has been too grubby or flee-laden for her taste. Talking to them lovingly, she bathes, disinfects and feeds them.

Fond of Animals

Her affection for animals goes out toward any and all of them. On a recent trip to the beach she discovered hundreds of horseshoe crabs left by the tide, lying helplessly on their backs in the killing sun; she and her chauffeur spent four hours picking them up and throwing them back into the ocean. When she was on location for the picture Arizona, which used a menagerie of animals, she infuriated director Wesley Ruggles by repeatedly moving 16 dogs out of the hot sun where they were tethered. "Where in Heaven's name did you move the dogs this time?" he would bellow. On the same location, she was horrified to see that a number of pigs hired for the picture were suffering from a skin disease; she sent 20 miles for a veterinarian, who cured them at her expense.

Except with a few friends, she is less at ease in the world of humans. These friends include the ballet master Caton, textile manufacturer I. A. Wyner and his wife, and the ex-president of Stephens College, James Wood. She usually sees them over a dinner table in her hotel suite. She eats nearly all her meals there because, she says, "I think eating should be done in private." For purposes of relaxation, she generally receives her guests in a tailored bathrobe over silk pajamas, and soft slippers. She neither smokes nor drinks, explaining, "It isn't that I disapprove of drinking, but even one cocktail gives me a two-day hang-over—maybe it's mental."

Her future plans include three picture to be made within the next five years fo Paramount, and a prolonged trip aroun the world. She wants to make her perma nent home in New York City, preferabl in a lofty glass-walled penthouse.

Perhaps Jean Arthur's elusive personalit is best explained by an occurrence in 193 when Columbia Pictures was staging a gian publicity *première* of the picture, Arizona in Tucson. Shortly before the start of th affair, Columbia vice-president Nate B Spingold was notified that Jean Arthur, t star of the day's ceremonies, had disap peared. "Her telephone doesn't answer an nobody can reach her," he was told.

Immediately Spingold, Jean's persona friend as well as publicity chief of Colum bia, went into action. He drove 20 mile to the guest ranch where Jean was staying There he found her in a rumpled dressin gown, her hair wild, her face soaked wit tears, her eyes swollen from crying. She cried, "Don't you think I'd *like* to get up before mobs of people and feel happy mak ing a speech? Of course I'd like to—but I *can't!*" She fell sobbing on a couch.

Spingold says, "I began talking to her; I told her how easy it would be to face people once she tried it; I ordered some food and stood over her while she ate it. . . . And do you know what happened? She dressed, put on make-up, and let me drive her to the auditorium where a thousand people were waiting. As poised as a queen, she accepted the award the governor of Arizona was waiting to give her. Of course, part of the reason for her poise was that the governor got mixed up and said, 'And I now present this copper plate to the darling of Arizona—Gene Autry!' That mistake delighted her and she burst out laughing . . ."

Spingold paused here, and then added thoughtfully, "There are actually three Jean Arthurs—the assured actress, the spontaneous friend, and the Jean Arthur who meets strangers. This last Jean Arthur is the one who has trouble. But the point is, little Jean stops being terrified once she faces what she's afraid of. Then she handles it beautifully." THE END

Seen Any Deer, Mac?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

shoot?" If this professor is a fool, he really wants to know. If he is a qualified deer-talker, he wants a complete performance on which to base his critique.

"Well," I say slowly, "by that time I see he wouldn't dress out more'n hundred thirty, hundred thirty-five. Figured I could do better maybe. You can't kill but one and I didn't come all the way out here to shoot no fawn."

That winds it up. The professor will politely agree, if he is a deer-talker; if he is not, he may mumble something about how if it'd been him he'd 'a' cut down on that one.

When I find the road and my companions I will say that I taken a little swing eighten miles to the west and south, and tailor that buck story to what they know about me. If they say anything about the danger of getting lost thereabouts, I will be astonished.

"Big sun up there, ain't they?" I will demand. "How could a growed man git lost?" This cannot be answered.

That is all a good standard recovery from a bad situation and I have come out with honor and manliness. I can do it practically anywhere except in the presence of a professional guide, such as those in Maine and Michigan.

Prudent deer-talkers never monkey with a guide; it is too hazardous for the best of us, who, of course, never take chances. A guide is with a hunter all day long and there is no scope for decent lying. Moreover, a guide knows all the lies and wants to tell them himself. You beat a guide to a lie and he will lay for you and get even by making you look like a city man.

The best you can do with these fellows is say little, look knowing, try to go quiet in the woods and pray that you will hit something if he sets up a shot for you. Follow his orders, always giving the impression that you intended to do just what he said anyway.

If you don't get a shot all week, tell him the same thing happened to you once before, four-five years ago over to New Hampshire, but that you got one the following week in Vermont, running shot it was. If you get a shot, tell him you hurried that one off and you *knowed* you was holding a little high. Add humorously that you might of hit him if he'd been standing on a hemlock stump and maybe you better only shoot at long-legged deer.

The best you can do is to assume that he knows everybody has got to miss one *once* in a while. If he's not in a bad humor, he might let you get away with it.

It doesn't matter much, anyway. All this weary tramping around in the chilly woods is for the parties and the office, where a man has room to track in snow or, on hard ground, belly-crawl, git downwind, refuse shots until he can take one on the run that will dress out at two hundred and drag him four miles over steep ground to git him out to the road.

And you can do that, and churn up all kinds of admiration and envy, even if you spent your deer-hunting week at a convention in Milwaukee.

Still, I think that is the way I would talk to a guide after a missed shot. The matter has never happened to come up. While keeping alive my frontier heritage in the woods, I've never managed to get a shot at a deer, myself. THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

is? Well, well, the Department of Na-onal Defense is waking up to the stern ·alities at last. This is a notice from .e department, via the White House, that has been decided a European tour of the merican National Ballet has been can-:led because of the Korean crisis. Sorry, :t's all we know about it.

* * *

In these days of quivering ears and nerv-us eyes, what Mr. Brint McChasty of utte, Montana, says and writes in some uarters may be considered subversive. /e take our chances with Mr. McChasty, ho advocates a law whereby "any politi-al party shall be fined for failure to carry ut its campaign pledges, just like labor nions or business firms that violate their ontracts or welsh on their promises."

* * *

And Mr. Alfred J. Perfect of New Or-:ans, Louisiana, says he knows a portrait hotographer who owns eight great Danes. Vomen like to be photographed with great)anes sitting at their sides, he tells us. Moreover: "These are all thoroughbred ogs, weighing 150 pounds and over. 'hey're so beautiful that you hardly no-ice the woman."

* * *

If you should be thinking of running lown to Washington to brush up on the \rmy's first world war statistics you could onceivably be interested in this. One of ur colleagues here in Collier's was in :harge of all that sort of thing in Army ieadquarters in Paris right after Armistice ay, 1918. He took one swift discouraged ook at the acres of reports and decided to gnore them. Thus when a platoon of colo-iels arrived demanding statistics for Gen-:ral Pershing's final report to President Wilson, our friend promptly produced them —right out of his imagination. Number of German prisoners taken by American forces. How many German machine guns :aken. How many German military docu-ments captured. And so on and on and on. Never looked at a file. But it made an elegant report. Fortunately our colleague saved those figures and was all ready for General Tasker Bliss, who was to lay his own report before the peace conferees at Versailles. The general's report made a big hit. You ought to read it sometime. But don't say we didn't tell you.

* * *

A caller in the Indianapolis, Indiana, home of the father of a young man who had recently been graduated from college asked what and how the boy was doing. "Well," said the father, "he hasn't been able to find a job at anything he understands, so he's writing a novel about something he doesn't know anything about."

* * *

Our personal undercover man in Washington, D.C., assures us that there is no truth to the rumor that the government is planning a duplicate of the Pentagon building. The story was circulated by Russian agents who knew as well as we do that no people, however courageous, could stand two Pentagon buildings. In the one we already have, NCO's chosen for their endurance have been AWOL for days hunting for colonels and generals who've been warned that the buck is coming their way.

* * *

Sorry we couldn't be there, but we were invited by Miss Florence Blossom Manders of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to accompany her to "an extra-special emergency Tea Talk" held by her club. We don't know how it came out but Miss Manders said: "There isn't going to be any special speaker. It will just be a thoughtful open discussion on the subject of What Shall We Do about Korea?"

* * *

I don't think I could have contributed anything. W.D.

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Senator McCarran Please Note

THE YOUNG MAN on the right is Andrew Bela Hadik-Barkoezy—Andrew Bela for short. He was born in Hungary 23 years ago, but he is designated as "stateless" on his first citizenship papers. That is because he was in Austria when the Hungarian Communist regime ordered all citizens outside the country to return home. Andrew said he wasn't going, and he was lucky enough to be able to make his decision stick. He finally came to the United States last February.

In other words, Andrew Bela is a DP. As such he can share in some of the unflattering comment that has been heard in Congress during the last three or four years. He is a well-educated young man who speaks several languages. But, according to some congressmen, he is still a DP and, as such, a representative of the riffraff, ragtag and bobtail of Europe. His presence, according to the same source, is slightly less welcome and more devastating than a plague of locusts.

We commend the picture on this page to those legislators. We commend it to those who drafted the original, discriminatory DP bill, and particularly to Senator Pat McCarran, who, single-handed and for many months, held off the forces of public opinion which were demanding a more equitable admission law for these homeless victims of Nazism and Communism.

We would call their attention to the fact that Andrew Bela's picture was taken as he was enlisting in the Air Force. And, in case they didn't see the original story that appeared in the New York Times, we would tell them that he told the recruiting officer that he wanted to fight for this country to prove himself worthy of the citizenship he is trying to attain.

To Andrew Bela we would like to say that we are grateful for the value he places on American citizenship. We are glad that he hasn't taken Senator McCarran's churlish chauvinism or the grudging welcome of some of his Senate colleagues as typical of the American attitude toward strangers who today, as in all the years of our history, consider freedom a prize worth fighting for.

Andrew Bela's decision is part of a great tradition. We think we speak for millions of other Americans when we say to him, "We're glad to have you with us, and we wish you luck."

Indispensable Men

MAJOR GARRETT GRAHAM, USMCR, beat us to it. But we're going to use the same two lines from Kipling's poem Tommy that the major quoted in leading off an article in the magazine, Fortnight. We think they're a perfect summing up of the Marine Corps' role in the present war:

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
When there's trouble in the wind . . .

It wasn't many months ago that some deep thinkers in the Pentagon were saying that the Marines should not only "fall be'ind" but fall out, permanently. The country was told that the gyrenes were an outmoded and unnecessary outfit in a world of push-button warfare.

Well, everybody knows what happened when the latest trouble started. It's enough to say that the Marines landed, and that you could feel the lift in morale from Korea clear back to the States. Now the Corps has called up all its reserves, and we're sure that everybody feels a little easier about our ability to cope with possible outbreaks in other quarters. So isn't it about time to put a stop to all the talk about doing away with the Marines?

In spite of Mr. Truman's reference to a Stalinesque propaganda machine, we think Korea has shown that this country needs the Marine Corps of thoroughly trained, versatile, adaptable men to do the job which they have always done so superlatively well.

And isn't it about time that Congress passed Representative Vinson's sensible bill which would put the commandant of the Marine Corps on the Joint Chiefs of Staff? The head man of the Marines is now a four-star general, yet he has been excluded from top-level planning ever since the JCS was formed. We don't know whether this is due to service jealousies or politics or what, but it strikes us as a shortsighted disservice to the national defense.

Marine Corps officers, unlike those of the Army, Navy and Air Force, customarily attend the professional schools of the other services. Many of them have seen combat duty both on land and at sea. They have been the pioneer developers of such operations as the amphibious landings of World War II and the tactic of close air support. It would seem that such broad experience and resourcefulness could be used profitably in strategic as well as tactical planning.

Yet the Corps' leaders have obviously been snubbed by the highest brass. They have taken the strength and the duties assigned them, but they have not sat in on the meetings which decided their strength and their duties. They have taken their full share of cuts in man power and air power through Defense Secretary Johnson's dollar-saving, life-losing economies. And their reduced forces have been ineffectively distributed.

The Marines have always been the country's professional trouble-shooters, assigned by wise tradition to overseas garrisons. Yet they had been pulled out of China and Guam before the shooting started in Korea, and time and territory and lives were lost while they were being shipped all the way back from the mainland.

The United States Marine Corps is an indispensable unit of the military establishment. We think that the leaders of the military establishment should appreciate that fact. And we think that in the future the Marines should be strengthened, not sabotaged.

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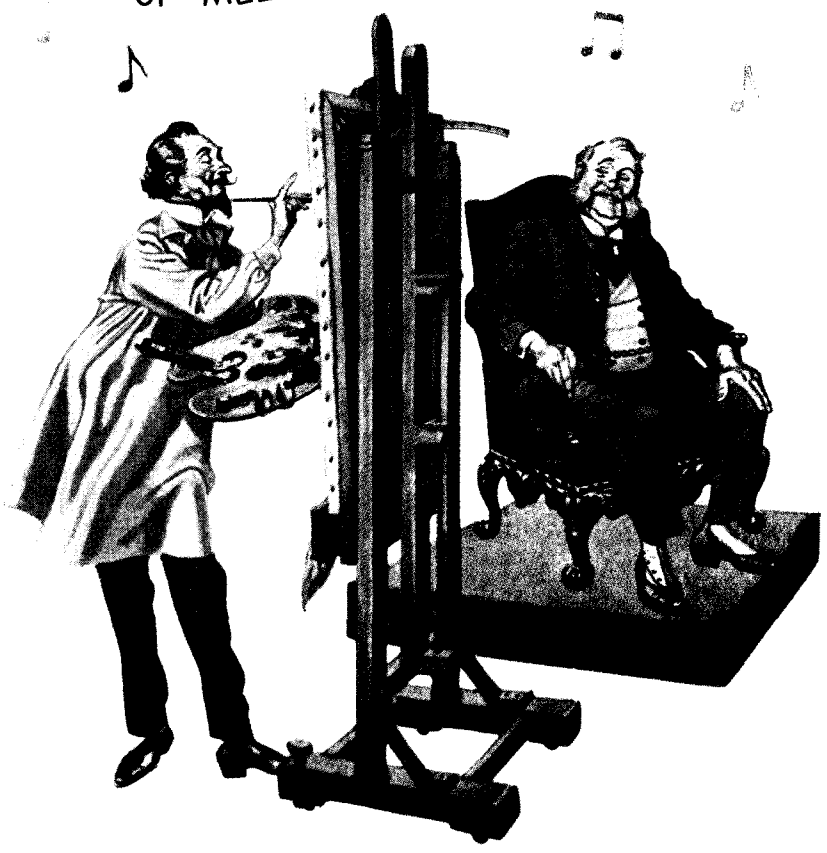

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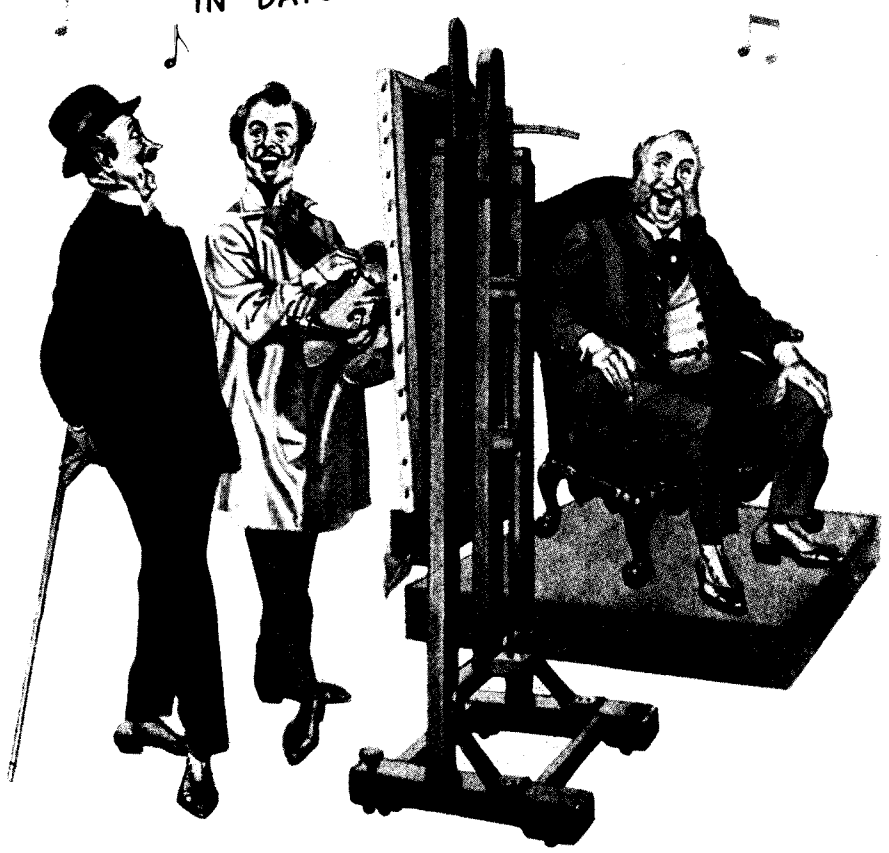

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